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Adrian
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INTERESTING

ANECDOTES, MEMOIRS,

ALLEGORIES, ESSAYS,

AND

POETICAL FRAGMENTS:

TENDING

TO AMUSE THE FANCY, AND INCULCATE
MORALITY.

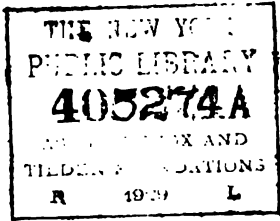
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COLLECTION

OF INTERESTING

Anecdotes, Memoirs, &c.

ANECDOTE OF MILTON.

IT is well known that, in the bloom of youth, and when he pursued his studies at Cambridge, this poet was extremely beautiful. Wandering one day, during the summer, far beyond the precincts of the University, into the country, he became so heated and fatigued, that, reclining himself at the foot of a tree to rest, he shortly fell asleep. Before he awoke, two ladies, who were foreigners, passed by in a carriage. Agreeably astonished at the loveliness of his appearance, they alighted, and having admired him (as they thought) unperceived, for some time, the youngest, who was very handsome, drew a pencil from

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her

her pocket, and having written some lines upon a piece of paper, put it with trembling hand into his own. Immediately afterwards they proceeded on their journey.

Some of his acquaintance, who were in search of him, had observed this silent adventure, but at too great a distance to discover that the highly favoured party in it was our illustrious bard. Approaching nearer, they saw their friend, to whom, being awakened, they mentioned what had happened. Milton opened the paper, and, with surprize, read these verses from Guarini.

“ Occhi, stelle mortali,
 “ Ministri de miei mali,
 “ Se chiusi m’ accidete,
 “ Apperti che farete ?”

“ Ye eyes ! ye human stars ! ye authors of my loveliest pangs ! If thus, when shut, ye wound me, what must have proved the consequence had ye been open ?”

Eager, from this moment, to find out the fair *incognita*, Milton travelled, but in vain, through every part of Italy. His poetic fervor became incessantly more and more heated by the idea which he had formed

formed of his unknown admirer; and it is, in some degree, to her, that his own times, the present times, and the latest posterity must feel themselves indebted for several of the most impassioned and charming compositions of the *Paradise Lost*.

A

REMARKABLE ANECDOTE

RELATING TO

PETER THE GREAT,

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

MISS Hambleton, a maid of honour to the Empress Catherine, had an amour which, at different times, produced three children. She had always pleaded sickness, but Peter, being suspicious, ordered his physician to attend her, who soon made the discovery. It also appeared that a sense of shame had triumphed over her humanity, and that the children had been put to death as soon as born.

Peter enquired if the father of them was privy to the murder: the lady insisted that he was innocent; for she had always deceived him, by pretending that they were sent to nurse.

Justice now called upon the Emperor to punish the offence. The lady was much beloved by the Empress; who pleaded for her; the amour was pardonable, but not the murder.

Peter sent her to the castle, and went himself to visit her; and the fact being confessed, he pronounced her sentence with tears; telling her, that his duty as a Prince, and God's vice-gerent, called on him for that justice which her crime had rendered indispensably necessary; and, that she must therefore prepare for death. He attended her also on the scaffold, where he embraced her with the utmost tenderness, mixed with sorrow: and some say, when the head was struck off, he took it up by the ear, whilst the lips were still trembling, and kissed them:—a circumstance of an extraordinary nature, and yet not incredible, considering the peculiarities of his character.

IDLENESS

IDLENESS AN ANXIOUS AND MISERABLE STATE.

THE folly of allowing ourselves to delay what we know cannot be finally escaped, is one of the general weaknesses, which, in spite of the instruction of moralists, and the remonstrances of reason, prevail to a greater or less degree in every mind: even they who most steadily withstand it, find it, if not the most violent, the most pertinacious of their passions, always renewing its attacks, and though often vanquished, never destroyed.

It is indeed natural to have particular regard to the time present, and to be most solicitous for that which is by its nearness enabled to make the strongest impressions. When therefore any sharp pain is to be suffered, or any formidable danger to be incurred, we can scarcely exempt ourselves wholly from the seducements of imagination; we readily believe that another day will bring some support or advantage which we now want; and are easily persuaded, that the moment of necessity, which we desire never to arrive, is at a great distance from us.

Thus

Thus life is languished away in the gloom of anxiety, and consumed in collecting resolution which the next morning dissipates, in forming purposes which we scarcely hope to keep, and reconciling ourselves to our own cowardice by excuses, which, while we admit them, we know to be absurd. Our firmness is by the continual contemplation of misery hourly impaired; every submission to our fear enlarges its dominions; we not only waste that time in which the evil we dread might have been suffered and surmounted, but even where procrastination produces no absolute increase of our difficulties, make them less surmountable to ourselves by habitual terrors. When evils cannot be avoided, it is wise to contract the interval of expectation; to meet the mischiefs which will overtake us if we fly; and suffer only their real malignity without the conflicts of doubt and anguish of anticipation.

To act is far easier than to suffer; yet we every day see the progress of life retarded by the *vis inertiae*, the mere repugnance to motion, and find multitudes repining at the want of that which nothing but idleness hinders them from enjoying. The case of *Tantalus*, in the region of poetick punishment, was somewhat to be pitied, because the fruits that hung about him retired from his hand;

hand ; but what tenderness can be claimed by those who, though perhaps they suffer the pains of *Tentacles*, will never lift their hands for their own relief.

There is nothing more common among this torpid generation than murmurs and complaints : murmurs at uneasiness which only vacancy and suspicion expose them to feel, and complaints of distresses which it is in their own power to remove.

Laziness is commonly associated with anxiety. Either fear originally prohibits endeavours by refusing despair of success ; or the frequent failure of irresolute struggles, and the constant desire of avoiding labour, impress by degrees false notions on the mind. But fear, whether natural or acquired, when once it has full possession of the fancy, never fails to employ it upon miseries or calamity ; such as, if they are not mitigated by useful employment, will soon overwhelm a man with horrors, and imbitter life not only when those miseries by which all earthly beings are more or less tormented, but with those which do not yet exist, and which can only be conceived by the perspicacity of cowardice.

ANONYMUS

Among all who sacrifice future advantage to present inclination, scarcely any gain so little as those that suffer themselves to freeze in idleness. Others are corrupted by some enjoyment of more or less power to gratify the passions ; but to neglect our duties, merely to avoid the labour of performing them, a labour which is always punctually rewarded, is surely to sink under weak temptations.

Idleness never can secure tranquillity ; the call of reason and of conscience will pierce the closest pavilion of the sluggard, and, though it may not have force to drive him from his down, will be loud enough to hinder him from sleep. Those moments which he cannot resolve to make useful by devoting them to the great business of his being, will still be usurped by powers that will not leave them to his disposal ; remorse and vexation will seize upon them, and forbid him to enjoy what he is so desirous to appropriate.

There are other causes of inactivity incident to more active faculties and more acute discernment. He to whom many objects of pursuit arise at the same time, will frequently hesitate between different desires, till a rival has precluded him, or change his course as new attractions prevail, and
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harass himself without advancing. He who sees different ways to the same end, will, unless he watches carefully over his own conduct, lay out too much of his attention upon the comparison of probabilities and the adjustment of expedients, and pause in the choice of his road, till some accident intercepts his journey. He whose penetration extends to remote consequences, and who, whenever he applies his attention to any design, discovers new prospects of advantage and possibilities of improvement, will not easily be persuaded that his project is ripe for execution; but will superadd one contrivance to another, endeavour to unite various purposes in one operation, multiply complications, and refine niceties, till he is entangled in his own scheme, and bewildered in the perplexity of various intentions. He that resolves to unite all the beauties of situation in a new purchase, must waste his life in roving to no purpose, from province to province. He that hopes in the same house to obtain every convenience, may draw plans and study *Palladio*, but will never lay a stone. He will attempt a treatise on some important subject, and amass materials, consult authors, and study all the dependent and collateral parts of learning, but never conclude himself qualified to write. He that has abilities to conceive perfections, will not easily be content with-

out it; and since perfection cannot be reached, will lose the opportunity of doing well in the vain hope of unattainable excellence.

The certainty that life cannot be long, and the probability that it will be much shorter than nature allows, ought to awaken every man to the active prosecution of whatever he is desirous to perform. It is true, that no diligence can ascertain success; death may intercept the swiftest career; but he who is cut off in the execution of an honest undertaking, has at least the honour of falling in his rank, and has fought the battle, though he missed the victory.

ANECDOTE

CONCERNING

MR. DRYDEN'S ODE,

RELATED BY MR. WARTON.

DRYDEN's Ode on the Power of Music is the most unrivalled of his compositions. Lord Bolingbroke, happening to pay a morning visit to Dryden, whom he always respected, found him
in

in an unusual agitation of spirits even to a trembling. On enquiring the cause, "I have been up all night," replied the old bard: "my musical friends made me promise to write them an ode for their feast of St Cecilia. I have been so struck with the subject which occurred to me, that I could not leave it till I had completed it. Here it is finished at one sitting." And immediately he shewed him the ode, which places the British lyric poetry above that of any other nation.

This anecdote, as true as it is curious, was imparted by Lord Bolingbroke to Pope; by Pope to Mr. Gilbert West, and by him to the ingenious friend who communicated it to me.

The rapidity, and yet the perspicuity of the thoughts, the glory and expressiveness of the images, those certain marks of the first sketch of a master, conspire to corroborate the truth of the fact.

EPILOGUE

TO

I G N O R A M U S,

Acted at WESTMINSTER SCHOOL, in Dec. 1747.

SPOKEN BY

IGNORAMUS & MUSCÆUS.

Ign. **P**EACE, bookworm! blefs me, what a clerk have I!

A strange place fure—this univerfity!

What's learning, virtue, modefty, or fenfe?

Fine words to hear—but will they turn the pence?

Thefe ftiff pedantic notions—far outweighs

That one fhort, comprehensive thing—a face.

Go, match it if you can with all your rules

Of Greek or Rôman, old or modern fchools:

The total this of Ignoramus' fkill,

To carve his fortune—place him where you will,

For not in law alone could I appear;

My parts would fhine alike in any fphere.

You've heard my fong in Rofabella's praife:

And would I try the loftier ode to raife,

You'd fee me foon—a rival for the bays.

Or I could turn a Journalift, and write

With little wit, but large recruits of fpite;

Abufe

Abuse and blacken—just as party sways—
And lash my betters—these are thriving ways.

My mind to graver phyfic would I bend,
Think you I'd study Greek, like Mead or Friend?
No—with some nostrum I'd ensure my fees,
Without the help of learning or degrees:
On drop or pill securely I'd rely,
And shake my head at the whole faculty.
Or would I take to orders——

Muf. Orders! how?

Ign. One not too scrupulous a way might know:
'Twere but the forging of a hand—or so.
In orders to my purposes I'd serve;
And if I could not rise I would not starve.
With lungs and face I'd make my butcher stare,
Or publish—that I'd marry at May-fair.
These, these are maxims, that will stand the test:
But Universities—are all a jest.

Muf. I grant, a prodigy we sometimes view,
Whom neither of our seats of learning knew.
Yet sure none shine more eminently great,
In law or phyfic, in the church or state,
Than those who early drank the love of fame

At

At Cam's fair bank, or Isis' silver stream.
Look round—here's proof enough this point to clear.

Ign. Bless me !—What—not one Ignoramus
here ?

I stand convicted—what can I say more ?
See—my face fails, which never fail'd before.
How great so e'er I seem'd in Dulman's eye,
Yet Ignorance must blush—when Learning's by.

ANECDOTE

OF

VOLTAIRE & LORD CHESTERFIELD,

THE late Lord Chesterfield happened to be at a route in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests. Chesterfield seemed to be gazing about the brilliant circle of ladies, when Voltaire thus accosted him :—" My Lord, I know you are a judge ; which are more beautiful, the English or French ladies ?"—" Upon my word," replied his Lordship, with his usual presence of mind, " I am no connoisseur in paintings."

In

Some time after this, Voltaire being in London, happened to be at a Nobleman's route with Lord Chesterfield. A lady in company, prodigiously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engrossed his conversation. Chesterfield came up, and tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Sir," take care you are not captivated." "My Lord," replied the French wit, "I scorn to be taken by an English bottom under French colours."

A

REMARKABLE ANECDOTE

RELATING TO

CAMILLA DE TURINGE,

AN ITALIAN LADY.

CAMILLA DE TURINGE, a rich and handsome lady of Messina, deserves to be placed in the rank of illustrious women. Roland, natural brother of Don Pedro, King of Sicily, to whom he had given the command of a fleet to oppose the enterprises of Robert, King of Naples, was defeated at sea, and made prisoner. For want
of

of power, or out of resentment, the King of Sicily did not redeem his brother, whose ransom amounted to twelve thousand florins. The handsome Messinian offered the sum to Roland, on condition that he should espouse her. Seeing no other means of escaping from his captivity, he willingly promised to marry his benefactress, as soon as he arrived at Messina.

By the payment of the twelve thousand florins, which he immediately received, Roland obtained his liberty, set sail, arrived, and thought but little of performing his promise, alledging the extreme disparity of their conditions. Camilla, who was determined to have justice, produced the promise signed by himself. The magistrates, struck at the uneasiness of the King, and fearing to lose his confidence, judged with rigour, and condemned Roland to keep his promise. Several of the Lords exhorted, encouraged, and accompanied him to Camilla, whose house was set out with the utmost magnificence, and who was dressed herself in the richest manner. Roland entreated her to forget the injurious resistance he had made, and declared that he was ready. "Stop," replied Camilla, "I am satisfied: I wished for a husband of royal blood, but you degraded yourself from your rank the moment you falsified your word,

OF THE

THE COMEDIAN.

D

called

called the coach), whether he could tell the number. Shuter, who was then no great adept in figures, except in his own way of scoring up a reckoning, immediately replied,—“ It was two pots of porter, a shillingworth of punch, and a paper of tobacco.” The gentleman upon this was as much at a loss as ever, till Ned whipped out his chalk, and thus scored the reckoning—4 4 for two pots of porter, 0 for a shillingworth of punch, and a line across the two pots of porter, for a paper of tobacco, which formed the number 440. The gentleman in consequence recovered his cane; and thinking it a pity such acuteness of genius should be buried in an alehouse, took him away, and put him to school, and thereby enabled him to shine as the first comedian of his time!

ANECDOTE

OF

KING PEPIN.

KING PEPIN of France, who flourished in the year 750, was surnamed the Short, from his low stature, which some courtiers used
 to

to make a subject of ridicule. These freedoms reaching his ears, he determined to establish his authority by some extraordinary feat ; and an opportunity soon presented itself.

In an entertainment which he gave of a fight between a bull and a lion, the latter had got his antagonist under ; when Pepin, turning towards his nobility said, “ Which of you will dare to go, and part or kill those furious beasts ? ” The bare proposal set them a shuddering ; nobody made answer. “ Then I’ll be the man,” replied the monarch. Upon which, drawing his sabre, he leapt down into the arena, made up to the lion, killed him—and, without delay, discharged such a stroke on the bull, as left his head hanging by the upper part of its neck. The courtiers were equally amazed at such courage and strength ; and the King, with an heroic loftiness, said to them, “ David was a little man ; yet he laid low the insolent giant, who had dared to despise him.”

ANECDOTE

OF

. QUEEN ELIZABETH.

WHEN Queen Elizabeth was at Osterly, the seat of Sir Thomas Gresham, who built the Royal Exchange, she observed to him a wall at one side of the garden, which confined, in some respect, the prospect. Sir Thomas seemed to take no further notice of her Majesty's remark at that time than to coincide in it; but as soon as ever she retired to her chamber, he had prepared a number of workmen, in readiness, who had the wall entirely pulled down by morning. The Queen upon her walking the gardens, was surprized at the alteration; but, turning about to Sir Thomas, with great readiness observed, "she did not wonder that he that could build a *'Change*, could so readily change a building."

ILL

ILL CONSEQUENCES

or

TERRIFYING YOUNG MINDS BY DISMAL NARRATIONS.

LET not any person that are near them terrify their tender minds with dismal stories of witches and ghosts, of devils and evil spirits, of fairies and bugbears in the dark. This hath had a most mischievous effect on some children, and hath fixed in their constitutions such a rooted slavery and fear, that they have scarce dared to be left alone all their lives, especially in the night. These stories have made such a deep and frightful impression on their tender fancies, that it hath enervated their souls; it hath broken their spirits early; it hath grown up with them, and mingled with their religion; it hath laid a wretched foundation for melancholy and distracting sorrows.

Let these sort of informations be reserved for their firmer years, and let them not be told in their hearing till they can better judge what truth or reality there is in them, and be made sensible how much is owing to romance and fiction. Nor let their little hearts be frightened at three or four
years

years old, with shocking and bloody histories, with massacres and martyrdoms, with cuttings and burnings, with the images of horrible and barbarous murders, with racks and red hot pincers, with engines of torment and cruelty; with mangled limbs, and carcases drenched in gore. It is time enough, when their spirits are grown a little firmer, to acquaint them with these madnesses and miseries of human nature. There is no need that the history of the holy confessors and martyrs should be set before their thoughts so early in all their most ghastly shapes and colours. These things, when they are older, may be of excellent use to discover to them the wicked and bloody principles of persecution, both among the Heathens and Papists; and to teach them the power of the grace of Christ, in supporting these poor sufferers under all the torments which they sustained for the love of God and the truth.

ANECDOTE

OF

HENRY IV. KING OF FRANCE.

KING Henry would have his children call him *Papa*, or *Father*, and not *Sir*, which was the new fashion introduced by Catherine de Medicis,

Medicis. He used frequently to join in their amusements; and one day that this restorer of France, and peace-maker of all Europe, was going on *all-fours* with the Dauphin, his son, on his back, an Ambassador suddenly entered the apartment, and surprised him in this attitude. The Monarch, without moving from it, said to him, "*Monsieur l'Ambassadeur*, have you any children?" "Yes, Sire," replied he. "Very well, then; I shall finish my race round my chamber."

ANECDOTE

OF

L E W I S X I.

LEWIS XI. was usually attended by Tristan the hermit, his grand Provost, a barbarous Minister, and blind to all his master's caprices. Being one day at dinner, he perceived, by the side of a monk, who had the curiosity to see the King dine, a Captain of Picardy, whom the Monarch detested. He gave a wink to the Provost Tristan, who, being accustomed to this kind of language, and thinking that his master wanted to have the monk dispatched, had him seized, upon

upon his retiring, by the Satellites, who tied him up in a sack, and threw him into the Seine. This was the method whereby Trifan used to get rid of those the King chose to destroy. The officer, who observed the sign given by Lewis, and knew his meaning, took horse and escaped with all possible speed. This the King was informed of, and asked Trifan the next day, why he had not executed his orders? "Sire," replied Trifan, "our man has got a good way before this time!" "A good way!" said the King; "he was seen yesterday at Amiens." "It is a mistake," replied Trifan boldly; "I'll warrant he is at Rouen, and not at Amiens, if he has been swimming ever since." "Who do you mean?" resumed the Monarch. "Why, the monk," answered Trifan, "whom you pointed to yesterday: he was immediately tied up in a sack, and thrown into the river!" "How, the monk!" said Lewis, "Good God! what hast thou done? He was the worthiest monk in my whole kingdom. A dozen masses of *requiem* must be said for him to-morrow, which will clear our consciences. I wanted only to have the Picardy Captain dispatched."

ANEC-

ANECDOTE

OF

DR. WALLIS.

IN the reign of that unfortunate Monarch, whose abdication put a period to the regal honours of the house of Stuart, Dr. Wallis was then Dean of Waterford, in Ireland ; and, during the troubles of that unhappy country at that period, suffered greatly in his private fortune, from his strong attachment to the Protestant faith.

After peace was restored, and our religion firmly established by the accession of King William, Wallis was presented to the Court of London, as a gentleman who had well merited the royal patronage : the King had before heard the story of his sufferings, and therefore immediately turning to the Dean, desired him to chuse any church preferment then vacant. Wallis (with all the modesty incident to men of real worth), after a due acknowledgement of the royal favour, requested the Deanery of Derry ! “ How,” replied the King, in a transport of surprize, ask the Deanery, when you must know the Bishoprick of

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that

that very place is also vacant!" "True, my Liege," replied Wallis, "I do know it, but could not in honesty demand so great a benefice; conscious there are many other gentlemen who have suffered more than myself, and deserved better at your Majesty's hands; I therefore presume to repeat my former request." It is needless to add his request was granted. They parted: the Dean highly satisfied with his visit, and the King astonished at the noble instance of disinterestedness he had just been a witness of.

What a mind did this man possess! How praiseworthy! How laudable an example to his cloth! How different from the greedy Pluralists of this age! How many of our dignified clergy can lay their hands upon their hearts, and say with the Dean of Derry, "I am satisfied!"

GENUINE ANECDOTE.

A Nobleman, who had lately, for the second time, entered into the holy state of matrimony, with a lady of great accomplishments and fortune, has given the following remarkable proofs of his ingenuity and gallantry.

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An artist has for some time been employed by his Lordship on two pictures, one of them was the picture of his Lordship's late wife ; the artist has very carefully removed the lady's head, and upon the *old shoulders* skilfully placed the head of the new married lady. The other picture is still more extraordinary.—His Lordship is situated in the midst of the fire of his regiment, breathing all the terrible spirit of a general officer ; and at a little distance from the scene of action, in a phaeton, is seated his Lordship's new wife, most affectionately by the side of his old one. These pictures were very lately at an artist's in Pall-mall.

ANECDOTE

OF

CHARLEMAGNE.

SEVERAL boys had their education at the great school in Paris, by particular warrant from Charlemagne. This Prince, returning into France after a long absence, ordered those children to be brought to him, to produce *prose and*

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verse

verse compositions. It appeared that the performances of those of a middling and *obscure class* greatly excelled those of *higher birth* ; on which that wise Prince, separating the *diligent* from the *remiss*, and causing the former to be placed at his right hand, thus addressed them :

“ Beloved children, as you have sedulously applied yourselves to answer the end of my putting you to school, and have made proficiency in such studies as will be useful to you in the course of your life, you may be assured of my favour and good-will. Go on, exert your genius, carry your improvements to the highest pitch, and I will ever have a value for you, and reward you with *bishopricks* and *abbies*. Then turning to the left, with a stern countenance and contemptuous accent, he said ; “ And as for you *idlers of a noble blood*, unworthy children of the most eminent families in my kingdom, *male lilies, delicate puppets*, taken up with *beautifying yourselves*, because *titles* and *lands* will fall to your share ; you, forsooth, have made no account of my orders ; but, instead of walking in the path to true honour, and minding your studies, you have given yourselves up to *lay* and *idleness*. I declare, however, upon my honour, that all your *nobility* and *girlish pretty faces*,
and

and *fine clothes*, are of no weight with me : and depend on it, unless you *turn over a new leaf*, and by unwearied diligence recover your lost time, you are never to expect any thing from Charles.

THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE.

— **O** BEAUTEOUS Peace ! [thou
Sweet union of a state ! what else, but
Gives safety, strength, and glory to a people !
I bow, Lord Constable, beneath the snow
Of many years ; yet in my breast revives
A youthful flame. Methinks, I see again
Those gentle days renew'd, that bless'd our isle,
Ere by this wasteful fury of division,
Worse than our Ætna's most destructive fires,
It desolated sunk. I see our plains
Unbounded waving with the gifts of harvest ;
Our seas with commerce throng'd, our busy ports
With chearful toil. Our Enna blooms afresh ;
Afresh the sweets of thymy Hybla blow.
Our nymphs and shepherds, sporting in each vale,
Inspire new song, and wake the pastoral reed.

ON

ON

INTELLECTUAL EXERCISE.

EXERCISE is no less essential to the mind than to the body. The reasoning faculty, for example, without constant and varied exercise, will remain weak and undistinguishing to the end of life. By what means does a man acquire prudence and foresight, but by experience? In this respect, the mind resembles the body. Deprive a child of motion, and it will never acquire any strength of limbs. The many difficulties that men encounter, and their various objects of pursuit, rouse the understanding and set the reasoning faculty at work for means to accomplish desire. The mind, by continual exercise, ripens to its perfection; and by the same means, is preserved in vigour. It would have no such exercise in a state of uniform peace and tranquillity. Several of our mental faculties would be dormant; and we should even remain ignorant that we have such faculties.

The people of Paraguay are described as mere children in understanding. What wonder, considering their condition under Jesuit government,
without

without ambition, without property, without fear of want, and without desires.

The wants of those who inhabit the torrid zone are easily supplied. They need no clothing, scarce any habitations; and fruits, which ripen there to perfection, give them food without labour. Need we any other cause for their inferiority of understanding, compared with the inhabitants of other climates, where the mind, as well as body, are constantly at work for procuring necessaries?

The blessings of ease and inaction are most poetically displayed in the following description. "O happy Laplander," says Linnæus, "who, on the utmost verge of the habitable earth, thus livest obscure, in rest, content, and innocence. Thou fearest not the scanty crop, nor ravages of war; and those calamities, which waste provinces and towns, can never reach thy peaceful shores. Wrapt in thy covering of fur, thou canst securely sleep,—a stranger to each tumultuous care,—unenvying, and unenvied.—"Thou fearest no danger but from the thunder of heaven. Thy harmless days slide on in innocence beyond the period of a century. Thy health is firm, and thy declining age is tranquil. Millions of diseases, which ravage the rest of the world.

world, have never reached thy happy climate. Thou livest as the birds of the wood. Thou carest not to sow nor reap, for bounteous Providence has supplied thee in all thy wants."

So eloquent a panegyrist upon the Lapland life would make a capital figure upon an oyster.

No creature is freer from want, no creature freer from war, and, probably no creature is freer from fear; which, alas! is not the case of the Laplander.

RESIGNATION.

THOU Power Supreme, by whose command
I live,
The grateful tribute of my praise receive;
To thy indulgence, I my being owe,
And all the joys which from that being flow;
Scarce eighteen suns have form'd the rolling year,
And run their destin'd courses round the sphere,
Since thou my undistinguish'd form survey'd,
Among the lifeless heaps of matter laid.

Thy

Thy skill my elemental clay refin'd,
 The straggling parts in beauteous order join'd,
 With perfect symmetry compos'd the whole,
 And stamp thy sacred image on my soul;
 A soul, susceptible of endless joy!
 Whose frame, nor force, nor time, can e'er destroy;
 But shall subsist, when nature claims my breath,
 And bid defiance to the power of death;
 To realms of bliss, with active freedom soar,
 And live when earth and hell shall be no more.
 Indulgent God, in vain my tongue assays,
 For this immortal gift to speak thy praise!
 How shall my heart, its grateful sense reveal,
 When all the energy of words must fail?
 Oh! may its influence in my life appear,
 And every action, prove my thanks sincere.
 Grant me, great God! a heart to thee inclin'd,
 Increase my faith, and rectify my mind:
 Teach me betimes to tread thy sacred ways,
 And to thy service consecrate my days;
 Still as thro' life's uncertain maze I stray,
 Be thou the guiding-star to mark my way;
 Conduct the steps of my unguarded youth,
 And point their motions to the paths of truth.
 Protect me by thy providential care,
 And teach my soul t' avoid the tempter's snare.
 Thro' all the various scenes of human life,
 In calms of ease, or blust'ring storms of strife,

F

Thro'

Thro' every turn of this inconstant state,
Preserve my temper, equal and sedate.
Give me a mind that bravely does despise,
The low designs of artifice and lies.
Be my religion, such as taught by thee,
Alike from pride and superstition free.
Inform my judgment, rectify my will,
Confirm my reason, and my passions still.
To gain thy favour be my only end,
And to that scope may every action tend.
Amidst the pleasures of a prosperous state,
Whose flatt'ring charms too oft the mind elate,
Still may I think to whom these joys I owe,
And bless the bounteous hand from whence they
flow :

Or if an adverse fortune be my share,
Let not its terrors tempt me to despair,
But bravely arm'd, a steady faith maintain,
And own all best which thy decrees ordain ;
On thy Almighty Providence depend,
The best protector, and the surest friend.
Thus on life's stage may I my part maintain,
And at my exit thy applauses gain ;
When thy pale herald summons me away,
Support me in that great catastrophe ;
In that last conflict guard me from alarms,
And take my soul, expiring, to thy arms.

MORAD

MORAD AND ABIMA,

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

I BRAHIM the Second, reigned over the empire of Persia ; the lustre of whose virtues was resplendent as the burning luminary of the heavens, and the mildness of his reign inoffensive as the nocturnal reflector of its beams.

Nezam, the Beglerbeg of Curdistan, attended his royal master in the city of Ispahan : his sword had formerly supported him in his pretensions to the throne ; and his counsels now guided him in the paths of justice, and rendered him beloved and revered by his subjects, whilst his name was held in respect by the most powerful nations of the east.

Abima, the daughter of Nezam, was beautiful as the damsels of Paradise. Her skin rivalled the whiteness of the snow on the mountains of Kirvan ; her eyes were bright as the morning star, and her tresses vied in colour and glossiness with the fleeces of Astracan. When she smiled the dimples of the Houri adorned her cheek ; and when she spoke, her voice was like the music in

the gardens of eternal delight, and her breath as fragrant as the breeze which gather perfumes in the vallies of Arabia.

But the gentle Abima had a heart susceptible of love; and while Nezam, to secure to his daughter wealth, grandeur, and rank, engaged her hand to the rich and powerful Abubekar, she secretly plighted her faith to the brave, the generous, the youthful Morad. Nor was Nezam unfuspicious of his daughter's engagements, he knew and honoured the virtues of Morad; but his possessions were unequal to the extensive domains of Abubekar, whose camels were counted by thousands, and whose flocks and herds were as innumerable as the sands on the sea shore.

Yet not the diamonds of the royal turban, or the rubies which glittered in the throne of Ibrahim, could have purchased the chaste affections of the faithful Abima. The heart she had surrendered to Morad was incapable of change; nor did she hesitate to comply with his intreaties, to bind herself by those indissoluble ties which transfer the rights of the parent to a protector of another name: and influenced by a passion as pure as the light which issues from the third heaven, she

she abandoned the splendid mansions of Nezam, and fled to the humble dwelling of Morad.

No sooner was the flight of Abima discovered by her ambitious father, than he pursued her to the habitation of Morad ; and with all the authority of a parent and all the pride of offended dignity, demanded at his hands the treasure which he suspected to be in his possession.

But the happy, the enraptured Morad, though gentle as the doves of Circassia, and humble as the Faquir who traverses the approaches of the sacred temple of Mecca ; in the defence of his love, was fierce as the lion of mount Caucasus ; and of his honour, as the tyger which hunts the banks of the Ganges. Equally above deceit and fear, he avowed the possession of his adored, his faithful Abima ; and his intentions to retain the glorious prize in his hands, at the risque of what he esteemed far less valuable, that life, which, without her, would cease to be the object of his care.

Enraged at the bold determination of the intrepid Morad, the father of the fair fugitive retired to the house of the enamoured Abubekar ; and having communicated the intelligence so fatal
to

to his hopes, they proceeded together to the Divan, and waited with impatience the appearance of the sovereign of Persia.

No sooner did the trumpets proclaim the approach of the monarch, than the trembling Nezam having thrice prostrated himself before the throne, and thrice invoked the prophet he adored, to render his sovereign propitious to his prayer, he thus laid before him the source of his griefs, and demanded redress for injuries which he represented as unequalled.

“ Father of thy people! light of the sun! friend of Ali! prince of the faithful! governor of the world! at whose frown all the nations of the earth tremble, at whose smile the three known quarters of the terrestrial globe rejoice! thou who assertest the rights of all true believers, and punishest those who offend, without regard to power or condition! if the sword of Nezam hath ever been drawn in thy defence, if his arm hath ever been extended successfully against thine enemies! if thou hast ever profited by his councils, or his friendly suggestions have shielded thee from impending danger, attend to my complaints, and afford to the wretched Nezam, that justice for
which

which the means of the subjects have never found in vain.

“Morad, the perfidious Morad! hath invaded the mansions of happiness and peace: he hath ravished from me the delight of my eye, and the comfort of my age; he hath covered my head with disgrace, and filled mine eyes with sorrow—Oh! Abima, Abima! lost, deluded Abima!”

Passion had now overwhelmed the disappointed Nezam, and stopped the utterance of words.

When Ibrahim, adorned with all the dignity of sovereignty, and all the grace of conscious virtue, arose from his throne, and thus addressed his agitated suppliant:

“Nezam, if thy complaint is as unfounded as thy suspicions of Abraham, thou seekest not justice, but partial favour; which thou shalt never receive at the hands of the humble vice-gent of Heaven, who hath armed his servant with authority for purposes in which friendship hath no interest, nor favour the smallest share; but if thou hast, indeed, received injury from Morad; if he has defrauded thee of thy parental rights, and possesses, without thy consent, the child of thy bosom;

son ; were he as dear to my heart as Mirza, the heir of my throne, justice should tear him from my affections, and the sentence of my lips decree him to make restitution.

Abubekar now approached the throne ; and having confirmed the charge of Nezam, and claimed the interest of an affianced husband in Abima, the officers of justice were dispatched to bring the delinquent into the royal presence : and to conduct thither, also, the partner of his heart, the fair object of contention, the gentle Abima. In a very few minutes a general murmur, which ran through the assembly, announced the entrance of the faithful lovers.

Morad, with a manly and modest air, led the trembling and weeping Abima to the foot of the throne ; and the charge of Nezam and the claim of Abubekar, having been stated to him, the monarch of Persia called on him for a defence ; and admonished him to beware how he trespassed the bounds of truth, or attempted an excuse founded in the flightiest imposition.

But the virtuous Morad needed no such caution : he scorned to purchase even happiness at the price of dishonour ; and though he held his
Abima

Abiam dearer than his life, yet he would much rather abandon both than retain them at the expense of falshood. He acknowledged, and he gloried in his love; he confessed his having prevailed on the fair Abima to prefer him to her more wealthy lover, and he justified her choice, by a fair and candid comparison between his own age, person, and qualifications, and those of the rejected Abubekar.

But the declarations of Morad amounted rather to a confession than an extenuation of his guilt; and Ibrahim, though his heart acknowledged the truth and felt the force of his excuses, found himself compelled to render the justice he had promised to Nezam, and to condemn the unfortunate Morad to the severest of all punishments, the parting with his adored Abima! but like a gracious judge, he tempered the rigid letter of the law, with the mildest interposition of humanity; and whilst he pronounced the following sentence, the soft tear of pity reflected more lustre on his cheek than all the diamonds in his crown.

“ Morad, thy condemnation proceeds from thine own mouth! Thou hast taken the daughter of Nezam, without the consent of her father;

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and

and the contracted wife of Abubekar, without his permission. Restore, then, to the parent his child, and to the lover his mistress: and to console thee for thy loss, Ibrahim will advance thy fortune, and raise thee to such dignities and honours, that the chiefs of the empire shall court thy alliance, and thou shalt chuse a representative for the fair Abima, among the choicest beauties of Ispahan."

"Father of the faithful," replied the unfortunate Morad, "thy servant bows down in humble and submissive gratitude before the just and gracious minister of Heaven! The favours thy goodness would extend to the meanest of thy subjects, bestow on some more worthy and more fortunate object. The wretched Morad murmurs not at thy decree, but he has lost his Abima; the world has no charms for him; and he will court death as a relief from pain, and seek it as the only shelter from his sorrows!"

Morad, having pronounced these words, quitted the hand of Abima; and whilst every heart melted at his distress, bowed in silence to the throne, and prepared to quit the assembly.

At

At this instant Abubekar made his way through the crowd which surrounded the weeping fair; and having seized the hand which had just been grasped by her more favoured lover, he besought the Monarch to acknowledge his claim to Abima before Morad should be suffered to depart; and this request having been complied with, he thus addressed the disconsolate lover :

“ Morad, thou hast reason to complain that the wealth of Abubekar hath proved a bar to thy happiness; but the gracious Being who distributes prosperity and adversity, frames also the minds of his creatures, and endows them with faculties to enjoy, and patience to endure. On me the Almighty power hath lavished in abundance the bounties of his hand, and he hath also blessed me with desire to enjoy; but he hath tempered my enjoyments with prudence to controul my passions, and he hath restrained my inclinations, by reason, within the bounds of temperance and moderation.

“ Thinkest thou, Morad, that my enjoyments consist in gratifications purchased at the expence of misery to my fellow creatures? or that the soft sensations which move the mind of the magnanimous Ibrahim, are strangers to the breast

of the less distinguished Abubekar? Thinkest thou, that whilst the fountain of his humanity flows with oil to pour into the wounds of affliction, the sources of Abubekar's pity are dried up, and his heart steeled against the noble feelings of humanity? At my hands, deserving Morad, accept the choicest of earthly blessings, a beautiful and virtuous wife; may Ali, the friend of our prophet, crown thy union with unfading felicity; and Ibrahim, his lieutenant, dispense to thee, and the fair and faithful Abima, the full measure of thy deserts in power, riches, and honour."

TRUTH.

NOTHING appears so low and mean as lying and dissimulation; and it is observable, that only weak animals endeavour to supply by craft, the defects of strength, which nature has not given them.

Nothing is so delightful as the hearing or speaking of truth: for this reason, there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any design to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

Truth

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out : it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware, whereas a lye is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack.

Truth, in every thing, is still the same, and, like its great Author, can be but one ; and the sentence of reason stands as firm as the foundation of the earth.

Truth is born with us, and we must do violence to our nature, to shake off our veracity.

**Now by the Gods, it is not in the pow'r
Of painting or of sculpture to express,
Aught so divine as the fair form of Truth!
The creatures of their art may catch the eye,
But her sweet nature captivates the soul.**

EXTRACT

A N E C D O T E
OF
AN INDIAN WOMAN.

SOME historians have lately asserted, that the custom of widows burning themselves on the funeral pile of their husbands, no longer exists. There are some recent instances of it transmitted by Europeans, who were witnesses of the transactions they related.

Not many years ago died Rham-Chund, pundit of the Mahratta tribe. His widow, aged seventeen or eighteen years, as soon as he expired, immediately declared to the bramins, and witnesses present, her resolution to burn. As the family were of great importance, all her relations and friends left no arguments unattempted to dissuade her from her purpose.

The state of her infant children, the terrors and pangs of the death she aspired after, were painted to her in the strongest and most lively colours ; but she was deaf to all. Her children, indeed, she seemed to leave with some regret. But when the terrors of burning were mentioned to her, with

countenance calm and resolved, she put her fingers into the fire, and held it there a considerable time. Then, with one of her hands, she put fire into the palm of the other, sprinkled it upon it, and fumigated the attending brahmins or priests. Being given to understand that she should not obtain permission to burn, she immediately entered into deep affliction. But soon recovering herself, she answered, "that death will still be in her power; and that if she were allowed to make her exit according to the wishes of her cast, she would starve herself." Being thus resolved, her friends were, at last, obliged to consent to her proposal.

Early on the following morning, the body of the deceased was carried down to the water.

The widow followed about ten o'clock, accompanied by the principal brahmins, her children, sons, and a numerous crowd of spectators. The order for her burning did not arrive till about one o'clock, the interval was employed in talking with the brahmins, and washing in the river. As soon as it arrived, she retired, and spent about half an hour in the midst of her female friends. She then divested herself of her bracelets and other ornaments; and having tied them round her apron, which hung before her, was

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conducted by the females to a corner of the pile. On the pile was an arched arbour, formed of dry sticks, boughs, and leaves; and open at one end to admit her entrance. In this was deposited the body of the deceased; his head at the end, opposite the opening.

At that corner of the pile to which she had been conducted, a bramin had made a small fire, round which she and three bramins sat for a few minutes. One of them then put into her hand a leaf of the bale-tree, of the wood of which a part of the funeral pile is always constructed. She threw the leaf into the fire, and one of the others gave her a second leaf, which he held over the flame, whilst he three times dropped some ghee on it, which melted and fell into the fire.

Whilst these things were doing, a third bramin read to her some portions of the Aughtorrah Beid, and asked her some questions, which she answered with a steady and serene countenance. These being over, she was led with great solemnity three times round the pile, the bramins reading before her.

When she came the third time to the small fire, she stopped, took her rings off her toes and fingers,
and

and put them to her other ornaments ; then taking a solemn and majestic leave of her children, parents and relations, one of the bramins dipped a large wick of cotton in some ghee, and giving it lighted into her hand, led her to the open side of the arbour, where all the bramins fell at her feet. She blessed them, and they retired weeping.

She then ascended the pile, and entered the arbour, making a profound reverence at the feet of the deceased, and then, advancing, seated herself by his head. In silent meditation she looked on his face for the space of a minute. She then set fire to the arbour in three places. But soon observing that she had kindled it to leeward, and that the wind blew the flames from her, she arose, set fire to the windward side, and placidly resuming her station, sat there with a dignity and composure which no words can convey an idea of.

The pile being of combustible matter, the supporters of the roof were soon consumed, and the whole tumbled in upon her, putting an end at once to her courage and her life.

A

REMARKABLE ANECDOTE

OF A

DECAYED GENTLEMAN.

THE consciousness of being beloved, softens our chagrins, and enables a great part of mankind to support the misery of existence. The affections must be exercised upon something ; for not to love is to be miserable. " Were I in a desert," says Sterne, " I would find something in it to call forth my affections. If I could not do better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to. I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection. I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert. If their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn ; and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice with them." But the following anecdote will illustrate this reasoning better than the most beautiful reflections.

A re-

A respectable character, after having long figured away in the gay world at Paris, was at length compelled to live in an obscure retreat in that city, the victim of severe and unforeseen misfortunes. He was so indigent, that he subsisted only on an allowance from the parish. Every week a quantity of bread was sent to him sufficient for his support ; and yet, at length, he demanded more. On this, the curate sent for him. He went. " Do you live alone ?" said the curate. " With whom, Sir," answered the unfortunate man, " is it possible that I should live? I am wretched. You see that I am, since I thus solicit charity, and am abandoned by all the world." " But, Sir," continued the curate, " if you live alone, why do you ask for more bread than is sufficient for yourself?" The other was quite disconcerted, and, at last, with great reluctance confessed that he had a dog. The curate did not drop the subject. He desired him to observe that he was only the distributor of the bread that belonged to the poor, and, that it was absolutely necessary that he should dispose of his dog."— " Ah ! Sir," exclaimed the poor man, weeping, " and if I lose my dog, who is there then to love me ?"—The good pastor, melting into tears, took his purse, and giving it to him, " Take this, Sir," said he ;—" this is mine—this I can give."

ELEGY

E L E G Y

WRITTEN AT THE

APPROACH OF SPRING.

STERN winter hence with all his train removes,
And chearful skies and limpid streams are
seen ;

Thick-sprouting foliage decorates the groves ;
Reviving herbage robes the fields in green.

Yet lovelier scenes shall crown th'advancing year,
When blooming spring's full bounty is display'd ;
The smile of beauty ev'ry vale shall wear ;
The voice of song enliven ev'ry shade.

O fancy, paint not coming days too fair !
Oft for the prospects sprightly May should yield,
Rain-pouring clouds have darken'd all the air,
Or snows untimely whiten'd o'er the field :

But should kind spring her wonted bounty show'r,
The smile of beauty and the voice of song ;
If gloomy thought the human mind o'erpow'r,
Ev'n vernal hours glide unenjoy'd along.

I shun

I shun the scenes where madd'ning passion raves,
Where pride and folly high dominion hold ;
And unrelenting av'rice drives her slaves
O'er prostrate virtue in pursuit of gold :

The grassy lane, the wood-surrounded field,
The rude stone fence with fragrant wall-flow'rs gay,
The clay-built cot, to me more pleasure yield
Than all the pomp imperial domes display.

And yet ev'n here amid these secret shades,
These simple scenes of unprov'd delight,
Affliction's iron hand my breast invades,
And death's dread dart is ever in my sight.

While genial suns to genial show'rs succeed,
(The air all mildness, and the earth all bloom ;)
While herds and flocks range sportive o'er the
mead,
Crop the sweet herb, and snuff the rich perfume.

O why alone to hapless man deny'd,
To taste the bliss inferior beings boast ?
O why this fate that fear and pain divide
His few short hours on earth's delightful coast ?

Ah ! cease—no more of Providence complain !
'Tis sense of guilt that wakes the mind to woe,
Gives force to fear, adds energy to pain,
And palls each joy by heav'n indulged below.

Why

Why else the smiling infant-train so blest,
Ere dear-bought knowledge ends the peace within,
Or wild desire inflames the youthful breast,
Or ill propension ripens into sin?

As to the bleating tenants of the field,
As to the sportive warblers on the trees,
To them their joys sincere the season yields,
And all their days and all their prospects please;

Such joys were mine when from the peopled streets,
Where on Thamesis' banks I liv'd immur'd;
The new-blown fields that breath'd a thousand
 sweets,
To Surry's wood-crown'd hills my steps allur'd.

O happy hours, beyond recov'ry fled!
What share I now "that can your loss repay,"
While o'er my mind these glooms of thought are
 spread,
And veil the light of life's meridian ray?

Is there no pow'r this darkness to remove?
The long-lost joys of Eden to restore?
Or raise our views to happier seats above,
Where fear, and pain, and death shall be no more?

Yes,

Yes, those there are who know a Saviour's love,
The long-lost joys of Eden can restore ;
And raise their views to happier seats above,
Where fear, and pain, and death shall be no more.

Those grateful share the gift of nature's hand,
And in the vari'd scenes that round them shine ;
The fair, the rich, the awful, and the grand,
Admire th'amazing workmanship divine.

Blows not a flow'ret in th' enamell'd vale,
Shines not a pebble where the riv'let strays ;
Sports not an insect on the spicy gale,
But claims their wonder and excites their praise !

For them ev'n vernal nature looks more gay,
For them more lively hues the fields adorn ;
To them more fair the fairest smile of day,
To them more sweet the sweetest breath of morn.

They feel the bliss that hope and faith supply,
They pass serene th'appointed hours that bring,
The day that wafts them to the realms on high,
The day that centres in eternal spring.

DORILACIA ;

OR, THE

FAIR CAPTIVE.

AN ANECDOTE OF ANCIENT CHIVALRY.

IN the line of crusadoes every woman was a beauty, every man was an hero. The virtues of the female were then unsuspected ; the courage of the hero was to be proof against any antagonist, and he was, at the hazard of his life, to evince, that his **PRECIEUSE** was both more beautiful and more virtuous than any other of the sex.—Where is there a knight adventurer now who would undertake either?

Dorilacia, though unseeking, was sought for by the King of ****. The fame of her personal charms were great ; that of her virtues, were still greater.—The Prince of **** sued for her : his martial virtues recommended him to the choice of her father. Martial virtues in a man, were, in the time of the crusadoes, of the greatest estimation.—She was promised to the Prince—but promises before marriage are generally frustrated. A parent will frequently set himself against the obligation entered into by his daughter.

A rival

A rival will sometimes frustrate the promise, the obligation, by the death of the rival.

Betrothed, as it were, to Prince Rhadamont, Dorilacia was to experience a different fate, a fate unforeseen, a fate too cruel for one who left it to her father to choose her a partner for life.

The object of her father's choice, after the most affectionate adieu, parted from her to encounter the Saracens.

In the interim, the Saracen Prince burst into the sacred inclosure wherein she was—saw her charms—saw, was inflamed, and was determined to make her his own.

He forced her upon a palfry, and obliged her domestic, her favourite female to attend her.

Her agitations were great for many a mile. The courtesies of the Saracen were not less, which was an unusual phenomenon.

Arriving at a retired place, and finding her rather worn out with fatigue, he carried her to the umbrageous retirement of a wood; there he breathed the softest vows, the softest accents of
I 2 inflamed

inflamed love; but he breathed them in vain. Virtue established on the rock of religion, very seldom totters, if established in infancy.

The foes of virtue, when repulsed, generally exercise revenge, generally give themselves up to the instigation of malice. As Dorilacia would not comply with the whispers of an illicit passion, the Prince threatened her with the punishment of being tied hand and foot, and cast into the waves of the inexorable ocean. She braved his threats, she submitted to be bound. She was, by the order of the Prince, cast into the devouring waves: but Providence, which watches over the paths of unshaken innocence and chastity, ordered the wave on which she floated to leave her on the crumbling strand. Her situation had before left her on the margin of the sea.

Her intended husband fortunately arrived in his vessel on the strand. The first object he saw was Dorilacia. His domestics likewise descried her, and with uplifted arms, and all the outrages of grief, testified their lamentations for her seeming loss. The cords with which she was bound were unloosed, and when the measures lately revived for the recovery of drowned persons were made use of, she returned to life, and she lived to bless the world with a numerous race of heroes.

CHARITY.

REMARKABLE DECISION

IN A CASE OF

V A N I T Y.

HISTORY has preserved the memory of an Emperor, perhaps equal to any of antiquity, for his abhorrence to the partial distinction of birth. He knew wherein true glory consisted, and could distinguish it from that which was only so in appearance. He proved the truth of that excellent saying of Tacitus, "Those who know how properly to govern an Empire, throw off its formalities."

To comprehend this action of Charles the Fifth in its fullest extent, we must consider the incomparable lustre and magnificence of the Court of that Emperor at Brussels, which was at that time the most polite, free, and populace, and the center of power; here Germans, Spaniards, and Italians, were treated with equal respect, and
merit

merit only was suffered to claim a superior consideration.

In this Court, which was filled with persons of the most illustrious rank, who boasted of Roman Kings for their ancestors, were two ladies of the first quality. A dispute had arisen between them, which, in point of pre-eminence, had a right to enter the church itself. The Emperor, in order to put a stop to all future contests of superiority of birth, determined to be himself arbiter in this cause.

We may figure to ourselves the intrigues, cabals, solicitations, recommendations, long lists of illustrious ancestors, supported by indubitable authorities, that were formed on this occasion ; indeed, all Brussels was in alarm, and resembled England in the time of a general election. All this while the Emperor, who viewed this bustle with a smile, was not in the least affected by this parade of false glory ; but remained fixed to his design, immovable as a rock.

The day at last approached, in which this weighty and momentous affair was to be decided. Had the fate of Kings and Empires been at stake, the

the general attention of people of all ranks could not have been more attracted, than it was upon this idle dispute about nothing. The hopes and fears of opposite parties, the wagers of fools, the predictions of pretended sages, the solemnity of the place, the brilliancy of the assembly, and the gravity of the Emperor, are all much easier to be imagined than expressed.

Surely the consternation, shame, and confusion of both parties, must be great indeed, when they heard the Emperor pronounce these words as a final decree: "Let the most foolish of the two have the preference."

AN ARABIAN ANECDOTE.

AN Arab going to complain to the Sultan of some depredations committed in his house by two unknown persons, the Sultan instantly repaired thither, and causing the light to be extinguished, seized the criminals, had their heads enveloped in a cloak, and gave orders that they should be stabbed. The execution being thus performed,

performed, he ordered the flambeaux brought with him to be again lighted ; and, having examined the body of the criminals, lifted up his hands, and returned thanks to God.

“ What favour,” said the Visier, “ have you then received from heaven ?”

“ Visier,” replied the Sultan, “ I thought my son had been the author of these crimes ; therefore I ordered the lights to be put out, and the faces of these unhappy wretches to be covered with a cloak. I was fearful, lest paternal tenderness should induce me to fail in justice which I owe to my subjects. Judge whether I ought not to thank heaven, when I find myself just, without taking away the life of my son !”

ANECDOTE

OF

DEAN SWIFT.

IT has not been remarked by any of his historians, but the Dean entertained a most violent hatred to the memory of William III. which he often

often expressed in very bitter terms when in the company of his intimates. He was accustomed to stile that Monarch a bloody and remorseless tyrant, and would commonly add, that "so far from this country receiving any benefit from him, he and his favourites only were the gainers."

Swift dined one day with several friends of both parties in Crow-street, when the conversation turned upon a paraphrase Concannon had lately made of Prior's celebrated epitaph. It was as follows ;

Hold MATTHEW PRIOR, by your leave,
Your epitaph is somewhat odd ;
BOURBON and you were sons of Eve,
NASSAU the offspring of a God.

The Dean, shaking his head, said, " Let us see whether a man, who is neither a fool nor a parasite, cannot write four lines that will sound as well as those," and taking Doctor Sheridan's pencil wrote the following :

Hold friend CONCANNON, by your leave,
Your paraphrase is rather civil ;
BOURBON and MAT were sons of EVE,
NASSAU the offspring of a DEVIL.

K.

AN

AN ODE

TO

N A R C I S S A.

THY fatal shafts unerring move;
I bow before thine altar, Love!
I feel thy soft, resistless flame
Glide swift through all my vital frame!

For while I gaze my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows;
Hope, fear, and joy alternate roll,
And floods of transport overwhelm my soul!

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain
In soothing murmurs to complain;
My tongue some secret magic ties,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs!

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear;
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpitied die!

SINGULAR

SINGULAR ACT OF GENEROSITY AND CONTINENCE.

THE Marquis de Breze, Admiral of France, son to a Marshal and Duke of the same name, had a visit paid him at Paris by a widow and her daughter, of a neighbouring province to that of his family; the daughter was of a comely stature, her features regular, her complexion admirable, and about six years younger than the Admiral, who was then of much the same age with Scipio, when he conquered Carthage.

The mother began first to tell him her name, by which it appeared she was one of the best families in Anjou, and then declared to him, that she was engaged in a troublesome suit at law, which [endangered her whole, and that a small, estate; that she had borrowed of all her friends; that a wicked and cheating lawyer was fully resolved to reduce her to a most shameful poverty, and without powerful support would carry his point.

The Admiral prayed her to accept of three hundred louis d'ors to carry on her suit, and gave orders for a coach to be sent to her every morn-

ing, in which she might go and see her judges : He himself became her solicitor, and managed the business so well, that she carried the cause, and recovered full costs against her adversary.

When, after all this, the Lady went to thank the young Admiral for all the favours he had been pleased to heap upon her, she gave him to understand that she could not express how much she was indebted to him, and that she had nothing but her daughter, then present, that could make him satisfaction for his kindness to her.

The Admiral being surprized with an offer so little expected, took aside the young lady, in the presence of her mother, to a corner of the chamber, declared to her in what manner her honour and salvation were in danger, and advised her to give herself to none but God ; and because he found she was already in the same opinion with him, he took both mother and daughter into the coach, and carried them to a convent, where he left the young lady.

When he had paid the pension due for the first year, a day or two before she was professed, he gave the Abbess of the Monastery eight hundred pistoles, and caused an Act to be passed in the
name

name of the young lady, without mentioning his own name in it. There could be nothing (allowing for the superstition of the times) more generous, or more heroic, than this.

ANECDOTE
OF THE EARL OF STAIR,
AMBASSADOR AT THE COURT OF VERSAILLES,
IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE I.

ONE day the Regent of France, attended with a most splendid retinue, went in his coach to pay the British Ambassador (the Earl of Stair) a visit; which his Excellency being informed of, prepared for his reception. The coach halted at the gate; and when the Earl of Stair came out of his apartment, the Regent rose up, partly alighted from his coach, set one foot on the ground, and kept the other fixed on the step. His Excellency, in the mean time, was advancing out of the gate; but observing the posture the Regent was in, he stopped short, then turned about, and walked three or four times backward and

and forward, and at last asked one of the Regent's attendants, " Whether his Royal Highness was come to visit him as his Britannic Majesty's Ambassador, or as Earl of Stair ? "

To which receiving no answer, he replied, " If he comes to see my Lord Stair, I shall reckon it my greatest honour to receive any one officer of the Crown, much more the Duke-Regent, at the door of his coach ; but if he comes to visit the Ambassador of my Royal Master, I think I should be unworthy the trust reposed in me, if I went a step further than I have done. "

This being told to the Regent, he re-entered the coach, and afterwards caused signification to be made to his Excellency, that he was not desirous of seeing him at Court, and for some months the Earl actually withdrew.

This was intended by the Regent as a slight on the British Ambassador ; but the wary and vigilant Stair knew the etiquette of Courts too well, and had too much the honour of his Royal Master at heart, and the dignity of his country to be entrapped by him.

EQUA-

EQUANIMITY.

EVIL is uncertain, in the same degree, as good ; and for the reason we ought not to hope too securely, we ought not to fear with too much dejection. The state of the world is continually changing, and none can tell the result of the next vicissitude. Whatever is afloat in the stream of time, may, when it is very near us, be driven away by an accidental blast, which shall happen to cross the general course of the current. The sudden accidents by which the powerful are depressed, may fall upon those whose malice we fear ; and the greatness by which we expect to be overborne, may become another proof of the false flatteries of fortune. Our enemies may become weak, or we grow strong, before our encounter ; or we may advance against each other without ever meeting. There are indeed natural evils, which we can flatter ourselves with no hopes of escaping, and with little of delaying ; but of the ills which are apprehended from human malignity, or the opposition of rival interests, we may always alleviate the terror, by considering that our persecutors are weak, ignorant, and mortal, like ourselves.

ANEC-

I would serve you to the utmost of my power ; but at present I have not twenty guineas in the house."

Sir Richard, who saw through the pitiful evasion, was heartily vexed at the meanness and excuse. " And so, Sir," said he, " you have drawn me in to expose the situation of my affairs, with a promise of assistance, and now refuse any mark of your friendship or esteem ! A disappointment I can bear, but must not put up with an insult ; therefore, be so obliging as to consider whether it is more agreeable to comply with the terms of my request, or to submit to the consequences of my resentment."

Sir Richard spoke this in so determined a tone, that the Baronet was startled ; and said, (seeming to recollect himself)—" Lord, my dear Sir Richard ! I beg ten thousand pardons ; upon my honour I did not remember. Bless me ! I have a hundred pound note in my pocket, which is entirely at your service !" So saying, he produced the note, which Sir Richard immediately put up ; and then addressed him in the following manner :

" Though I despise an obligation from a person of so mean a cast as I am satisfied you are ; yet, rather than be made a fool, I chose to accept of
this

this hundred pounds, which I shall return when it suits my conveniency. But, that the next favour you confer may be done with a better grace, I must take the liberty of pulling you by the nose, as a proper expedient to preserve your recollection; which Sir Richard accordingly did, and then took his leave of the poor Baronet, who was not a little surpris'd at the oddity of his behaviour.

ON A

PASSION FOR RETIREMENT:

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN

HORTENSIUS, COLUMELLA, & ATTICUS.

“**T**HIS passion (says Hortensius) is become a prevailing evil in the world. We are all for quitting the stage before we have performed our parts. Every little clerk in office must have his villa, and every tradesman his country-house. A cheefemonger retires to his little pasteboard edifice on Turnham-Green, and, when smoking his pipe under his codling-hedge on his gravel-walk made of coal ashes, fancies himself a second Scipio or Cincinnatus in his retreat, and returns

L 2

with

with reluctance to town on Monday night, or perhaps deserts it till Tuesday morning, regardless of his shop, and his inquisitive and disgusted customers."

" Yes, (says Atticus), and I remember, even in Oxford, my old barber cut my face once or twice, while he was haranguing upon the felicity, and venting his wishes for a snug rural retreat. All his ambition was to retire into some country town, where there was a good ring of bells, and two sermons on a Sunday."

" And yet (says Hortensius) these sanctified recluses are generally disappointed of their promised felicity in a country life ; and either contrive to bring down their town friends to visit them daily in their solitude, or else soon return to the place from whence they came. Some indeed quite disgusted, or not being able to breathe in the smoke of the town, yet not finding that happiness which they expected in the country, shift the scene from one place to another, till death overtakes them in the career, and lodges them quietly in their grave ; entitled to the well-known epitaph,

" Hic quiescit, qui nunquam quievit :"

" Here rests the man, who never was at rest."

" In

" In short, these restless, unsettled searchers after happiness, are not unlike the ungodly in King David's time, whom he had seen flourishing like the green bay-tree.—' But I went by, (says he) and lo, he was gone: I sought him, and his place could no where be found.' His place is no where to be found; that is, his Chinese rails are demolished by a person of an higher and more exquisite taste: a blank wall is erected to conceal the house from the gaping traveller; and, in short, his place is so entirely new modelled by some new candidate for retired happiness, that it hath lost its identity: we seek for it in vain, and it is no where to be found."

Columella smiled at his friend's vehemence, and owned he himself had observed one remarkable instance of this inconstancy of mankind in their researches after happiness. " A fellow (says he) who kept a little ale-house in the suburbs of Bath, where I have found it convenient to put my horse these ten years, whenever I go thither; this man, having a well-accustomed house, had made a tolerable competence by the time he was fifty: and being an old bachelor, retired to a neat box which he had bought, about half a mile out of town, on the most dusty part of the Bristol road. Here, by gaping about and smoking his pipe all day,

day, he contrived to pass one summer in tolerable spirits ; but on the approach of winter, he grew dull and melancholy, and before Christmas took a lodging at a gingerbread shop in the suburbs, next door to his own ale-house ; and by looking out of his window during the winter, and sitting at the door in the summer, he seems again to enjoy a tolerable existence.

“ However, (adds Columella, with a more ferocious air,) I hope you would not draw any argument against an elegant and philosophical retirement, from such instances as these ; from people that are incapable of thinking, or perhaps of reading, and supplying the wants of company with the conversation of poets and philosophers, and the greatest men of antiquity.”

“ Why (says Atticus) this philosophical retirement appears plausible enough in speculation ; but I am afraid you have found it very unsatisfactory in practice. You fancy yourself an hermit and a philosopher ; but I am afraid your vulgar neighbours look upon you as an enthusiast at least, if not a madman.”

“ Yes (says Hortensius) people may talk of their Arcadias and their Elysian fields,—I am sure we have

have spent a very happy fortnight in Columella's delightful retreat, and I should wish to spend a few months every summer in the country ; but rather than be confined the whole winter in so absolute a solitude, I had rather live in Wapping, or in Petticoat-lane, and dine every day at the threepenny ordinary, where the knives and forks are chained to the table, and the ladder removed for fear the saturated guest should make his escape without paying his reckoning."

EPITAPH

ON A

YOUNG LADY.

THIS humble grave tho' no proud structure
grace,
Yet truth and goodness sanctify the place :
Yet blameless virtue that adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented maid ! now weeps upon thy tomb :
Escap'd from death, O safe on that calm shore,
Where sin, and pain, and passion are no more !
What never wealth could buy, nor pow'r decree,
Regard and pity wait sincere on thee !
Lo ! soft remembrance drops a pious tear,
And holy friendship fits a mourner here.

TEM-

TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE in pleasure is essentially necessary to be observed, particularly by youth, that they may beware of that rock on which thousands, from race to race, continué to split. The love of pleasure, natural to man in every period of his life, glows at this age with excessive ardour.

Novelty adds fresh charms, as yet, to every gratification. The world appears to spread a continual feast; and health, vigour, and high spirits, invite them to partake of it without restraint. In vain are they warned of the latent danger. The old, when they offer their admonitions, are upbraided, with having forget that they once were young. And yet, to what do the counsels of age, with respect to pleasure, amount? They may all be comprized in a few words,—Not to hurt ourselves, and not to hurt others, by our pursuit of pleasure, and those will be fully effected by temperance. Within these bounds, pleasure is lawful; beyond them it becomes criminal, because it is ruinous.

Hence

Hence by this virtue we are not called to renounce pleasure, but to enjoy it in safety. Instead of abridging it, we are exhorted to pursue it on an extensive plan; we have measures proposed for securing its possession, and for prolonging its duration. As we consider ourselves not only as sensitive, but as rational beings;—not only as rational, but social;—not only as social, but immortal; whatever violates our nature in any of these respects, cannot afford true pleasure.

Have we not found that in the course of criminal excess, pleasure was more than compensated by succeeding pain? Have we not from every habit, at least, of unlawful gratification, found some thorn spring to wound us; some consequence to make us repent of it in the issue?

We should therefore avoid temptations, for which we have found ourselves unequal, with as much care as we should shun pestilential infection.

ANECDOTE
OF THE LATE
GUSTAVUS BRANDER, Esq.
OF
CHRISTCHURCH, IN HANTS.

THIS gentleman had a mind strongly tinctured with literary propensities, and a heart which was always most gratified in employing his great fortune in acts of beneficence.

A singular accident happened to him in the year 1768, which had so strong an effect upon his mind, that it influenced his character ever after with an ardent sense of piety, and a peculiar reliance upon the superintendence of Providence.

As his carriage was passing down Temple-lane, London, the horses suddenly took fright, and run with the most violent rapidity down three flights of steps into the Thames, and would have proceeded into the middle of it, if the wheels had not been so clogged by the mud that the horses could not drag them any further. The servant behind was so absorbed in terror, that he was unable

able to throw himself from the carriage; but as soon as it stopped he jumped off, and procured some assistance from a neighbouring public-house, and who, after disengaging the horses, pulled the carriage on shore.

In consequence of the above circumstance, the present gateway at the Temple-stairs was erected to prevent any future accident of the same kind.

Mr. Brander, from a sense of this singular fatality, that marked his preservation, made the following bequest:—"Two guineas to the Vicar, ten shillings to the Clerk, and five to the Sexton of the parish of Christchurch, for a commemoration sermon on the third Sunday in August, as an everlasting memorial, and as expressive of my gratitude to the Supreme Being for my signal preservation in the year 1768, when my horses ran violently down the Temple-lane, in London, and down three flights of steps into the Thames in a dark night; and yet neither horses nor carriage, myself, or servants received the least injury; it was fortunately at low water."

BON MOT
OF
DOCTOR JOHNSON.

I Remember, says the Doctor, to have given a *shilling* to a peasant in the Isle of Skey, for half a day's attendance on me, and he was so struck with the liberality of the reward, that he asked with some surprize, whether I *meant it all for him?*

This raising the laugh against Mr. Boswell, who was the only Scotchman in company,—the Doctor went on,—“ I mentioned this circumstance to shew the humility of the man's mind ; but had it happened to a peasant of your country, (turning round to an Irish gentleman who sat next him) the probability is, that he would not know *what a shilling was.*”

DEATH.

DEATH.

PREPARE to part with life willingly ; study more how to die than to live ; if you would live till you are old, live as if you were to die when you are young. In some cases it requires more courage to live than to die. He that is not prepared for death, shall be perpetually troubled, as well with vain apprehensions, as with real dangers ; but the important point is, to secure a well grounded hope of a blessed immortality.

When the good Musculus drew near his death, how sweet and pleasant was this meditation of his soul.

Cold death my heart invades, my life doth fly,
O Christ my everlasting life, draw nigh,
 Why quiv'rest thou my soul, within my breast ?
 Thine Angel's come, to lead thee to thy rest.
 Quit chearfully this dropping house of clay,
 God will restore it in th' appointed day.
 Hast sinn'd ? I know it, let not that be urg'd,
 For Christ thy sins with his own blood hath purg'd.
 Is death affrighting ? True, but yet withal,
 Consider Christ thro' death to life doth call.

He

He triumph'd over Satan, sin, and death,
Therefore with joy resign thy dying breath.

Destiny has decreed all men to die ; but to die well is the particular privilege of the virtuous and good.

As there is no covenant to be made with death, so, no agreement for the arrest and stay of time : It keeps its pace, whether we redeem and use it well, or not.

He that hath given God his worship, and man his due, is entertained with comfortable presages, wears off smoothly, and expires in pleasure.

Death is no more than a turning us from time to eternity. It leads to immortality, and that is recompence enough for suffering it.

Death is the crown of life, was death denied
Poor man had liv'd in vain.

The way to bring ourselves with ease to a contempt of this world, is to think daily of leaving it. They who die well have lived long enough ; as soon as death enters upon the stage, the tragedy of life is done.

There

There are a great many miseries which nothing but death can give relief to. This puts an end to the sorrows of the afflicted and distressed. It sets prisoners at liberty ; it dries up the tears of the widows and the fatherless, it eases the complaints of the hungry and naked , it tames the proudest tyrants, and puts an end to all our labours: And the contemplation on it, supports men under their present adversities, especially when they have a prospect of a better life after this.

Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so too ;
To live and die is all we have to do.

Have we so often seen ourselves die in our friends, and shall we shrink at our own change? Hath our Maker sent for us, and we are loth to go? It was for us our Saviour triumphed over death. Is there then any fear of a foiled adversary?

The grave lies between us and the object we reach after. Where one lives to enjoy whatever he has in view, ten thousand are cut off in the pursuit of it.

Many are the shapes of death,
And many are the ways that lead

To

To his grim cave, all dismal ! yet to the sense
More terrible at the entrance than within.

All our knowledge, our employments, our
riches, and our honours, must end in death ; so
that we must seek a sanctuary of happiness some
where else.

When the scene of life is shut up, the slave
will be above his master, if he has acted a better
part ; thus nature and condition are once more
brought to a balance.

How poor will power, wealth, honour, fame,
and titles seem at our last hour ? and how joyful
will that man be, who hath led an honest virtu-
ous life, and travelled to heaven, through the
roughest ways of poverty, affliction and contempt.

That life is long which answers life's great end.
One eye on death, and one full fix'd on heav'n,
Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.

The young may die shortly, but the aged can-
not live long. Green fruit may be plucked off,
or shaken down ; but the ripe will fall of itself.

Death

Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life—without it, were not worth our taking.

There is nothing in history, which is so improving to the reader, as those accounts which we meet with of the death of eminent persons, and of their behaviour in that dreadful season.

'Tis a great pity that men know not to what end they were born in this world, till they are ready to go out of it.

Life glides away, Lorenzo like a brook,
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.

Our lives are ever in the power of death.

I was wonderfully affected (says a worthy *Christian*), with a discourse I had lately with a clergyman of my acquaintance upon this head, which was to this effect.

The consideration (said the good man) that my being is precarious, moved me many years ago, to make a resolution, which I have diligently kept, and, to which I owe the greatest satisfaction that mortal man can enjoy. Every night before I address myself to my Creator, I lay my hand upon my heart, and ask myself, whether, if

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God

God should require my soul of me this night, I could hope for mercy from him. The bitter agonies I underwent in this my first acquaintance with myself, were so far from throwing me into despair of that mercy which is over all God's works, that it proved motives of greater circumspection in my future conduct. The oftner I exercised myself in meditations of this kind, the less was my anxiety; and by making the thoughts of death familiar, what was at first so terrible and shocking, is now become the sweetest of my enjoyments. These contemplations have indeed made me serious, but not sullen; nay, they are so far from having soured my temper, that I have a mind perfectly composed, and a secret spring of joy in my heart;—I taste all the innocent satisfactions of life pure, as I have no share in pleasures that leave a sting behind them.

——Man but dives in death,
Dives from the sun in fairer day to rise;
The grave his subterranean road to bliss.

Death is only terrible to us as a change of state.—Let us then live so, as to make it only a continuation of it, by the uniform practice of charity, benevolence, and religion, which are to be the exercises of the next life.

Fond

Fond foolish man would fain these thoughts decline,
And lose them in his bus'ness, sports, and wine ;
But *canst* thou lose them ? Se'st thou not each hour
Age drop like Autumn leaves, youth like a flow'r
Cut down ; do coffins, graves, and tolling bells
Warn thee in vain ? In palaces and cells,
The heights of life above, the vales beneath,
In towns and fields, we ev'ry where meet death.

In death's uncertainty thy danger lies.

As the tree falls, so must it lie ; as death leaves
us judgment will find us. If so, how importunate
should every one of us be to secure the favour of
the Almighty Judge, to be interested in the Re-
deemer's love, and among the number of his
chosen people, before it is too late.

Be like a centinel, keep on your guard,
All eye, all ear, all expectation of
The coming foe.

In the death of others we may see our own mor-
tality, and be taught to live more and more in the
daily expectation of, and preparation for that aw-
ful hour, to which we are all hastening as fast as

the wings of time can carry us. Seek then an interest in the blessed Redeemer.

Our birth is nothing, but our death begun.
As tapers waste that instant they take fire.

Death is the end of fear, and beginning of felicity. Death is the law of nature, the tribute of the flesh, the remedy of evils, and the path either to heavenly felicity, or eternal misery.

Eternity, that boundless race,
Which time himself can never run—
(Swift as he flies, with an unwearied pace :)
Which when ten thousand thousand years are
done,
Is still the same, and still to be begun.

We always dream, the life of man's a dream,
In which fresh tumults agitate his breast ;
Till the kind hand of death unlocks the chain
Which clogs the noble and aspiring soul ;
And then we truly live.

ADAM'S

ADAM's ADVICE TO EVE,

TO AVOID TEMPTATION.

O Woman! best are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them; his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that he created, much less man,
Or aught that might his happy state secure,
Secure from outward force; within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his pow'r:
Against his will he can receive no harm.
But God left free the will, for what obeys
Reason is free, and reason he made right;
But bid her well beware, and still erect,
Lest by some fair appearing good surpris'd
She dictate false, and misinform the will
To do what God expressly hath forbid.
Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoins,
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
Since reason not impossibly may meet
Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likely if from me

Thou

Thou sever not ; trial will come unsought.
 Wouldst thou approve thy constancy ? approve
 First thy obedience : th'other, who can know,
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest ?
 But if you think trial unsought may find
 Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
 Go ; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more ;
 Go in thy native innocence, rely
 On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,
 For God tow'rds thee hath done his part, do thine.

L U X U R Y

VIEWED

IN A POLITICAL LIGHT.

TO consider luxury in a political view, no refinement of dress, of the table, of equipage, of habitation, is luxury in those, who can afford the expence, and the public gains by the encouragement that is given to arts, manufactures, and commerce. But a mode of living, above a man's annual income weakens the state, by reducing to poverty, not only the squanderers themselves, but many innocent and industrious persons connected with them.

Luxury

Luxury is, above all, pernicious in a commercial state. A person of moderation is satisfied with small profits. But the luxurious despise every branch of trade, that does not return great profits. Other branches are engrossed by foreigners, who are more frugal. The merchants of Amsterdam, and even of London, within a century, lived with more œconomy, than their clerks do at present. Their country houses and gardens make not the greatest article of their expence. At first, a merchant retires to his country house on Sundays only and holidays ; but beginning to relish indolent retirement, business grows irksome, he trusts all to his clerks, loses the thread of his affairs, and sees no longer with his own eyes.

In all times, luxury has been the ruin of every state where it prevailed. Nations originally are poor and virtuous. They advance to industry, commerce, and perhaps conquest and empire. But this state is never permanent. Great opulence opens a wide door to indolence, sensuality, corruption, prostitution, sedition.

In ancient Egypt, execution against the person of a debtor was prohibited. Such a law could not obtain but among a temperate people, where
bank-

bankruptcy happens by misfortune, and seldom by luxury or extravagance.

In Switzerland, not only a bankrupt, but even his sons are excluded from public office, till all the family debts be paid.

ANECDOTE
OF
VOLTAIRE.

IT is well known, that, while Voltaire was in England, the darling subject of his conversation was Milton; whom he once took occasion to abuse, for his episode on Death and Sin.—Whereupon a certain wit turned the laugh against him, by the following smart impromptu :

“ Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
“ Thou’rt Milton’s devil, with his Death and Sin.”

We are not told who this certain wit was; but if we recollect aright, it was the celebrated Dr. Young; a writer, at that time, as well as since, of very different disposition and principles from Voltaire.

RE-

REMARKABLE
ANECDOTES

RELATING TO A

FRENCH AUTHOR AND HIS FAMILY.

BOISSI, the author of several approved dramatic pieces, and especially of one, which was deservedly esteemed, called *Francois à Londres*, (The Frenchman in London)—found himself not exempt from the usual fate of those who cultivate the Muses. Even that spot, said to be the least barren one of Parnassus, the theatre, produced him little more than a scanty maintenance for himself, his wife, and one child. In short, misfortune, want of œconomy, perhaps, or whatever else might be the cause, I cannot well say, but he was reduced to the most deplorable extremities of want.

In this condition, sinking under the indignities of his fate, he had, however, too much of that spirit which characterizes genius, to debase himself by mean applications, or mendicant letters. He had friends, whose kindness his need of them had not exhausted, and whom, for that very reason,

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he was the more averse from troubling. But his friends were the more inexcusable, if they knew his distress, not to save him from the pain of an application. However, Boissi, overcome with the irksomeness of his circumstances, embraced a resolution of taking the shortest way out of the world, that of death, and in the light in which he considered it as a friendly relief from his farther misery, he not only persuaded his wife to keep him company, but not to leave behind ~~them~~ a boy, a child of five years, to the mercy of the world, in which they had found so little happiness. Probably the example of Richard Smith, in much the same situation, might have its share in the fatal determination.

This resolution now formed of dying together, there remained nothing but to fix the manner of it. The most torturous one was chosen, that of hunger, not only as the most natural consequence of their condition, of which it might pass for the involuntary effect, but as it saved a violence which neither Boissi nor his wife could find in their hearts to use to one another.

In that solitude then of their apartment, in which the unfortunate need so little apprehend their being disturbed, they resolved to wait with
unshaken

unshaken constancy, the arrival of their deliverer, though under the meagre grim form of famine.

They began, then, and resolutely, proceeded on their plan of starving themselves to death, with their child.—If any called, by chance, at their apartment, finding it locked, and no answer given, it was only concluded that nobody was at home. Thus they had all the time they could wish to consummate their intention. But what can deceive or damp a true friend? They had one, it seems, of a fortune not much superior to their own, and whom, for that reason, and for the dread of being an inconvenience to him, they had never acquainted with the extremities to which they were actually driven.

This friend had been one of those who had called at their apartment, and finding it shut up, naturally concluded as others did,—that Boissi and his family were gone out, or, perhaps, removed.

Upon reflection, however, or from that kind of instinct, with which the spirit of friendship abounds, he began to apprehend that something must be amiss with his friend, (though he could not guess what), that he could neither find him at

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home

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home, nor gain any intelligence about him. Under this anxiety, he returned to Boissi's apartment, and whether any motion or noise from within betrayed his being at home, or whether his friend began to suspect something of this matter, no answer being returned, he forced open the door.

Boissi and his wife had been so much in earnest, that it was now three days since they had taken any sustenance, inasmuch that they were now got so far on their way to their intended home, that one may say they touched the gates of it.

The friend, upon his entrance into the room where this scene of death was going forward, found them already in such a situation, that they seemed insensible of his intrusion.—Boissi and his wife had no eyes but for one another, and were not sitting, but supported from falling by two chairs, set opposite to each other, their hands locked fast together, and with their ghastly looks languidly dejected, in which might be read a kind of rueful compassion for the child that hung at her mother's knee, and seemed as if looking up to her for nourishment, in its natural tenaciousness of life. This group of wretchedness did not less shock than afflict the friend.

Soon

Soon collecting from circumstances the meaning of all this, his first care was, not to expostulate with Boissi or his wife, but to engage them to receive his succours, in which he met with no small difficulty. Their resolution had been taken in earnest ; they were now got over the worst, and were in view of their port ; the faintness which had succeeded the most intolerable tortures of hunger, had deadened their sense to them and to life. They might, besides, conceive a false shame of not going through with what they had thus resolved ; a kind of slur being too often imagined to attend a suicide, begun and not finished, as if supposed a failure of firmness. The friend, however, took the right way to reconcile them to life, by making the child join his intercession : the child, who could have none of the prejudices or reasons they might have for not retracting ; and who, though he had a little life left, had still enough not to be out of love with it.

The instinct of self-preservation operating with its usual efficacy, he held up his innocent hands, and, in concert with the friend, entreated his parents to consent to all their relief. Nature did not plead in vain. The friend then proceeded to procure them, helpless and unattended as they were, immediate food, with proper precautions and

and cordials ; nor did he leave them till he had seen them in a way of recovery to life, and given them all the money he had about him.

This story immediately took air ; it reached the ears of Madame Pompadour, who instantly took him under her protection, sent present relief, and procured him the place of Comptroller of the *MERCURE DE FRANCE*, a place of no inconsiderable income.

LABOUR NECESSARY TO EXCELLENCE.

NATURAL historians assert, that whatever is formed for long duration arrives slowly to its maturity. Thus the firmest timber is of tardy growth, and animals generally exceed each other in longevity, in proportion to the time between their conception and their birth.

The same observation may be extended to the offspring of the mind. Hasty compositions, however they please at first, by flowery luxuriance, and spread in the sunshine of temporary favours, can seldom endure the change of seasons, but
perish

perish at the first blast of criticism, or frost of neglect.

When APOLLON was reproached with the paucity of his productions, and the incessant attention with which he retouched his pieces, he condescended to make no other answer, than that *he painted for perpetuity.*

No vanity can more justly incur contempt and indignation than that which boasts of negligence and hurry. For who can bear with patience the writer who claims such superiority to the rest of his species, as to imagine that mankind are at leisure for attention to his extemporary sallies, and that posterity will reposit his casual effusions among the treasures of ancient wisdom ?

Men have sometimes appeared of such transcendent abilities, that their slightest and most cursory performances excel all that labour and study can enable meaner intellects to compose ; as there are regions of which the spontaneous products cannot be equalled in other soils by care and culture. But it is no less dangerous for any man to place himself in this rank of understanding, and fancy that he is born to be illustrious without labour,

labour, than to omit the cares of husbandry, and expect from his ground the blossoms of *Arabia*.

The greatest part of those who congratulate themselves upon their intellectual dignity, and usurp the privileges of genius, are men whom only themselves would ever have marked out as enriched by uncommon liberalities of nature, or entitled to veneration and immortality on easy terms.

This ardour of confidence is usually found among those who, having not enlarged their notions by books or conversation, are persuaded, by the partiality which we all feel in our own favour, that they have reached the summit of excellence, because they discover none higher than themselves ; and who acquiesce in the first thoughts that occur, because their scantiness of knowledge allows them little choice, and the narrowness of their views affords them no glimpse of perfection, of that sublime idea which human industry has from the first ages been vainly toiling to approach. They see a little, and believe that there is nothing beyond their sphere of vision, as the *PATUENCOS* of *SPAIN*, who inhabited a small valley, conceived the surrounding mountains to be the boundaries of the world.

In

In proportion as perfection is more distinctly conceived, the pleasure of contemplating our own performances will be lessened ; it may therefore be observed, that they who most deserve praise, are often afraid to decide in favour of their own performances ; they know how much is still wanting to their completion, and wait with anxiety and terror, the determination of the public.—*I please every one else, says Tully, but never satisfy myself.*

It has often been enquired, why, notwithstanding the advances of latter ages in science, and the assistance which the infusion of so many new ideas has given us, we still fall below the ancients in the art of composition.

Some part of their superiority may be justly ascribed to the graces of their language, from which the most polished of the present EUROPEAN tongues are nothing more than barbarous degenerations. Some advantage they might gain merely by priority, which put them in possession of most natural sentiments, and left us nothing servile repetition or forced conceits. But the greater part of their praise seems to have been just reward of modesty and labour. Their
of human weakness confined them com-

monly to one study, which their knowledge of the extent of every science engaged them to prosecute with indefatigable diligence.

Among the writers of antiquity I remember none except *Statius* who ventures to mention the speedy productions of his writings, either as an extenuation of his faults, or a proof of his facility. Nor did *Statius*, when he considered as a candidate for lasting reputation, think a closer attention unnecessary, but amidst all his pride and indigence, the two great hasteners of modern poems, employed twelve years upon the *Thebaid*, and thinks his claims to renown proportionate to his labour.

*Thebais, multa cruciata lima,
Tentat, audaci fide, Mantuana
Gaudia fama.*

Polish'd with endless toil, my lays
At length aspire to *Mantuan* praise.

Ovid indeed apologizes in his banishment for the imperfection of his letters, but mentions his want of leisure to polish them as an addition to his calamities; and was so far from imagining revivals and corrections unnecessary, that at his departure from *Rome* he threw his *Metamorphoses* into

into the fire, lest he should be disgraced by a book which he could not hope to finish.

It seems not often to have happened that the same writer aspired to reputation in verse and prose; and of those few that attempted such a diversity of excellence, I know not that even one succeeded. Contrary characters they never imagined a single mind able to support, and therefore no man is recorded to have undertaken more than one kind of dramatick poetry.

What they had written they did not venture in their first fondness to thrust into the world, but considering the impropriety of sending forth inconsiderately that which cannot be recalled, deferred the publication, if not nine years, according to the direction of *Horace*, yet till their fancy was cooled after the raptures of invention, and the glare of novelty had ceased to dazzle the judgment.

There were in those days no weekly or diurnal writers; *multa dies, & multa litura*, much time, and manyasures, were considered as indispensable requisites; and that no other method of attaining lasting praise has been yet discovered, may be conjectured from the blotted manuscripts

of *Milton* now remaining, and from the tardy emission of *Pope's* compositions, delayed more than once till the incidents to which they alluded were forgotten, till his enemies were secure from his satire, and, what to an honest mind must be more painful, his friends were deaf to his encomiums.

To him, whose eagerness of praise hurries his productions soon into the light, many imperfections are unavoidable, even where the mind furnishes the materials, as well as regulates their dispositions, and nothing depends upon search or informations. Delay opens new veins of thought ; the subject dismissed for a time, appears with a new train of dependant images ; the accidents of reading or conversation supply new ornaments or allusions, or mere intermission of the fatigue of thinking, enables the mind to collect new force, and make new excursions.

But all those benefits come too late for him, who, when he was weary with labour, snatched at the recompence, and gave his work to his friends and his enemies, as soon as impatience and pride persuaded him to concluded it.

One

One of the most pernicious effects of haste is obscurity. He that teems with a quick succession of ideas, and perceives how one sentiment produces another, easily believes that he can clearly express what he so strongly comprehends; he seldom suspects his thoughts of embarrassment, while he preserves in his own memory the series of connection, or his diction of ambiguity, while only one sense is present to his mind. Yet if he has been employed on an abstruse or complicated argument, he will find, when he has awhile withdrawn his mind, and returns as a new reader to his work, that he has only a conjectural glimpse of his own meaning, and that to explain it to those whom he desires to instruct, he must open his sentiments, disentangle his method, and alter his arrangement.

Authors and lovers always suffer some infatuation, from which only absence can set them free; and every man ought to restore himself to the full exercise of his judgment, before he does that which he cannot do improperly, without injuring his honour and his quiet.

AN

EVENING REFLECTION.

WHILE night, in solemn shade, invests the
pole,

And calm reflection sooths the pensive soul ;

While reason, undisturb'd, asserts her sway,

And life's deceitful colours fade away—

To thee, all conscious presence ! I devote

This peaceful interval of sober thought.

Here all my better faculties confine,

And be this hour of sacred silence thine.

If by the day's illusive scenes misled,

My erring soul from virtue's paths has stray'd,

Snar'd by example, or by passion warm'd,

Some false delight my giddy sense has charm'd ;

My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,

And my best hopes are center'd in thy love.

Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford ?

Its utmost boast, a vain, unmeaning word.

But, ah ! how oft my lawless passions rove,

And break those awful precepts I approve !

Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,

And violate the virtue I adore !

Oft when thy better spirit's guardian care,

Warn'd my fond soul to shun the tempting snare,

My stubborn will his gentle aid repress,

And check'd the rising goodness in my breast ;

Mad

Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by false desires,
 Still'd his soft voice, and quenched his sacred fires.
 With grief oppress'd, and prostrate in the dust,
 Should'st thou condemn, I own the sentence just.
 But, oh! thy softer titles let me claim,
 And plead my cause by mercy's gentle name—
 Mercy, that wipes the penitential tear,
 And dissipates the horrors of despair;
 From rigorous justice steals the vengeful hour,
 Softens the dreadful attribute of pow'r,
 Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
 And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood.
 All-pow'ful grace, exert thy gentle sway,
 And teach my rebel passions to obey,
 Lest lurking folly, with insidious art,
 Regain my volatile, inconstant heart.
 Shall ev'ry high resolve devotion frames,
 Be only lifeless sounds and specious names?
 Oh! rather while thy hopes and fears controul,
 In this still hour, each motion of my soul,
 Secure its safety by a sudden doom,
 And be the soft retreat of sleep my tomb:
 Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
 Till the last morn its orient beam disclose;
 Then when the great archangel's potent sound
 Shall echo thro' creation's ample round,
 Wak'd from the sleep of death, with joy survey
 The op'ning splendors of eternal day.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE OF

FREDERICK III.

KING OF PRUSSIA.

THE King one day found a Dutch merchant at Sans-Souci. He politely accosted him, and asked if he wished to see the gardens. The merchant, who did not know his Majesty, answered, he did not think that would be permitted while the King was there.

“ Give yourself no concern about that,” answered Frederick, “ I will show it to you myself.” He then led the merchant to the most beautiful spots in the garden, and desired his opinion concerning a variety of things. When he had shown him every thing that was remarkable, the merchant took out his purse, and would have given some money to his guide.

“ No,” said the King, “ we are not allowed to take any thing: we should lose our places if we did.”

The

The merchant thanked him very politely, and took his leave, persuaded it was the inspector of the gardens. He had scarce proceeded a few steps, when he met the gardiner, who said to him roughly, "What do you do here? The King is yonder."

The Dutchman told him what had happened, and praised very much the politeness of the gentleman that had shown him the garden.

"And do you know who that is?" said the gardiner : "It is the King himself."

The astonishment of the Dutchman may be easily conceived.

ANECDOTE

OF A

Q U A K E R.

A Quaker coming to town with his team, was laid hold of, and took before a Justice for riding upon the shafts of his cart, and was fined forty shillings.

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The

The Quaker, without hesitation, threw down two guineas; when the Justice told him, he must have two shillings change. Ay, says the Quaker, but thou hast been at so much trouble, thee mayest keep the two shillings to thyself; *only thee write it down on a bit of paper for my satisfaction*; which the Justice accordingly did, and gave a receipt for two guineas, but not upon stamped paper.

The Quaker immediately goes to a neighbouring Justice, shews him the receipt, tells him he had just taken it, and asked if it was according to law?

No, said the Justice, it should have been upon stamped paper.

The Justice was brought before him; and fined in the penalty of five pounds, to the no small mortification of the Justice, and the great laughter of the company present.

COM-

COMPASSION.

PITY is, to many of the unhappy, a source of comfort in hopeful distress, as it contributes to recommend them to themselves, by proving that they have not lost the regard of others ; and heaven seems to indicate the duty even of barren compassion, by inclining us to weep for evils which we cannot remedy.

Half the misery of human life might be extinguished, would men alleviate the general curse they lie under by mutual offices of Compassion, Benevolence, and Humanity.

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
No gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor vernal suns that gild the rising morn,
Shine with such lustre, as the tear that breaks,
For other's woes, down virtue's manly cheeks.

AN
ANECDOTE
OF
HEIDEGGER.

THE following particulars are related of a singular character, one Heidegger, a native of Zurich, Master of the Revels, and Chief Manager of the Opera-House, in the late King's reign.

As to his person, though he was tall and well made, it was uncommonly disagreeable, owing to an ugly face, scarcely human. He was the first to joke upon his own ugliness; and he once laid a wager with Lord Chesterfield, that within a certain given time, his Lordship would not be able to produce so hideous a face in all London. The time elapsed; Heidegger won the wager.

Our readers will not be surprized to hear that the King condescended to request him to sit for his picture; but in vain, though the Nobility, who were most intimate with him, and all his best patrons, urged the indecency of the refusal.

This

This obstinacy gave rise to a very laughable adventure :

The late facetious Duke of Montagu (the memorable author of the bottle-conjuror at the theatre in the Hay-market) gave an entertainment at the Devil-Tavern, Temple-Bar, to several of the Nobility and Gentry, selecting the most convivial, and a few hard-drinkers, who were all in the plot. Heidegger was invited, and, in a few hours was made so dead drunk, that he was carried out of the room, and laid insensible upon a bed. A profound sleep ensued ; when the late Mrs. Salmon's daughter was introduced, who took a mould from his face in plaister of Paris. From this a mask was made ; and a few days before the next masquerade (at which the King promised to be present, with the Countess of Yarmouth), the Duke made application to Heidegger's *Valet-de-Chambre*, to know what suit of clothes he was likely to wear ; and then procuring a similar dress, and a person of the same stature, he gave him his instructions.

On the evening of the masquerade, as soon as his Majesty was seated (who was always known by the conductor of the entertainment, and the officers of the Court, though concealed by his dress

dress from the company), Heidegger, as usual, ordered the music to play *God save the King*; but his back was no sooner turned than the false Heidegger ordered them to strike up *Charley over the Water*. The whole company were instantly thunderstruck; and all the Courtiers, not in the plot, were thrown into a stupid consternation.

Heidegger flew to the music-gallery, swore, stamped, and raved, accused the Musicians of drunkenness, or of being set on by some secret enemy to ruin him. The King and the Countess laughed so immoderately, that they hazarded a discovery.

While Heidegger staid in the gallery, *God save the King* was the tune; but when, after setting matters to-rights, he retired to one of the dancing rooms, to observe if decorum was kept by the company, the Counterfeit stepping forward, and placing himself upon the floor of the theatre, just in front of the music gallery, called out in a most audible voice, imitating Heidegger, damned them for blockheads,—had he not just told them to play *Charley over the Water*?—A pause ensued: the Musicians, who knew his character, in their turn thought him either drunk or mad; but, as he continued his vociferation, *Charley* was played again.

again. At this repetition of the supposed affront, some of the officers of the guards, who always attended upon these occasions ; were for ascending the gallery, and kicking the Musicians out ; but the late Duke of Cumberland, who could hardly contain himself, interposed.

The company were thrown into great confusion. " Shame ! Shame !" resounded from all parts, and Heidegger once more flew in a violent rage to that part of the theatre facing the gallery.—Here the Duke of Montagu, artfully addressing himself to him, told him the King was in a violent passion ; that his best way was to go instantly and make an apology, for certainly the Music was mad, and afterwards to discharge them.

: Almost at the same instant, he ordered the false Heidegger to do the same. The scene now became truly comic in the circle before the King. Heidegger had no sooner made a genteel apology for the insolence of the Musicians, but the false Heidegger advanced, and in a plaintive tone, cried out, " Indeed, Sire, it was not my fault, but that devil's in my likeness." Poor Heidegger turned round, stared, staggered, grew pale, and could not utter a word.—The Duke then humanely

manely whispered in his ear some of the plot, and the Counterfeit was ordered to take off his mask.

Here ended the frolick ; but Heidegger swore he would never attend any public amusement if that witch, the wax-work woman, did not break the mould, and melt down the mask before his face.

To this occurrence, the following imperfect stanzas, transcribed from the hand-writing of Pope, are supposed to relate. They were found on the back of a page, containing some part of his translation, either of the Iliad or Odyfsey, in the British Museum.

Then he went to the fide-board, and call'd for
much liquor,
And glafs after glafs he drank quicker and
quicker ;

So that Heidegger quoth,
Nay, faith on his oath,
Of two hogfheads of Burgundy, Satan drank both.

Then all like a —— the Devil appear'd,
And ftrait the whole table of difhes he clear'd :

Then a friar, then a nun,
And then he put on
A face all the company took for his own.

SPRING.

S P R I N G.

AN ODE.

STERN Winter now, by Spring repress'd,
Forbears the long continued strife ;
And nature, on her naked breast,
Delights to catch the gales of life.

Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft pleasure, with her laughing train;
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation plants the plain.

Unhappy ! whom to beds of pain,
Arthritic tyranny * consigns ;
Whom smiling nature courts in vain,
Tho' rapture fings, and beauty shines.

Yet tho' my limbs decease invades,
Her wings imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful shades
Where ——'s humble turrets rise.

* The author being ill of the gout.

Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,
Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
Where first great nature charm'd my sight,
Where wisdom first inform'd my heart.

Here let me thro' the vales pursue,
A guide—a father—and a friend :
Once more great nature's works renew,
Once more on wisdom's voice attend.

From false caresses, causeless strife,
Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd ;
Here let me learn the use of life,
When best enjoy'd—when most improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bow'r,
Cool meditation's quiet seat ;
The gen'rous scorn of venal pow'r,
The silent grandeur of retreat.

When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
Or raging faction rush to war,
Here let me learn to shun the crimes
I can't prevent, and will not share.

But lest I fall by subtler foes,
Bright wisdom teach me Curio's art,
The swelling passions to compose,
And quell the rebels of the heart.

A VIR-

A VIRTUOUS OLD AGE

ALWAYS REVERENCED.

I HAVE always thought it the business of those who turn their speculations upon the living world, to commend the virtues as well as to expose the faults of their contemporaries, and to confute a false as well as to support a just accusation ; not only because it is peculiarly the business of a monitor to keep his own reputation untainted, lest those who can once charge him with partiality, should indulge themselves afterwards in disbelieving him at pleasure ; but because he may find real crimes sufficient to give full employment to caution or repentance, without distracting the mind by needless scruples and vain solitudes,

There are certain fixed and stated reproaches that one part of mankind has in all ages thrown upon another, which are regularly transmitted through continued successions, and which he that has once suffered them is certain to use with the same undistinguished vehemence, when he has changed his station, and gained the prescriptive right of inflicting on others, what he had formerly endured himself,


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To

To these hereditary imputations, of which no man sees the justice, till it becomes his interest to see it, very little regard is to be shewn ; since it does not appear that they are produced by ratiocination or enquiry, but received implicitly, or caught by a kind of instantaneous contagion, and supported rather by willingness to credit than ability to prove them.

It has been always the practice of those who are desirous to believe themselves made venerable by length of time, to censure the new comers into life, for want of respect to grey hairs and sage experience ; for heady confidence in their own understandings, for hasty conclusions upon partial views, for disregard of counsels, which their fathers and grandfathers are ready to afford them, and a rebellious impatience of that subordination to which youth is condemned by nature, as necessary to its security from evils into which it would be otherwise precipitated, by the rashness of passion, and the blindness of ignorance.

Every old man complains of the growing depravity of the world, of the petulance and insolence of the rising generation. He recounts the decency and regularity of former times, and celebrates the discipline and sobriety of the age in
which



which his youth was passed ; a happy age which is now now more to be expected, since confusion has broken in upon the world, and thrown down all the boundaries of civility and reverence.

It is not sufficiently considered how much he assumes who dares to claim the privilege of complaining ; for as every man has, in his own opinion, a full share of the miseries of life, he is inclined to consider all clamorous uneasiness as a proof of impatience rather than of affliction, and to ask, What merit has this man to show, by which he has acquired a right to repine at the distributions of nature ? Or, why does he imagine that exemptions should be granted him from the general condition of man ? We find ourselves excited rather to captiousness than pity ; and instead of being in haste to soothe his complaints by sympathy and tenderness, we enquire, whether the pain be proportionate to the lamentation, and whether, supposing the affliction real, it is not the effect of vice and folly rather than calamity.

The querulousness and indignation which is observed so often to disfigure the last scene of life, naturally leads us to enquiries like these. For surely it will be thought at the first view of things, that if age be thus contemned and ridiculed, in-

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sulted and neglected, the crime must at least be equal on either part. They who have had opportunities of establishing their authority over minds ductile and unresisting, they who have been the protectors of helplessness and the instructors of ignorance, and who yet retain in their own hands the power of wealth and the dignity of command, must defeat their influence by their own misconduct, and make use of all these advantages with very little skill, if they cannot secure to themselves an appearance of respect, and ward off open mockery and declared contempt.

The general story of mankind will evince, that lawful and settled authority is very seldom resisted when it is well employed. Gross corruption, or evident imbecility, is necessary to the suppression of that reverence with which the majority of mankind look upon their governors, on those whom they see surrounded by splendour and fortified by power. For though men are drawn by their passions into forgetfulness of invisible rewards and punishments, yet they are easily kept obedient to those who have temporal dominion in their hands, till their veneration is dissipated by such wickedness and folly as can neither be defended nor concealed.

It

It may, therefore, very reasonably be suspected that the old draw upon themselves the greatest part of those insults, which they so much lament, and that age is rarely despised but when it is contemptible. If men imagine that excess of debauchery can be made reverend by time, that knowledge is the consequence of long life, however idly and thoughtlessly employed, that priority of birth will supply the want of steadiness or honesty, can it raise much wonder that their hopes are disappointed, and that they see their posterity rather willing to trust their own eyes in the progress into life, than enlist themselves under guides who have lost their way ?

There are, indeed, many truths which time necessarily and certainly teaches, and which might, by those who have learned them from experience, be communicated to their successors at a cheaper rate : but dictates, though liberally enough bestowed, are generally without effect ; the teacher gains few proselytes by instruction which his own behaviour contradicts ; and young men miss the benefit of counsel, because they are not very ready to believe that those who fall below them in practice, can much excel them in theory. Thus the progress of knowledge is retarded, the world is kept long in the same state, and every new race
is

is to gain the prudence of their predecessors by committing and redressing the same miscarriages.

To secure to the old that influence which they are willing to claim, and which might so much contribute to the improvement of the arts of life, it is absolutely necessary that they give themselves up to the duties of declining years ; and contentedly resign to youth its levity, its pleasures, its frolicks, and its fopperies. It is a hopeless endeavour to unite the contrarieties of spring and winter ; it is unjust to claim the privileges of age, and retain the playthings of childhood. The young always form magnificent ideas of the wisdom and gravity of men, whom they consider as placed at a distance from them in the ranks of existence, and naturally look on those whom they find trifling with long beards, with contempt and indignation, like that which women feel at the effeminacy of men. If dotards will contend with boys in those performances in which boys must always excel them ; if they will dress crippled limbs in embroidery, endeavour at gaiety with faltering voices, and darken assemblies of pleasure with the ghastliness of disease, they may well expect those who find their diversions obstructed will hoot them away ; and that if they descend
to

to competition with youth, they must bear the insul-
tence of successful rivals.

*Luxisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti :
Tempus abire tibi est.*

You've had your share of mirth, of meat and
drink,
'Tis time to quit the scene—'tis time to think.

Another vice of age, by which the rising gene-
ration may be alienated from it, its severity and
censoriousness, that gives no allowance to the
failings of early life, that expects artfulness from
childhood and constancy from youth, that is pe-
remptory in every command, and inexorable to
every failure. There are many who live merely
to hinder happiness, and whose descendants can
only tell of long life, that it produces suspicion,
malignity, peevishness, and persecution: and yet
even these tyrants can talk of the ingratitude of
the age, curse their heirs for impatience, and
wonder that young men cannot take pleasure in
their father's company.

He that would pass the latter part of life with
honour and decency, must, when he is young,
consider that he shall one day be old; and remem-

ber when he is old, that he has once been young.
In youth he must lay up knowledge for his support,
when his powers of acting shall forsake him;
and in age forbear to animadvert with rigour
on faults which experience only can correct.

ELEGY TO PITY.

HAIL, lovely Pow'r! whose bosom heaves the sigh,

When Fancy paints the scene of deep distress;
Whose tears spontaneous crystallize the eye,
When rigid Fate denies the pow'r to bless.

Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
; From flow'ry meads, can with that sigh compare,
Not dew drops glitt'ring in the morning ray,
; Seem near so beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play;
Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies;
No blood-stain'd traces mark thy blameless way,
Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.

Come,

**Come, lovely nymph! and range the mead with me,
To spring the partridge from the guileful foe,
From secret snares the struggling bird to free,
And stop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.**

**And when the air with heat meridian glows,
And nature droops beneath the conqu'ring
gleam,
Let us, flow wand'ring where the current flows,
Save sinking flies that float along the stream.**

**Or turn to nobler, greater tasks thy care,
To me thy sympathetic gifts impart;
Teach me in friendship's griefs to bear a share,
And justly boast the gen'rous feeling heart.**

**Teach me to soothe the helpless orphan's grief,
With timely aid the widow's woes assuage;
To misery's moving cries to yield relief,
And be the sure resource of drooping age.**

**So when the genial spring of life shall fade,
And sinking nature owns the dread decay;
Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,
And gild the close of life's eventful day.**

RECTITUDE.

THE consciousness of rectitude is so delighting to the mind, that if experience did not convince us of the contrary, we must suppose the perpetration of evil to be impossible.

The anxiety and fears which continually torment the guilty mind, prove, that virtue is its own reward, so is vice its own punishment.

Ask the honest man from whence proceeds his tranquillity, and he will answer, "I am free from the rankling reflections that arise from the perpetration of bad actions."

Pursue the libertine through the guilty incidents of his life, and you will find that pain is the constant attendant on his pleasures.

Visit him in the gayest scene of dissipation, and you will perceive that he is not happy.

Sensual pleasures are like the rose; they please the sense, but a thorn lies beneath; and the thorn remains after the flower has lost its sense and shed its leaves.

GRA.

GRATITUDE AND PIETY.

ARTABANES was distinguished with peculiar favour by a wife, powerful, and good Prince. A magnificent palace, surrounded with a delightful garden, was provided for his residence. He partook of all the luxuries of his Sovereign's table, was invested with extensive authority, and admitted to the honour of a free intercourse with his gracious master. But Artabanes was insensible of the advantages which he enjoyed ; his heart glowed not with gratitude and respect ; he avoided the society of his benefactor, and abused his bounty. I detest such a character, said Alexis, with generous indignation !—It is your own picture which I have drawn, replied Euphronius. The great Potentate of heaven and earth has placed you in a world which displays the highest beauty, order, and magnificence ; and which abounds with every means of convenience, enjoyment, and happiness. He has furnished you with such powers of body and mind as give you dominion over the fishes of the sea, the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field : and he has invited you to hold communion with him, and to exalt your own nature by the love and imitation of

of his divine perfections: yet have your eyes wandered with brutal gaze over the fair creation, unconscious of the mighty hand from which it sprung. You have rioted in the profusion of nature, without one secret emotion of gratitude to the Sovereign Dispenser of all good; and you have slighted the glorious converse, and forgotten the presence of that Omnipotent Being, who fills all space, and exists through all eternity.

A REMARKABLE

CANADIAN ANECDOTE.

SOON after the foundation of the hospital at Quebec, the war breaking out again between the Five Nations, or the Iroquois, and the Hurons, or French Indians, an Iroquois of some distinction was, in one of the skirmishes which ensued, taken prisoner, and by the Council of the Elders destined to replace the nephew of an Huron chief, who had been slain in the engagement.

The prisoner was dressed in a new robe of castor, adorned with a curious necklace, and on his temples he wore a circlet, in form of a diadem; but before it was determined that his life should be

be saved, he had been, according to custom, tortured. One hand had been crushed between two stones, and one finger torn off: they had likewise chopped off two fingers of the other hand; the joints of his arms were burned to the bone, and in one of them there was a dreadful gash, or incision. This cruel treatment he had received in the march; for as soon as he entered the first village of the Hurons, he was treated with great ceremony and magnificence, entertained by every hut, and even complimented with a young woman to live with him as his wife. It was in one of these habitations that he was seen by father Brebent, the missionary, who converted, and baptized him by the name of Joseph. His sores he endeavoured to cleanse, but by this time they were covered with worms, that burrowed in the flesh, and could not be removed.

As he proceeded from one Indian town to another, the feasting continued all day long, and the prisoner sung incessantly until his voice was quite gone: he had no intermission but when the father discoursed with him about the salvation of his soul. At length they arrived at the village, where the chief resided, who had the choice either of retaining him as his nephew, or of sentencing him to the torture. Before this sovereign judge
of

of his fate Joseph appeared altogether unconcerned.

The old man having surveyed him a few minutes, said, "Nephew, thou canst not imagine the joy that filled my heart when I first understood that thou was to be mine. I thought that he whom I have lost was risen again, and resolved thou shouldst fill his place. I had already prepared a mat for thee in my own cabin, and it was a great pleasure to think I was going to spend the remainder of my days with thee in peace : but the sad condition which I see thee in, obliges me to change my resolution. It is very evident that with those pains and inconveniencies, thy life must be a burthen to thee, and therefore thou wilt think I do thee a favour in abridging it. It is not I, but those who have maimed thee in this manner, that have occasioned thy death. Have courage then, nephew, prepare thyself for this evening : shew thou art a man ; and suffer not thyself to shrink under the fear of torments."

To this address the prisoner listened with equal attention and unconcern, and replied with a resolute tone—" 'Tis well." Then the sister of the youth who had been killed, served him with food, expressing all the marks of the most tender affection.

fection. The old man himself caressed him, as if he had been really his own nephew. He put his own pipe into his mouth, and seeing him covered with dust and sweat, wiped it off carefully with his own hand. About noon the prisoner made his farewell feast, at the expence of his uncle ; and all the people of the village being assembled around him—" Brethren," said he, " I am going to die—divert yourselves boldly about me—remember I am a man, and be persuaded that I fear neither death, nor all the pains you can inflict."

Having made this declaration, he sung a song, in which he was joined by several warriors ; and afterwards he was presented with food. This repast being ended, Joseph was carried to the place of execution, a cabin belonging to one of the chiefs, distinguished by the appellation of the *bloody cabin*. The fires were lighted, the people assembled to see, and the young men prepared to act this tragedy. The prisoner's hands being bound, he danced round the cabin, singing his death song : then sitting down upon a mat, one of the warriors took off his castor robe, and producing him naked to the assembly, declared that such a chief should have the robe ; and that the inhabitants of such a village should cut off the

T

head,

head, and give it with an arm to another, who should make an entertainment of them. This disposition being made, they began to exercise the most excruciating tortures on this poor wretch, who bore them without flinching, or even undergoing a change of countenance.

He calmly exhorted them to persevere, sung his death song, talked of the political affairs of his own nation, and discoursed with the missionaries, as if he had been really void of sensation. They protracted the torments till sun-rise; then fell upon him like half-famished hounds: one hand and one foot being cut off, they at last put a period to his sufferings, by striking his head off with a hatchet.

THE CAMELEON.

OF T has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes, that hardly serv'd at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been
To see whatever could be seen.

Returning

Returning from his finish'd tour,
Grown ten times pertier than before ;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop,
" Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
" I've seen—and sure I ought to know"—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wild they past,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talk of this, and then of that,
Discours'd awhile 'mongst other matter,
Of theameleon's form and nature.
" A stranger animal," cries one,
" Sure never liv'd beneath the sun :
" A lizard's body, lean and long,
" A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
" Its tooth with triple claw disjoin'd ;
" And what a length of tail behind !
" How slow its pace ! and then its hue—
" Who ever saw so fine a blue ?"
" Hold there," the other quick replies,
" 'Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,
" As late with open mouth it lay,
" And warm'd it in the sunny ray ;
" Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,
" And saw it eat the air for food."

" I've

"I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
"And must again affirm it blue.
"At leisure I the beast survey'd
"Extended in the cooling shade."
"Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I assure ye—"
"Green!" cries the other in a fury—
"Why, Sir—d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
"Twere no great loss," the friend replies,
"For, if they always serve you thus,
"You'll find them but of little use."
So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows;
When luckily came by a third—
To him the question they referr'd,
And beg he'd tell 'em if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue?
"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother—
"The creature's neither one nor t'other.
"I caught the animal last night,
"And view'd it o'er by candle light:
"I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—
"You stare—but Sirs, I've got it yet,
"And can produce it."—"Pray, Sir, do:
"I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
"And I'll be sworn that when you've seen
"The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
"Well then, at once to ease your doubt:"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out;
"And

“ And when before your eyes I’ve set him,
“ If you don’t find him black, I’ll eat him :”
He said : then full before their fight
Produc’d the beast ; and lo ! ’twas white.

LOVE OF JUSTICE.

A SENSE of justice should be the foundation of all our social qualities. In our most early intercourse with the world, and even in our most useful amusements, no unfairness should be found. That sacred rule of doing all things to others, according as we wish they would do unto us, should be engraved on our minds. For this end, we should impress ourselves with a deep sense of the original, and natural equality of men.

Whatever advantages of birth or fortune we possess, we ought never to display them with an ostentatious superiority. We should leave the subordinations of rank, to regulate the intercourse of more advanced years. In youth it becomes us to act among our companions as man with man. We should remember how unknown to us are the vicissitudes of the world ; and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once looked down with scorn, have risen to be their superiors in future years.

A THOUGHT

A THOUGHT ON WAKING.

SLEEP by night, and cares by day,
 Bear my fleeting life away:
 Lo! in yonder eastern skies,
 Sol appears, and bids me rise:
 Tells me, "life is on the wing,
 And has no returning spring:
 Death comes on with steady pace,
 And life's the only day of grace."
 Shining preacher! happy morning!
 Let me take th' important warning;
 Rouse then all my active pow'rs,
 Well improve the coming hours;
 Let no trifles kill the day,
 (Trifles oft our heart betray.)
 Virtue, Science, Knowledge, Truth,
 Guide th' enquiries of my youth.
 Wisdom, and Experience sage,
 Then shall soothe the cares of age;
 Those with time shall never die;
 Those will lead to joys on high;
 Those the path of life display,
 Shining with celestial day;
 Blissful path! with safety trod,
 As it leads the soul to God.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE
OF THE LATE
KING OF PRUSSIA.

FREDERICK, whose chief pleasure was in the proficiency of his troops in military discipline, whenever a new soldier made his first appearance in the guards, asked him three questions: The first was, How old are you? The second was, How long have you been in my service? (as the guards were recruited out of the flower of the marching regiments); and the third was, If he received his pay and his cloathing as he wished?—A young Frenchman, who had been well disciplined, offered himself to enter the guards, where he was immediately accepted, in consequence of his experience in military tactics. The young recruit did not understand the Prussian language; so that his Captain informed him, that when the King saw him first on the parade, he would make the usual enquiries of him in the Prussian language, therefore he must learn to make the suitable answers, in the form of which he was instructed. As soon as the King beheld a new face in the ranks, taking a lusty pinch of snuff, he went up to him; and, unluckily

"What is the matter, is not the second ques-
 tion still the same, and how long he had been
 in the service. The soldier answered as he was
 instructed. Twenty-one years, at present your
 Majesty. The King was struck at his figure,
 which did not surpass his age to be more than
 the time he answered he had been in his service.
 How not are you? says the King in a surprise.
 One year, at present your Majesty. The King
 still more surprized said, Either you or I must be
 a fool. The soldier taking him for the third ques-
 tion, relative to his pay and clothing, says, Back,
 at present your Majesty. This is the first time,
 says Frederick, still more surprized, that I have
 been called a fool at the head of my own guards.
 The soldier's stock of instruction was now ex-
 hausted, and when the Monarch still pursued
 the design of unravelling the mystery, the soldier
 informed him that he could speak no more Ger-
 man; but that he would answer in his native
 tongue. Here Frederick perceived the nature of
 the man's situation, at which he laughed very
 heartily, and advised the young man to apply
 himself to learning the language of Prussia, and
 mind his duty.

A SO-

A SOLILOQUY

WRITTEN

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

STRUCK with religious awe, and solemn dread,
I view these gloomy mansions of the dead ;
Around me tombs in mix'd disorder rise,
And in mute language teach me to be wise.
Time was, these ashes liv'd—a time must be
When others thus shall stand—and look at me ;
Alarming thought ! no wonder 'tis we dread
Oe'r these uncomfortable vaults to tread ;
Where blendid lie the aged and the young,
The rich and poor, an undistinguish'd throng :
Death conquers all, and time's subduing hand
Nor tombs, nor marble-statues can withstand. }
Mark yonder ashes in confusion spread !
Compare earth's living tenants with her dead !
How striking the resemblance, yet how just !
Once life and soul inform'd this mass of dust ;
Around these bones, now broken and decay'd,
The streams of life in various channels play'd :
Perhaps that skull, so horrible to view !
Was some fair maid's, ye belles, as fair as you ;
These hollow sockets two bright orbs contain'd,
Where the loves sported, and in triumph reign'd ;

U

Here

Here glow'd the lips ; there white, as Parian stone,
 The teeth dispos'd in beauteous order shone.
 This is life's goal—no farther can we view,
 Beyond it, all is wonderful and new ;—
 O deign, some courteous ghost ! to let us know
 What we must shortly be, and you are now !
 Sometimes you warn us of approaching fate ;
 Why hide the knowledge of your present state ?
 With joy behold us tremblingly explore
 Th' unknown gulph, that you can fear no more ?
 The grave has eloquence—its lectures teach
 In silence, louder than divines can preach ;
 Hear what it says—ye sons of folly hear !
 It speaks to you—O give it then your ear !
 It bids you lay all vanity aside,
 O what a lecture this for human pride !
 The clock strikes twelve—how solemn is the sound !
 Hark, how the strokes from hollow vaults rebound !
 They bid us hasten to be wise and show,
 How rapid in their course the minutes flow.
 See yonder yew—how high it lifts its head !
 Around, the gloomy shade their branches spread !
 Old and decay'd it still retains a grace,
 And adds more solemn horror to the place.
 Whose tomb is this ? it says, 'tis Myra's tomb,
 Pluck'd from the world in beauty's fairest bloom.
 Attend ye fair ! ye thoughtless, and ye gay !
 For Myra dy'd upon her nuptial day !

The

The grave, cold bridegroom! clasp'd her in its arms,

And the worm rioted upon her charms.

In yonder tomb the old Avaro lies;

Once he was rich—the world esteem'd him wise:

Schemes unaccomplish'd labor'd in his mind,

And all his thoughts were to the world confin'd;

Death came unlook'd for—from his grasping hands

Down dropt his bags, and mortgages of lands.

Beneath that sculptur'd pompous marble stone,

Lies youthful Florio, aged twenty-one;

Cropt like a flow'r, he wither'd in his bloom,

Tho' flatt'ring life had promis'd years to come:

Ye silken sons! ye Florio's of the age,

Who tread in giddy maze life's flow'ry stage!

Mark here the end of man, in Florio see

What you, and all the sons of earth shall be!

There low in dust the vain Hortensio lies,

Whose splendor once we view'd with envious eyes,

Titles and arms his pompous marble grace,

With a long history of his noble race:

Still after death his vanity survives,

And on his tomb all of Hortensio lies.

Around me as I turn my wand'ring eyes,

Unnumber'd graves in awful prospect rise,

Whose stones say only when their owners dy'd,

If young, or aged, and to whom ally'd.

Op

On others pompous epitaphs are spread
 In memory of the virtues of the dead :
 Vain waste of praise ! since, flatt'ring or sincere,
 The judgment-day alone will make appear.
 How silent is this little spot of ground !
 How melancholy looks each object round !
 Here man dissolv'd in shatter'd ruin lies
 So fast asleep—as if no more to rise ;
 'Tis strange to think how these dead bones can live,
 Leap into form, and with new heat revive !
 Or how this trodden earth to life shall wake,
 Know its own place, its former figure take !
 But whence these fears ? when the last trumpet
 sounds

Thro' heav'n's expanse to earth's remotest bounds,
 The dead shall quit these tenements of clay,
 And view again the long extinguish'd day :
 It must be so—the same Almighty pow'r
 From dust who form'd us, can from dust restore.
 Cheer'd with this pleasing hope, I safely trust,
 Jehovah's pow'r to raise me from the dust,
 On his unfailing promises rely,
 And all the horrors of the grave defy.

THE
ORIGINAL OF FLATTERY.

THE
MEANNESS OF VENAL PRAISE.

THE apparent insufficiency of every individual to his own happiness or safety, compels us to seek from one another assistance and support. The necessity of joint efforts for the execution of any great or extensive design, the variety of powers disseminated in the species, and the proportion between the defects and excellencies of different persons, demand an interchange of help and communication of intelligence, and by frequent reciprocations of beneficence unite mankind in society and friendship.

If it can be imagined that there ever was a time when the inhabitants of any country were in a state of equality, without distinction of rank or peculiarity of possessions, it is reasonable to believe that every man was then loved in proportion as he could contribute by his strength, or his skill, to the supply of natural wants; there was then
little

little room for peevish dislike or capricious favour: the affection admitted into the heart was rather esteem than tenderness; and kindness was only purchased by benefits. But when, by force or policy, by wisdom or by fortune, property and superiority were introduced and established, so that many were condemned to labour for the support of a few, then they whose possessions swelled above their wants naturally laid out their superfluities upon pleasure; and those who could not gain friendship by necessary offices, endeavoured to promote their interest by luxurious gratifications, and to create need which they might be courted to supply.

The desires of mankind are much more numerous than their attainments, and the capacity of imagination much larger than actual enjoyment. Multitudes are therefore unsatisfied with their allotment; and he that hopes to improve his condition by the favour of another, and either finds no room for the exertion of great qualities, or perceives himself excelled by his rivals, will by other expedients endeavour to become agreeable where he cannot be important, and learn, by degrees, to number the *art of pleasing* among the most useful studies and most valuable acquisitions.

This

This art, like others, is cultivated in proportion to its usefulness, and will always flourish most where it is most rewarded ; for this reason we find it practised with great assiduity under absolute governments, where honours and riches are in the hands of one man, whom all endeavour to propitiate, and who soon becomes so much accustomed to compliance and officiousness, as not easily to find, in the most delicate address, that novelty which is necessary to procure attention.

It is discovered by a very few experiments, that no man is much pleased with a companion, who does not increase, in some respect, his fondness of himself ; and, therefore, he that wishes rather to be led forward to prosperity by the gentle hand of favour, than to force his way by labour and merit, must consider with more care how to display his patron's excellencies than his own ; that whenever he approaches, he may fill the imagination with pleasing dreams, and chase away disgust and weariness by a perpetual succession of delightful images.

This may, indeed, sometimes be effected by turning the attention upon advantages which are really possessed, or upon prospects which reason spreads before hope ; for whoever can deserve or
require

require to be courted, has generally, either from nature or from fortune, gifts, which he may review with satisfaction, and of which, when he is artfully recalled to the contemplation, he will seldom be displeased.

But those who have once degraded their understanding to an application only to the passions, and who have learned to derive hope from any other sources than industry and virtue, seldom retain dignity and magnanimity sufficient to defend them against the constant recurrence of temptation to falsehood. He that is too desirous to be loved, will soon learn to flatter, and when he has exhausted all the variations of honest praise, and can delight no longer with the civility of truth, he will invent new topics of panegyric, and break out into raptures at virtues and beauties conferred by himself.

The drudgeries of dependance would, indeed, be aggravated by hopelessness of success, if no indulgence was allowed to adulation. He that will obstinately confine his patron to hear only the commendations which he deserves, will soon be forced to give way to others that regale him with more compass of music. The greatest human virtue bears no proportion to human vanity.

We

We always think ourselves better than we are, and are generally desirous that others should think us still better than we think ourselves. To praise us for actions or dispositions, which deserve praise, is not to confer a benefit, but to pay a tribute. We have always pretensions to fame, which, in our own hearts, we know to be disputable, and which we are desirous to strengthen by a new suffrage ; we have always hopes which we suspect to be fallacious, and of which we eagerly snatch at every confirmation.

It may, indeed, be proper to make the first approaches under the conduct of truth, and to secure credit to future encomiums, by such praise as may be ratified by the conscience ; but the mind once habituated to the lushiousness of eulogy, becomes, in a short time, nice and fastidious, and, like a vitiated palate, is incessantly calling for higher gratifications.

It is scarcely credible to what degree discernment may be dazzled by the mist of pride, and wisdom infatuated by the intoxication of flattery ; or how low the genius may descend by successive gradations of servility, or how swiftly it may fall down the precipice of falsehood. No man can, indeed, observe, without indignation, on what

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names,

names, both of ancient and modern times, the utmost exuberance of praise has been lavished, and by what hands it has been bestowed. It has never yet been found that the tyrant, the plunderer, the oppressor, the most hateful of the hateful, the most profligate of the profligate, have been denied any celebrations which they were willing to purchase, or that wickedness and folly have not found correspondent flatterers through all their subordinations, except when they have been associated with avarice or poverty, and have wanted either inclination or ability to hire a panegyrist.

As there is no character so deformed as to fright away from it the prostitutes of praise, there is no degree of encomiastic veneration which pride has refused. The Emperors of *Rome* suffered themselves to be worshipped in their lives with altars and sacrifices; and in an age more enlightened, the terms peculiar to the praise and worship of the Supreme Being, have been applied to wretches whom it was the reproach of humanity to number among men; and whom nothing but riches or power hindered those that read or wrote their deification, from hunting into the toils of justice, as disturbers of the peace of nature.

There

There are, indeed, many among the poetical flatterers, who must be resigned to infamy without vindication, and whom we must confess to have deserted the cause of virtue for pay: they have committed, against full conviction, the crime of obliterating the distinctions between good and evil; and instead of opposing the encroachments of vice, have incited her progress and celebrated her conquests. But there is a lower class of sycophants, whose understanding has not made them capable of equal guilt. Every man of high rank is surrounded with numbers, who have no other rule of thought or action, than his maxims and his conduct; whom the honour of being numbered among his acquaintance, reconciles to all his vices and all his absurdities; and who easily persuade themselves to esteem him, by whose regard they consider themselves as distinguished and exalted.

It is dangerous for mean minds to venture themselves within the sphere of greatness. Stupidity is soon blinded by the splendor of wealth, and cowardice is easily fettered in the shackles of dependence. To solicit patronage is, at least, in the event, to set virtue to sale. None can be pleased without praise, and few can be praised without falsehood; few can be assiduous without servility, and none can be servile without corruption.

PLEA,

**PLEASURE,
SENSUAL, AND SPIRITUAL.**

THE refined pleasures of a pious mind are, in many respects, superior to the coarse gratifications of sense ; they are pleasures which belong to the highest powers and best affections of the soul ; whereas the gratifications of sense reside in the lowest region of our nature. To the one the soul stoops below its native dignity ; the other raises it above itself. The one leaves always a comfortless, often a mortifying remembrance behind it ; the other is reviewed with applause and delight. The pleasures of sense resemble a foaming torrent ; which, after a disorderly course, speedily runs out, and leaves an empty and offensive channel : but the pleasures of devotion resemble the equable current of a pure river, which enlivens the fields through which it passes, and diffuses verdure and fertility along its banks.

AP.

APPEARANCES OF PIETY.

THESE are often substituted in the place of the great duties of humanity and mercy. Too many flatter themselves with the hope of obtaining the friendship of their Creator, though they neglect to do justice to their fellow creatures.

But supposed piety is an invention of their own, unknown to reason, unknown in the word of God. For piety is a principle which regenerates the heart, and forms it to goodness. If, therefore, while piety seems ardent, morality shall decline ; or if ever the regard to it should totally fail ; if, whilst making prayers, no alms are given ; if, whilst we appear zealous for God, we are false or unjust to men ; if we are hard or contracted in heart, severe in our censures, and oppressive in our conduct, then conclude what we have termed piety, was no more than an empty name, resolving itself either into an hypocritical form of godliness ; a transient impression of seriousness ; an accidental melting of the heart ; or the deliberate refuge of a deluded and superstitious, but, at the same time, a corrupted mind ; for all men, even the most depraved, are subject, more or less, to compunctions of conscience.

HOPE.

HOPE.

HOPE to the soul, when distracted by the confusions of the world, is as an anchor to a ship in a dark night, on an unknown coast, and amidst a boisterous ocean. In danger it gives security; amidst general fluctuation it affords one fixed point of rest; it is the most eminent of all the advantages which religion now confers; it is the universal comforter; it is the spring of all human activity.

Upon futurity men are constantly suspended; animated by the prospect of some distant good, they toil and suffer through the whole course of life; and it is not so much what they are at present, as what they hope to be in some after time, that enlivens their motions, fixes their attention, and stimulates industry.

Was this hope entertained with that full persuasion which Christian faith demands, it would in truth totally annihilate all human miseries; it would banish discontent, extinguish grief, and suspend the very feeling of pain.

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ON THE EXCELLENCY

OF THE

MARRIAGE STATE.

" MARRIAGE IS HONOURABLE IN ALL."

HAIL, wedded love ! by gracious God design'd
At once the source and glory of mankind !
Tis this, can toil and grief and pain assuage,
Secure our youth, and dignify our age ;
Tis this, fair fame and guiltless pleasure brings,
And shakes rich plenty from its brooding wings ;
Gilds duty's roughest paths with friendship's ray,
And strews with roses sweet the narrow way.
Not so the harlot, if it lawful be
To mention vice, when praising chastity—
Not so the harlot plights her venal vow,
With heart obdurate, and Corinthian brow,
She fawns unfriendly, practis'd to beguile,
Stings while she weeps, and murders in a smile.
Fame, peace, and virtue, she at once destroys,
And damns, most surely, whom she most enjoys.

THE

THE

FOLLY OF MISPENDING TIME.

THE infinite importance of properly improving our time is more frequently inculcated by the inspired writers, than perhaps any other admonition the sacred pages contain. To enforce the necessity of this consideration, the Scriptures have likewise represented the shortness and uncertainty of our continuance in this life, by similitudes the most fleeting and transitory that can possibly be imagined : but, alas ! how very few are there in the world, who consider this matter with the importance it deserves ! How many thousands of intelligent beings are there who scarce know the end of their existence, or the purpose for which they were created ; who live year after year without considering of futurity, or bestowing a single thought about the vast concerns of an eternal state ? Daily experience confirms this observation for a fact, and the most superficial survey of the different characters and circumstances of mankind in general, will more fully demonstrate the truth of what I have here asserted.

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The poor and indigent, who live by the sweat of their brow, have many difficulties to encounter, and are surrounded with poverty and distress on every side ; all their toil and labour are scarcely sufficient to provide for the wants and necessities of the present life, and therefore they have neither time nor opportunity to consider of a future.

Let us next take a view of the man immersed in secular affairs, and engaged in the bustle of business, who rises up early, takes rest late, and eats the bread of carefulness : we shall find all his time and attention employed in the pursuit of riches, and the toils of industry ; wholly taken up with the numerous concerns of the world, he neglects the one, the supreme thing needful ; anxious and indefatigable to acquire a competency for this precarious and uncertain life, he is careless and indifferent about the momentous concerns of a never ending hereafter.

But let us carry our observations a little farther, take a survey of those who are styled the favorites of fortune, who revel in the lap of ease, and possess all the advantages that wealth and honour can bestow ; who from their exalted situation in life, and the few cares with which they are surrounded, one should naturally imagine

imagine had both leisure and opportunity to improve their time like rational creatures to the most exalted purposes? but is this really the case? or does experience convince us of the truth of it? Alas! no: the pursuits of pleasure, the gay amusements, the fashionable diversions of a depraved licentious age, engross all their attention, and divert the mind from nobler objects. Little do these sons of vanity and dissipation think that a period will most certainly arrive, when neither the treasures of the Indies, nor the mines of Peru, when even the universe itself will want wealth to purchase a few moments of that precious time, they now so foolishly, so lavishly trifle away.

Men of genius and literature are employed in the curious researches of antiquity, and investigating the works of nature; all their study and ambition is to acquire fame and reputation, and to obtain the empty applause of their fellow mortals.

Thus in every state and condition of life, there is something to engage the attention, and drive the thought of eternity from the human breast.

I was led into this train of reflections by a scene of the most awful distress, which the kind
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hand of Providence accidentally brought me to be a spectator of ; it was the exit of the gay, the gallant, the much admired Lothario. At the death of his father, he became heir to a very considerable estate, beside a large fortune in the public funds : but alas ! his heart was exceedingly depraved ; his principles were abandoned, and he was a libertine in the most comprehensive meaning of the word. Gambling and debauchery had almost ruined his constitution, and in some measure impaired his fortune. In the more juvenile part of my life we had been intimate acquaintance ; but I was obliged to drop the intimacy, lest his fortune and connexions, which were in every respect superior to mine, should have influenced my conduct, and have caused me to deviate from the paths of rectitude and sobriety. The death of a near relation, occasioned my taking a journey within a few miles of his country residence ; as I was so near, I could not return home without going to see a man for whom I had formerly a friendship and regard. I accordingly went, met with a very cordial reception, and was entertained with politeness. It fell out, that during my abode at his house, he was seized with a pleuritic fever, the first symptoms of which threatened the most fatal and dangerous

dangerous consequences ; the violence of his disorder daily increased, and baffled all the efforts of his physicians, who were men of distinguished abilities, the most eminent that could be procured, and in a few days they pronounced his case to be desperate, and past all hopes of recovery. But, O, what tongue can express, or imagination conceive, the agonies of despair which took possession of his soul, upon being informed he must soon bid adieu to this world, and all sublunary enjoyments ! During his last moments, in which I stood by his bed-side, he uttered such pathetic exclamations as no condition of life, or length of time will ever be able to erase from my memory.

“ O that the Almighty (cried he) would graciously be pleased to save a wretch like me from going down to the pit of destruction, the remainder of my days should be dedicated to the service of my Creator, and the cause of that holy religion which I have always neglected and despised ! My time, my health, my fortune, every thing I possess, should be engaged to promote the cause of virtue and godliness ! O that I might hope but for a short reprieve to expiate the offences of my former life, by a future conduct, which should be in every respect blameless and irre-

approachable. The gifts of Providence, hitherto lavishly prostituted to the vilest and most abandoned purposes, should then be employed in acts of charity and benevolence ; should wipe away tears from the eyes of the orphan and the fatherless, and should cause the heart of the widow to sing for joy ! O that God—”

Here he was going on with his vain and fruitless wishes, but could proceed no further ; the silver cords of life were almost broken, and the feeble, glimmering lamp of existence just extinguished. He lay speechless about half an hour, and then expired. O that the votaries of mirth ! that the silken sons of pleasure had been present at the solemnities of this dying chamber ! it would have suspended their thoughtless and giddy career ; it would have taught them the true, the inestimable value of time possessed, and the infinite importance of properly improving it.

A death-bed's a detector of the heart,
A lecture, silent, but of sov'reign pow'r !
To vice, confusion ; and to virtue peace.

I confess, to me, who am of a serious contemplative mind, it was the most solemn and affecting scene I ever beheld. In this school of wisdom

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I was more benefited than I possibly could have been by attending the profoundest lectures of divinity and philosophy, although accompanied with all the powers of rhetoric and eloquence. Its silent but instructive lessons have thoroughly weaned my affections from the trifling objects of time and sense, and made me think more seriously than ever about the vast concerns of that awful, eternal, and unchangeable state, to which all mankind are advancing upon the swiftest wings of time; they have taught me to look down upon the riches, the honour, and grandeur of this world with indifference and disdain; convinced, that when they are not made subservient to the cause of religion and virtue, they will only render the life of the person full of anxiety and vexation, and at last planting his dying pillow with thorns.

“ Great Proprietor and Dispenser of all things, (said I, lifting up my eyes to heaven with resignation and gratitude), I desire neither abundance nor poverty; grant me a competence, attended with thy blessing; bestow upon me but the smallest portion of this world's good, accompanied with that peace of mind which arises from the testimony of a good conscience. Give me that solid, substantial heart-felt enjoyment, which this world cannot give, nor the vicissitudes of fortune destroy, and I desire no more.”

SOLI-

S O L I T U D E.

A SOLILOQUY.

WELCOME, inviting solitude ! Thy venerable aspect cheers, exalts, and agitates my soul, and makes it pant with vehemence for knowledge. Deign to exert thy operative influence, and fill my ambitious, emulative mind with sentiments sublime. Far from the captious and dissembling world, secluded may I pass my life, in tranquil scenes, variegated and luxuriant, formed by nature, remote from joy's deceptive and fastidious pomp, whose superficial charms infatuate and delude. O may my aspiring soul, in calm retirement, contemplation's seat, imbibe celestial knowledge from glorious Newton's works, elaborate and instructive, fraught with beauties exquisite.

Fired with ecstatic rapture, I survey the illumined horizon, the oriental monarch, rising in refulgent splendor, exhaling nocturnal vapours, and diffusing light over all the hemisphere. His potent energy pervades, attenuates, and refines the particles saline, which fluctuate in the atmosphere.

sphere. Hail light ! thou principal support of animal existence !—From thee, thou emanation of stupendous goodness, uncircumscribed and infinite, result innumerable benefits to man.—Thy vivifying essence re-animates the vegetative tribe, which, during thy absence, mourn with filial sorrow, drooping their aromatic heads. Thy magnetic impulse in due restriction keeps the ponderous planetary orbs, which regularly perform their course ethereal. The various seasons are produced by thee. The arctic and antarctic poles alternately receding and approaching, impelled by thy resistless force, as by adamantine fetters, communicate pleasures ineffable to human nature.

Cynthia, majestic solemn queen of night, borrows her radiant lustre from thy rays, and with benignant smile salutes mankind. From thee the ærial bow derives its vivid tints ; thy rays reflected and refracted by the humid corpuscles, conspicuous shine, and cause that fair phænomenon. Newton, inspired, its origin discovered, and to the astonished multitude declared the latent cause. O thou immortal sage, whose extensive, penetrating genius, yon azure realms pervaded, and explored the secret works of nature, could my muse with rapid wing excursive soar from pole to pole, the Hyperborean mountains should reverberate

berate thy praise. As Phœbus dissipates the congregated mists, formed by opaque vapours, which enwrap the cerulean canopy of heaven in gloom impenetrable, so did thy transcendent theories the mists and chimeras of ignorance disperse.—No more the comets lucid beams alarm Britannia's sons: They view the eccentric body with delight, copiously dispensing vapours to invigorate the stars erratic. Fain would my muse proclaim thy wonderful worth; but her design abortive proves—She droops, unequal to the task.

ON TIME.

TIME, thou devourer of each space,
Thou enemy to human race,
Desist awhile thy rapid flight,
Nor roll me on so quick in night.
Steal not the hours so swift away,
Nor take so soon the present day.
Wilt thou not hear? He still is deaf,
Nor to my prayer will give relief,
'Tis all in vain! e'en now he flies,
Deaf to all importunities;
To destiny a trusty slave,
He'll not return one hour he gave.

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How should we prize thy real worth ?
Nor deal the minutes idly forth ?
Vain the debates and fruitless strife,
Since time's so short, so fleeting life.

NOBILITY,

AN ANECDOTE.

IN England, as the titles of nobility are limited, and cannot be usurped by fictitious characters without detection, they confer a degree of consideration upon the possessor, far superior to what is observed in foreign countries, where they are abundant to an extreme, and where every needy adventurer can assume them.

A German Baron, in derision, once observed to a French Marquis, that the title of *Marquis* was very common in France. "I," added he, laughing, "have a Marquis in my kitchen."—"And I," retorted the Frenchman, who felt himself insulted, "have a German Baron in my stable." This repartee was particularly happy; it being
well

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well known that German grocers are as common
out of their own country as are French cooks.
It affords a just lesson too, against the folly as well
as rudeness of all national reflections.

AN EPISTLE.

THE PLEASURES OF THE COUNTRY.

TO *Fifcus*, who in city-sports delights,
A country bard with gentle greeting writes :
In this we differ, but in all beside,
Like twin-born brothers, are our souls ally'd ;
And, as a pair of fondly-constant doves,
What one dislikes the other disapproves.
You keep the nest, I love the rural mead,
The brook, the mossy rock, and woody glade ;
In short, I live and reign, whene'er I fly
The joys you vaunt with raptures to the sky,
And like a slave from the priest's service fled,
I nauseate honey'd cakes, and long for bread.
Would you to nature's laws obedience yield :
Would you a house for health or pleasure build ;
Where is there such a situation found,
As where the country spreads its blessings round ?
Where

Where is the temperate winter less severe ?
 Or, when the sun ascending fires the year,
 Where breathes a milder zephyr to assuage
 The dog-star's fury, or the lion's rage ?
 Where do less envious cares disturb our rest ?
 Or are the fields, in nature's colours drest,
 Less grateful to the smell or to the sight,
 Than the rich floor, with inlaid marble bright ?
 Is water purer from the bursting lead,
 Than gently murm'ring down its native bed ?
 Among your columns, rich with various dyes,
 Unnatural woods with awkward art arise.
 You praise the house, whose situation yields
 An open prospect in the distant fields.
 Though nature's driven out with proud disdain,
 The pow'ful Goddess will return again,
 Return in silent triumph to deride
 The weak attempts of luxury and pride.
 The man who cannot with judicious eye
 Compare the fleece, that drinks the *Tyrian* dye,
 With the pale *Latian* ; yet shall ne'er sustain
 A loss so touching, of such heart-felt pain,
 As he, who can't with sense of happier kind,
 Distinguish truth from falsehood in the mind.

They who in fortune's smiles too much delight
 Shall tremble when the Goddess takes her flight
 For

For if her gifts our fonder passions gain
The frail possession we resign with pain.

Then leave the gaudy blessings of the great,
The cottage offers a secure retreat,
Where you may make a solid bliss your own,
To Kings, and favorites of Kings-unknown.

A lordly stag, arm'd with superior force,
Drove from their common field a vanquish'd horse,
Who for revenge to man his strength enslav'd,
Took up his order, and the bit received :
But, when he saw his foe with triumph slain,
In vain he strove his freedom to regain ;
He felt the weight, and yielded to the rein. }
So he, who poverty with horror views,
Nor frugal nature's bounty knows to use ;
Who sells his freedom in exchange for gold,
(Freedom for mines of wealth, too cheaply sold)
Shall make eternal servitude his fate,
And feel a haughty master's galling weight.

Our fortunes and our shoes are near ally'd,
We're pinch'd in strait, and stumble in the wide.
Then learn thy present fortune to enjoy,
And on my head thy just reproach employ,
If e'er, forgetful of my former self,
I toil to raise unnecessary pelf ;

For

For gold will either govern or obey,
But better shall the slave than tyrant play.

This near the shrine of idleness I penn'd,
Sincerely blest, but that I want my friend,

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BENEVOLENT ADDRESS

TO THE

ENGLISH DEISTS,

MY DEAR COUNTRYMEN!

AS you must be sensible this address is disinterested, I hope you will attend to what I shall suggest with seriousness, and impartiality. I suppose you to be convinced of the being, and providence of God; or of the existence of an infinitely perfect spirit, who not only made, and preserves, but also governs the world; and particularly superintends the affairs of mankind, and will call us to an account for our behaviour; but to reject what is commonly looked upon as a divine revelation, and as, if this system be really of
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the high authority of which it is said, and by many thought to be, I apprehend your condition to be very dangerous, I shall represent your danger to you, in order to engage you to shun it.

That there can be no danger in unbelief, it seems, you argue ; because as you say, believing is an act, not of the will, but the understanding : and that accordingly it is neither in our power to believe what appears incredible, nor to refuse to believe what we judge credible. But this is a great mistake. Believing is so far a voluntary act, that though we cannot believe what appears to be false, nor refuse to believe what we judge to be true, we can refuse to believe not only what is true, but what we should judge to be so, if we would attentively, and impartially consider the evidence, there is of its truth. And by thus disregarding the credibility of it, it is as much in our power to disbelieve the most credible thing in the world, as it is to be ignorant of the truth of any demonstrable proposition whatsoever, by not attending to its demonstration. Now herein I take it to be that the guilt of infidelity consists : which, upon carefully examining its nature, will be found to be very great. If indeed, after due consideration of the nature, and evidence of a system of religion, said to be derived from heaven, a person
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thinks it to be an imposture, he cannot be culpable for not believing it. But if his unbelief be owing to his not duly considering the reasons he has to believe it, it must be highly criminal. That it is the duty of creatures to examine, with the utmost care, the evidence of what is proposed to them in the name of their great Creator, and has any probability of having him for its author, is indisputable. To refuse, or neglect to do this, betrays such a want of regard for his divine Majesty, as must be acknowledged to be very criminal, and therefore justly to deserve his dreadful displeasure. It argues the person, who is guilty of such impiety, to be far from having the profound reverence for the adorable author of his being, and awful regard for his will, which he manifestly ought. Nay, it shews that he minds him but little, if it all.

And what then must such impious behaviour merit from the divine justice? And how highly must it concern you to consider whether you be not chargeable with it? That the gospel is proposed to you in the name of the great God of heaven and earth, and that there is, at least, a probability of its being derived from him, cannot be denied. Have you considered its credentials with the seriousness, which its claims to a divine original requires,

quires, and with hearts sincerely disposed to embrace, and submit to it, if you should see reason to think your Maker its author? Or have you impiously neglected to examine the credibility of it, or examined it with minds prejudiced against it? If either of the two last be the case, it will be in vain to plead in excuse for your unbelief, that you cannot believe what you will: for the true reason of it is, you are not disposed to believe because you have not a due regard for him, whose message it is said to be.

But, perhaps, you will say, you have examined the pretensions of the Christian religion to be a divine revelation, and find some things relating to it unaccountable, and others incomprehensible; and therefore cannot believe it. But why cannot you believe the revelation of the Bible, though you cannot account for every part and circumstance of it? Can you account for all the dispensations of Providence? If not, and you nevertheless believe a divine Providence; why cannot you believe a divine revelation, which is in some respects unaccountable?

But it is not only unaccountable, but likewise in several particulars incomprehensible; which you think another reason for rejecting it. But

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are you sure a divine revelation cannot contain any thing, but what you can comprehend? Are there not many things undeniably true which surpass human comprehension? And do not you yourselves give your assent to other matters of this kind? Do you fully comprehend either what reason teaches concerning the nature and attributes of God? or even what you experience in yourselves? Can you form an adequate notion of an unoriginated infinitely perfect spirit? Or conceive how your souls and bodies are united; or mutually act upon and affect each other? Nay, do you clearly comprehend how you perform any action of life—So much as how an act of your will stirs your finger? If these, and numberless other phenomena of nature exceed, as you must acknowledge them to do, men's comprehension, it can be no just objection to the truth, or divine original of a revelation, that it teaches incomprehensible doctrine. If we could account for all the ways of Providence, and comprehend both the works and nature of our great Creator, there would be some weight in these objections; but, since we are so far from being able to do either, it seems strange they should be taught to invalidate the evidence of the inspiration of Scripture. That there are things in the gospel revelation, for which we cannot account, and doctrines above
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our comprehension, is really a presumptive argument of its truth, rather than a proof its falshood. In these respects the accounts given us therein of the great Governor of the world's dealings with mankind, and of his incomprehensible nature, resemble the course of his providence and the doctrines of reason concerning him. And the more what the Bible says of the being and providence of God is like what reason and experience teach us relating thereto, the more likely certainly it is to be true. For therefore, I doubt, will the impossibility of accounting for any thing related in the sacred volume, or of comprehending some things taught therein, be from justifying your rejecting it, as an imposture. And it deserves to be well considered, with what face such creatures as we are, whose knowledge is undeniably so very imperfect, will be able to plead the unaccountableness, or incomprehensibleness of what we are taught in the name of our great Creator, as an excuse for disregarding it, and what regard is likely to be paid to such an excuse, when we shall be called to an account for such behaviour.—That you may be able to approve your conduct, in this important matter, to the Governor and righteous Judge of the World, is the sincere wish of

Your affectionate countryman,
And humble servant.

THE
IMPROVEMENT OF THE UNDERSTANDING
IS ESSENTIAL TO
OUR HAPPINESS.

IT is impossible that we shall enjoy that tranquillity of the mind which forms true happiness, if we do not take care to cultivate our understanding, and to store it with every thing that is capable of regulating and sharpening it. It is a hard matter for a man who knows nothing, to have a competency within himself; and whoever has not this, but stands in need of foreign aid to be happy, cannot be thought to enjoy a happy life; for the helps on which his happiness depends very often fail him, and from that moment he becomes unhappy. A person loses his time, who does not employ it to guard himself against the accidents to which mankind is liable, by such useful reflections as furnish us with the means not to make an ill use of good fortune, and not to be cast down with bad. It is necessary, therefore, to take as much care of the mind as of the body, because on its state depends all the happiness of our life; and it is necessary to be always providing

viding for its support, because it is like a lamp, which goes out if not supplied with oil.

There is this difference betwixt the mind and the body; that whereas too much exercise and fatigue enervates the latter, it is exercise that supports the former. The more its genius is cultivated, the more strength it gathers; and old age itself, which has so entire a power over the body, can make no encroachment on the mind, when it is habituated to a proper sublimity of thought, to secure it against its attacks.—Cicero justly observes, that it is not to old age that we are to charge the defects which we perceive in credulous, forgetful, and irregular old men; but to their fordidness, sloth, and negligence. And as the follies of youth, though it is a state more subject to fire and passion than old age, are not, however, to be found in all young people, but only in those who are ill-natured, so we do not find that all old men doat, but those only who are triflers, and men of shallow capacities. We ought therefore to consider the understanding as a treasure that is of use to us at all times, and which we cannot take too much pains to increase.

Acquired knowledge is not only useful, but pleasant; it gives the mind a two-fold satisfaction,
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and preserves it from rust, that poison which is so fatal to the tranquillity of the mind, and corrupts the most precious enjoyments. A man who loves the arts and sciences is never idle ; all his moments are employed ; and wheresoever he is, whithersoever he goes, he always carries what will agreeably amuse him. The sciences are formed for all stages of life ; and the older a man is, the more necessary they are. In youth they serve for amusement, at years of maturity for a companion, and in old age for a comforter.

Study furnishes us with a thousand ways to dispel that uneasiness which makes us unhappy. A mind that is employed, easily forgets many things which would make a stronger impression upon it, if it was idle. The grievances of the body are also relieved by study ; for the application of the mind to certain objects which please it, hinder it from perceiving the necessities of the body. Even old age, after a life spent in study, does not discover its infirmities by the disagreeable symptoms which reduce us, as it were, to childhood. It comes on without being perceived, we stoop under it insensibly ; but, though at last we drop into the grave, we do not fall into it all at once. Thus did Newton, Boerhaave, and Beaufobre, pass their old age, and thus the illustrious Fontenelle.

tenelle. The greatest men among the ancients improved their understanding to the last. Sophocles composed tragedies until he was exceeding old, and it is said he was not less than an hundred when he wrote his *Œdipus*. His children, finding that the application he gave to his plays made him neglect his family affairs, commenced a suit of lunacy against him ; but Sophocles made no other defence than the reciting the tragedy of *Œdipus*, which he had just finished, before proper judges of the drama ; and, having then asked them whether they thought the play was the composition of a man that had lost his reason, he was acquitted of the charge.

GRACE SUPERIOR TO BEAUTY.

A VISION.

HAVING a few nights since passed several hours in a circle of intelligent persons, who endeavoured to account in vain for the cause of the irresistible effect which grace has upon the human mind, after contemplating the subject for some time, I fell asleep, and fancied myself between

tween two landscapes, this called the **Region of Beauty**, and that the **Valley of the Graces**; the one embellished with all that luxuriant nature could bestow; the fruits of various climates adorned the trees, the grove resounded with music, the gale breathed perfume, every charm that could arise from symmetry and exact distribution, were here conspicuous, the whole offering a prospect of pleasure without end. The **Valley of the Graces**, on the other hand, seemed by no means so inviting; the streams and the groves appeared just as they usually do in frequented countries; no magnificent parterres, no concert in the grove, the rivulet was edged with weeds, and the rook joined its voice to that of the nightingale. All was simplicity and nature.

The most striking objects ever allure the traveller. I entered the **Region of Beauty** with increased curiosity, and promised myself endless satisfaction in being introduced to the presiding goddesses. I perceived several strangers who entered with the same design, and, what surprized me not a little, was to see several others hastening to leave this abode of seeming felicity.

After some fatigue, I had the honour of being introduced to the goddesses who presented **Beauty**
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in person. She was seated on a throne, at the foot of which stood several strangers lately introduced like me ; all gazing on her form in ecstasy. Ah what eyes ! what Eys ! how clear her complexion ! how perfect her shape ! At these acclamations, Beauty, with downcast eyes, would endeavour to counterfeit modesty ; but soon again, looking round as if to confirm every spectator in his favourable sentiments, sometimes she would attempt to allure us by smiles, and at intervals would bridle back in order to inspire us with respect as well as tenderness.

This ceremony lasted some time, and had so much employed our eyes, that we had forgot all this while that the goddess was silent. We soon however began to perceive the defect : what, said we among each other, are we to have nothing but languishing airs, soft looks and inclinations of the head ; will the goddess only design to satisfy our eyes ? upon this, one of the company stepped up to present her with some fruits he had gathered by the way. She received the present most sweetly smiling, and with one of the whitest hands in the world, but still not a word escaped her lips.

I now found that my companions grew weary of their homage ; they went off one by one, and,

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resolving not to be left behind, I offered to go in my turn ; when, just at the door of the temple, I was called back by a female whose name was Pride, and who seemed displeased at the behaviour of the company. Where are you hastening? said she to me, with an angry tone ; the Goddess of Beauty is here. I have been to visit her, Madam, replied I, and found her more beautiful than even report had made. And why then will you leave her, added the female : I have seen her long enough replied I ; I have got all her features by heart : her eyes are still the same : Her nose is a very fine one, but is now as it was half an hour ago ; could she throw a little more mind into her face, perhaps I should be for wishing to have more of her company. What signifies, replied the female, whether she has a mind or not : has she any occasion for a mind so formed as she is by nature ? If she had a common face indeed, there might be some reason for thinking to improve it ; but, when features are already perfect, every alteration would but impair them. A fine face is already at the point of perfection, and a fine lady should endeavour to keep it so ; the impression it would receive from thought would but disturb its whole œconomy.

To this speech I gave no reply, but made the best of my way to the Valley of the Graces. Here I found all those who had before been my companions in the Region of Beauty, now upon the same errand.

As we entered the Valley, the prospect insensibly seemed to improve; we found every thing to natural, so domestic and pleasing, that our minds, which before were congealed in admiration, now relaxed into gaiety and good humour. We had designed to pay our respects to the presiding goddess, but she was no where to be found. One of our companions asserted that her temple lay to the right; another to the left; a third insisted that it was strait before us; and a fourth, that we had left it behind. In short, we found every thing familiar and charming, but could not determine where to seek for the Grace in person. In this agreeable incertitude we passed several hours, and, though very desirous of finding the goddess, by no means impatient of delay. Every part of the valley presented some minute beauty, which, without offering itself at once, stole upon the soul, and captivated us with the charms of our retreat. Still, however, we continued our search, and might still have continued, had we not been interrupted by a voice, which, though we could
not

not hear from whence it came, addressed us in this manner :

If you would find the Goddess of Grace, seek her not under one form, for she assumes a thousand, ever changing, under the eye of inspection ; her vanity, rather than her figure, is pleasing. In contemplating her beauty, the eye glides over every perfection with giddy delight, and, capable of fixing no where, is charmed with the whole. She is now contemplation, with solemn look ; again, compassion with humid eyes ; she now sparkles with joy ; soon every feature speaks distress ; her looks at times invite our reproach, at others repress our presumption ; the goddess cannot be properly called beautiful, under any one of those forms ; but, by combining them all, she becomes irresistibly pleasing.

ANECDOTE
OF
SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

WHEN Sir Robert Walpole was minister in the Spanish war, a scheme was mentioned to him of taxing the American colonies ;
he

he smiled and said, " I will leave that for some of my successors, who may have more courage than I have, and less a friend to commerce than I am." He added, " It has been a maxim with me during my administration, to encourage the trade of the American colonies in the utmost latitude (nay it has been necessary to pass over some irregularities in their trade with Europe) for by encouraging them to an extensive growing foreign commerce, if they gain 500,000l. I am convinced that in two years afterwards full 250,000l. of their gains will be in his Majesty's exchequer by the labour and product of this kingdom, as immense quantities of every kind of our manufactures go thither; and as they increase in their foreign American trade, more of our produce will be wanted." He ended with saying, " This is taxing them more agreeably both to their own constitution and to ours."

BEAUTY.

THERE is nothing that gives us so pleasing a prospect of human nature, as the contemplation of wisdom and beauty. Beauty is an overbearing, self-sufficient thing, careless of providing itself

itself any more substantial ornaments ; nay, so little does it consult its own interest, that it too often defeats itself, by betraying that innocence which renders it lovely and desirable. As therefore virtue makes a beautiful woman appear more beautiful, so beauty makes a virtuous woman really more virtuous.

It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of that sex, which was created to refine the joys, and soften the cares of human nature, by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power, to put them upon a level with their pictures. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty heightened by virtue, and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws our observation ? How faint and spiritless are the charms of the coquet, when compared with the real loveliness of innocence, piety, good humour, the irresistible charms of modesty unaffected,—humanity, with all those rare and pleasing marks of sensibility ; virtues, which add a new softness to her sex ; and even beautify her beauty.

Nothing (says Mr. Addison) can atone for the want of modesty and innocence, without which, beauty is ungraceful, and quality contemptible.

Let

Let a woman be decked with all the embellishments of art and care of nature ; yet if boldness be to be read in her face, it blots all the lines of beauty.

The plainer the dress, with greater lustre does beauty appear : virtue is the greatest ornament, and good sense the best equipage.

An inviolable fidelity, good humour, and complacency of temper in a woman, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible.

It is but too seldom seen, that beautiful persons are otherwise of great virtue.

No beauty hath any charms equal to the inward beauty of the mind. A gracefulness in the manners is much more engaging than that of the person ; the former every one has the power to attain to in some measure, the latter is in no one's power,—is no internal worth, and has the gift of God, who formed us all. Meekness and modesty are the true and lasting ornaments.

Virtue's the chiefest beauty of the mind,
The noblest ornament of human kind.

Beauty

Beauty inspires a pleasing sentiment, which prepossesses people in its favour. Modesty has great advantages ; it sets off beauty, and serves as a veil to ugliness. The misfortune of ugliness is, that it sometimes smothers and buries much merit ; people do not look for the engaging qualities for the head and heart in a forbidding figure. 'Tis no easy matter when merit must make its way, and shine through a disagreeable outside.

Without virtue, good sense, and sweetness of disposition, the finest set of features will, ere long, cease to please ; but, where these with the graces are united, it must afford an agreeable and pleasing contemplation.

The liberality of nature in the person, is but too frequently attended with a deficiency in the understanding.

Beauty alone, in vain its charms dispense,
The charms of beauty, are the charms of sense.

Beauty without the graces of the mind, will have no power over the hearts of the wise and the good. Beauty is a flower which soon withers, health changes, and strength abates, but innocence

gency is immortal and a comfort both in life and death.

Let us suppose the virtuous mind a rose,
Which nature plants and education blows.

Merit, accompanied with beauty, is a jewel
set to advantage.

Let virtue prove your never-fading bloom,
For mental beauties will survive the tomb.

There are emanations from the mind, which, like a ray of celestial fire, animate the form of beauty ; without these the most perfect symmetry is but a moulded clod ; and whenever they appear, the most indifferent features acquire a spirit of sensibility, and an engaging charm, which, those only do not admire, who want faculties to discover. — Those strokes of sensibility, those touches of innocence and dignity, &c. display charms too refined for the discernment of vulgar eyes, that are captivated by a glance of beauty, assisted by vivid colour and gaudy decoration.

THOUGHTS

AFTER READING AN ACCOUNT OF THE
DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

'TIS done! she's gone! her better part is fled,
But whence? and where? though number'd with the dead,
Yet still she lives in endless bliss to sing,
Eternal praises to her heavenly King.
Thrice happy maid! thy race is quickly run,
Thy task is finish'd ere 'tis well begun;
I give thee joy, thou hast escap'd from woe,
And all the cares that mortals feel below;
Thy God hath snatch'd thy blooming soul away,
From scenes of sickness to immortal day;
To seats of bliss, eternal and secure,
Where joy is certain, and contentment sure.
Why should the tear then tremble in the eye?
Why heave the bosom with a mournful sigh?
Was not her virtuous soul prepar'd to meet
Her gracious Maker in his judgment seat?
Did not she quit this lower world resign'd?
Tho' rack'd in body, yet compos'd in mind.

And

And since nor art, nor friendship's soothing
pow'r,
Could aught avail beyond the fatal hour ;
Since not a mother's fond parental love
Could change the will of him who rules above ;
Since neither health, nor e'en the beauteous frame
Of earth's fair daughters, or the sons of fame,
Can long exist in this inconstant world,
Where all to ruin soon or late is hurl'd ;
Since too from future pains and future care
She's call'd thus early to a brighter sphere,
Why should we mourn her flight from earth below,
Who with her Maker smiles a cherub now !

THE HOPE OF RICHES

MORE THAN THE ENJOYMENT.

THAT every man would be rich, if a wish could obtain riches, is a position which few will contest, at least in a nation like our's, in which commerce has kindled an universal emulation of wealth, and in which money receives all the honours which are the proper right of knowledge, and of virtue. Yet, though we are labouring for gold as for the chief good, and, by the natural effort of unwearied diligence, have found
many

many expeditious methods of obtaining it, we have not been able to improve the art of using it, or to make it produce more happiness than it afforded in former times, when every declaimer expatiated on its mischiefs, and every philosopher taught his followers to despise it.

We fill our houses with useless ornaments, only to shew that we can buy them: we cover our coaches with gold, and employ artists in the discovery of new fashions of expence, and yet it cannot be found that riches produce happiness.

Of riches, as of every thing else, the hope is more than the enjoyment: while we consider them as the means to be used, at some future time, for the attainment of felicity, we press on our pursuit ardently and vigorously, and that ardour secures us from weariness of ourselves; but no sooner do we sit down to enjoy our acquisitions, than we find them insufficient to fill up the vacuities of life. One cause which is not always observed of the insufficiency of riches, is, that they very seldom make their owner rich. To be rich, is to have more than is desired, and more than is wanted; to have something which may be spent without reluctance, and scattered without care, with which the sudden demands of
desire

desire may be gratified, the casual freaks of fancy indulged, or the unexpected opportunities of benevolence improved.

Avarice is always poor, but poor by her own fault. There is another poverty to which the rich are exposed with less guilt by the officiousness of others. Every man, eminent for exuberance of fortune, is surrounded from morning to evening, and from evening to midnight, by flatterers, whose art of adulation consists in exciting artificial wants, and in forming new schemes of profusion.

Tom Tranquil, when he came to age, found himself in possession of a fortune, of which the twentieth part might perhaps have made him rich. His temper is easy, and his affections soft: he receives every man with kindness, and hears him with credulity. His friends took care to settle him, by giving him a wife, whom, having no particular inclination, he rather accepted than choose, because he was told that she was proper for him.

He was now to live with dignity proportionate to his fortune. What his fortune requires or admits, Tom does not know; for he has little skill

skill in computation, and none of his friends think it their interest to improve it. If he was suffered to live by his own choice, he would leave every thing as he finds it, and pass through the world distinguished only by inoffensive gentleness. But the Ministers of Luxury have marked him out as one at whose expence they may exercise their arts. A companion, who has just learned the names of the Italian masters, runs from sale to sale, and buys pictures, for which Mr. Tranquil pays, without enquiring where they shall be hung. Another fills his garden with statues, which Tranquil wishes away, but dares not move. One of his friends is learning architecture by building him a house, which he passed by, and enquired to whom it belonged: another has been for three years digging canals, and raising mounts, cutting trees down in one place, and planting them in another; on which Tranquil looks with serene indifference, without asking what will be the cost. Another projector tells him that a water-work, like that of Versailles, will complete the beauties of his seat, and lays his draughts before him: Tranquil turns his eyes upon them, and the artist begins his explanations: Tranquil raises no objections, but orders him to begin the work, that he may escape from talk which he does not understand.

Thus

Thus a thousand hands are busy at his expence, without adding to his pleasures. He pays and receives visits, and has loitered in public, or in solitude, talking in summer of the town, and in winter of the country, without knowing that his fortune is impaired, 'till the steward told him lately that he could pay the workmen no longer but by mortgaging a manor.

THE YOUNG TRADER'S

ATTEMPT AT POLITENESS,

I Was the second son of a country gentleman by the daughter of a wealthy citizen of *London*. My father having by his marriage freed the estate from a heavy mortgage, and paid his sisters their portions, thought himself discharged from all obligation to further thought, and entitled to spend the rest of his life in rural pleasures. He therefore spared nothing that might contribute to the completion of his felicity; he procured the best guns and horses that the kingdom could supply, paid large salaries to his groom and huntsman, and became the envy of the country

try for the discipline of his hounds. But above all his other attainments, he was eminent for a breed of pointers and setting-dogs, which by long and vigilant cultivation he had so much improved, that not a partridge or heathcock could rest in security, and game of whatever species that dared to light upon his manor, was beaten down by his shot, or covered with his nets.

My elder brother was very early initiated in the chase, and at an age when other boys are *creeping like snails unwillingly to school*, he could wind the horn, beat the bushes, bound over hedges, and swim rivers. When the huntsman one day broke his leg, he supplied his place with equal abilities, and came home with the scut in his hat, amidst the acclamations of the whole village. I being either delicate or timorous, less desirous of honour, or less capable of sylvan heroism, was always the favourite of my mother ; because I kept my coat clean, and my complexion free from freckles, and did not come home like my brother mired and tanned, nor carry corn in my hat to the horse, nor bring dirty curs into the parlour.

My mother had not been taught to amuse herself with books, and being much inclined to despise

spite the ignorance and barbarity of the country ladies, disdained to learn their sentiments or conversation, and had made no addition to the notions which she had brought from the precincts of *Cornhill*. She was, therefore, always recounting the glories of the city; enumerating the succession of mayors; celebrating the magnificence of the banquets at *Guildhall*; and relating the civilities paid her at the companies feasts, by men of whom some are now made aldermen, some have fined for sheriffs, and none are worth less than forty thousand pounds. She frequently displayed her father's greatness; told of the large bills which he had paid at sight; of the sums for which his word would pass upon the exchange; the heaps of gold which he used on *Saturday* night to toss about with a shovel; the extent of his warehouse, and the strength of his doors; and when she relaxed her imagination with lower subjects, described the furniture of their country-house, or repeated the wit of the clerks and porters.

By these narratives I was fired with the splendor and dignity of *London* and of trade. I therefore devoted myself to a shop, and warmed my imagination from year to year with enquiries about the privileges of a freeman, the power of the

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common

common council, the dignity of a wholesale dealer, and the grandeur of mayoralty, to which my mother assured me that many had arrived who began the world with less than myself.

I was very impatient to enter into a path which led to such honour and felicity; but was forced for a time to endure some repression of my eagerness, for it was my grandfather's maxim, that *a young man seldom makes much money, who is out of his time before two and-twenty*. They thought it necessary, therefore, to keep me at home till the proper age, and without any other employment than that of learning merchants' accounts, and the art of regulating books; but at length the tedious days elapsed, I was transplanted to town, and, with great satisfaction to myself, bound to a haberdasher.

My master, who had no conception of any virtue, merit, or dignity, but that of being rich, had all the good qualities which naturally arise from a close and unwearied attention to the main chance; his desire to gain wealth was so well tempered by the vanity of shewing it, that without any other principle of action, he lived in the esteem of the whole commercial world; and was always treated with respect by the only men,
whose

whose good opinion he valued or solicited, those who were universally allowed to be richer than himself.

By his instructions I learned in a few weeks to handle a yard with great dexterity, to wind tape neatly upon the ends of my fingers, and to make up parcels with exact frugality of paper and pack-thread; and soon caught from my fellow-apprentices the true grace of a counter bow, the careless air with which a small pair of scales is to be held between the fingers, and the vigour and sprightliness with which the box, after the ribband has been cut, is returned to its place. Having no desire of any higher employment, and therefore applying all my powers to the knowledge of my trade, I was quickly master of all that could be known, became a critic in small wares, contrived new variations of figures, and new mixtures of colours, and was sometimes consulted by the weavers, when they projected fashions for the ensuing spring.

With all these accomplishments, in the fourth year of my apprenticeship, I paid a visit to my friends in the country, where I expected to be received as a new ornament of the family, and consulted by the neighbouring gentlemen as a master
of

of pecuniary knowledge, and by the ladies as an oracle of the mode. But unhappily, at the first public table to which I was invited, appeared a student of the Temple, and an officer of the Guards, who looked upon me with a smile of contempt, which destroyed at once all my hopes of distinction, so that I durst hardly raise my eyes for fear of encountering their superiority of mein. Nor was my courage revived by any opportunities of displaying my knowledge; for the Templar entertained the company for part of the day with historical narratives and political observations; and the Colonel afterwards detailed the adventures of a birth-night, told the claims and expectations of the courtiers, and gave an account of assemblies, gardens, and diversions. I, indeed, essayed to fill up a pause in a parliamentary debate with a faint mention of trade, and *Spaniards*; and once attempted, with some warmth, to correct a gross mistake about a silver breast-knot; but neither of my antagonists seemed to think a reply necessary; they resumed their discourse without emotion, and again engrossed the attention of the company; nor did one of the ladies appear desirous to know my opinion of her dress, or to hear how long the carnation shot with white, that was then new amongst them, had been antiquated in town.

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As I knew that neither of these gentlemen had more money than myself, I could not discover what had depressed me in their presence; nor why they were considered by others as more worthy of attention and respect; and therefore resolved, when we met again, to rouse my spirit, and force myself into notice. I went very early to the next weekly meeting, and was entertaining a small circle very successfully with a minute representation of my Lord Mayor's show, when the Colonel entered careless and gay, sat down with a kind of unceremonious civility, and without appearing to intend any interruption, drew my audience away to the other part of the room, to which I had not the courage to follow them. Soon after came in the Lawyer, not indeed with the same attraction of mien, but with greater powers of language; and by one or other the company was so happily amused, that I was neither heard nor seen, nor was able to give any other proof of my existence than that I put round the glass, and was in my turn permitted to name the toast.

My mother indeed endeavoured to comfort me in my vexation, by telling me, that perhaps these showy talkers were hardly able to pay every one his own; that he who has money in his pocket
need

need not care what any man says of him ; that, if I minded my trade, the time will come when lawyers and soldiers would be glad to borrow out of my purse ; and that it is fine when a man can set his hands to his sides, and say he is worth forty thousand pounds every day of the year. These and many more such consolations and encouragements I received from my good mother, which, however, did not much allay my uneasiness ; for having by some accident heard, that the country ladies despised her as a cit, I had therefore no longer much reverence for her opinions, but considered her as one whose ignorance and prejudice had hurried me, though without ill intentions, into a state of meanness and ignominy, from which I could not find any possibility of rising to the rank which my ancestors had always held.

I returned, however, to my master, and busied myself among thread, and silks, and laces, but without my former cheerfulness and alacrity. I had now no longer any felicity in contemplating the exact disposition of my powdered curls, the equal plaits of my ruffles, or the glossy blackness of my shoes ; nor heard with my former elevation those compliments which ladies sometimes condescended to pay me upon my readiness in
twisting

twisting a paper, or counting out the change. The term of *young man*, with which I was sometimes honoured, as I carried a parcel to the door of a coach, tortured my imagination ; I grew negligent in my person, and fullen in my temper, often mistook the demand of the customers, treated their caprices and objections with contempt, and received and dismissed them with surly silence.

My master was afraid lest the shop should suffer by this change of my behaviour ; and therefore after some expostulations, posted me in the warehouse, and preserved me from the danger and reproach of desertion, to which my discontent would certainly have urged me, had I continued any longer behind the counter.

In the sixth year of my servitude my brother died of drunken joy, for having run down a fox that had baffled all the packs in the province. I was now heir, and with the hearty consent of my master commenced gentlemen.

THE

THE YOUNG TRADER

TURNED GENTLEMAN.

WHEN the death of my brother had dismissed me from the duties of a shop, I considered myself as restored to the rights of my birth, and entitled to the rank and reception which my ancestors obtained. I was, however, embarrassed with many difficulties at my first re-entrance into the world; for my haste to be a gentleman inclined me to precipitate measures; and every accident that forced me back towards my old station, was considered by me as an obstruction of my happiness.

It was with no common grief and indignation, that I found my former companions still daring to claim my notice, and the journeymen and apprentices sometimes pulling me by the sleeve as I was walking in the street, and without any terror of my new sword, which was notwithstanding, of an uncommon size, inviting me to partake of a bottle at the old house, and entertaining me with histories of the girls in the neighbourhood. I had always, in my official state, been kept in awe by lace and embroidery; and imagined that to
fright

fright away these unwelcome familiarities, nothing was necessary, but that I should, by splendour of dress, proclaim my reunion with a higher rank. I therefore sent for my taylor ; ordered a suit with twice the usual quantity of lace ; and, that I might not let my persecutors increase their confidence, by the habit of accosting me, staid at home till it was made.

This week of confinement I passed in practising a forbidding frown, a smile of condescension, a slight salutation, and an abrupt departure ; and in four mornings was able to turn upon my heel, with so much levity and sprightliness, that I made no doubt of discouraging all public attempts upon my dignity. I therefore issued forth in my new coat, with a resolution of dazzling intimacy to a fitter distance ; and pleased myself with the timidity and reverence, which I should impress upon all who had hitherto presumed to harass me with their freedoms. But whatever was the cause, I did not find myself received with any new degree of respect ; those whom I intended to drive from me ventured to advance, with their usual phrases of benevolence ; and those whose acquaintance I solicited, grew more supercilious and reserved. I began soon to repent the expence, by which I had procured no advantage,

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and to suspect that a shining dress, like a weighty weapon, has no force in itself, but owes all its efficacy to him that wears it.

Many were the mortifications and calamities which I was condemned to suffer in my initiation to politeness. I was so much tortured by the incessant civilities of my companions, that I never passed through that region of the city but in a chair with the curtains drawn; and at last left my lodgings, and fixed myself in the verge of the court. Here I endeavoured to be thought a gentleman just returned from his travels, and was pleased to have my landlord believe, that I was in some danger from importunate creditors; but this scheme was quickly defeated by a formal deputation sent to offer me, though I had now retired from business, the freedom of my company.

I was now detected in trade, and therefore resolved to stay no longer. I hired another apartment, and changed my servants. Here I lived very happily for three months, and, with secret satisfaction, often overheard the family celebrating the greatness and felicity of the esquire; though the conversation seldom ended without some complaint of my covetousness, or some remark
upon

upon my language, or my gait. I now began to venture into the public walks, and to know the faces of nobles and beauties: but could not observe, without wonder, as I passed by them, how frequently they were talking of a taylor. I longed, however, to be admitted to conversation, and was somewhat weary of walking in crowds without a companion, yet continued to come and go with the rest, till a lady whom I endeavoured to protect in a crowded passage, as she was about to step into her chariot, thanked me for my civility, and told me, that, as she had often distinguished me for my modest and respectful behaviour, whenever I set up for myself, I might expect to see her among my first customers.

Here was an end of all my ambulatory projects. I indeed sometimes entered the walks again, but was always blasted by this destructive lady, whose mischievous generosity recommended me to her acquaintance. Being therefore forced to practise my adscititious character upon another stage, I betook myself to a coffee-house frequented by wits, among whom I learned, in a short time the cant of criticism, and talked so loudly and volubly of nature, and manners, and sentiment, and diction, and similies, and contrasts, and action, and pronunciation, that I was often
desired

desired to lead the hiss and clap, and was feared and hated by the players and poets. Many a sentence have I hissed, which I did not understand, and many a groan have I uttered, when the ladies were weeping in the boxes. At last a malignant Author, whose performance I had persecuted through the nine nights, wrote an epigram upon *Tape* the critic, which drove me from the pit for ever. My desire to be a fine gentleman still continued: I therefore, after a short suspense, chose a new set of friends at the gaming table, and was for some time pleased with the civility and openness with which I found myself treated. I was indeed obliged to play; but being naturally timorous and vigilant, was never surprised into large sums. What might have been the consequence of long familiarity with these plunderers, I had not an opportunity of knowing; for one night the constables entered and seized us, and I was once more compelled to sink into my former condition, by sending for my old master to attest my character. When I was deliberating to what new qualifications I should aspire, I was summoned into the country, by an account of my father's death. Here I had hopes of being able to distinguish myself, and to support the honour of my family. I therefore bought guns and horses, and, contrary to the
 expecta-

expectation of the tenants, increased the salary of the huntsman. But when I entered the field, it was soon discovered, that I was not destined to the glories of the chase. I was afraid of thorns in the thicket, and of dirt in the marsh; I shivered on the brink of a river, while the sportsmen crossed it, and trembled at the sight of a five-bar gate. When the sport and danger were over, I was still equally disconcerted; for I was effeminate, though not delicate, and could only join a feebly whispering voice in the clamours of their triumph.

A fall, by which my ribs were broken, soon recalled me to domestic pleasures, and I exerted all my art to obtain the favour of the neighbouring ladies; but wherever I came, there was always some unlucky conversation upon ribbands, fillets, pins, or thread, which drove all my stock of compliments out of my memory, and overwhelmed me with shame and dejection.

Thus I passed the ten first years after the death of my brother, in which I have learned at last to repress that ambition which I could never gratify; and, instead of wasting more of my life in vain endeavours after accomplishments which, if not early acquired, no endeavours can obtain,

I shall

I shall confine my care to those higher excellencies, which are in every man's power; and though I cannot enchant affection by elegance and ease, hope to secure esteem by honesty and truth.

NO LIFE PLEASING TO GOD,

THAT IS NOT

USEFUL TO MAN.

AN EASTERN STORY.

IN the Persian chronicle of the five hundred and thirteenth year of the Heigyra, it is thus written: It pleased our mighty Sovereign Abbas Carascan, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to set Mirza his servant over the province of Tauris. In the hand of Mirza the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality, and under his administration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich. Mirza, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head. But it was observed, that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffused;

fused ; he became pensive and melancholy ; he spent his leisure in solitude : in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa ; and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground. He applied to the business of state with reluctance, and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward. He, therefore, asked permission to approach the throne of our Sovereign ; and being asked what was his request, he made this reply :

“ May the Lord of the world forgive the slave whom he has honoured, if Mirza presumes again to lay the bounty of Abbas at his feet. Thou hast given me the dominion of a country, fruitful as the gardens of Damascus ; and a city, glorious above all others, except that only which reflects the splendour of thy presence. But the longest life is a period scarce sufficient to prepare for death : all other business is vain and trivial, as the toil of emmets in the path of the traveller, under whose foot they perish for ever ; and all enjoyment is unsubstantial and evanescent, as the colours of the bow that appears in the interval of a storm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for the approach of eternity : let me give up my soul to meditation ; let solitude and silence
acquaint

acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion ; let me forget the world, and by the world be forgotten, 'till the moment arrives in which the veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the bar of the Almighty." Mirza then bowed himself to the earth, and stood silent.

By the command of Abbas, it is recorded, that at these words he trembled upon that throne, at the footstool of which the world pays homage ; he looked round upon his nobles ; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth ; and the King first broke silence, after it had continued near an hour.

" Mirza, terror and doubt are come upon me. I am alarmed, as a man who suddenly perceives that he is near the brink of a precipice, and is urged forward by an irresistible force : but yet I know not whether my danger is a reality or a dream. I am as thou art, a reptile of the earth : my life is a moment ; and eternity, in which days, and years, and ages are nothing, is before me, for which I also should prepare : but by whom then must the faithful be governed ? By those only, who have no fear of judgment ; by those only, whose life is brutal ; because, like brutes, they
do

do not consider that they shall die. Or who indeed are the faithful? Are the busy multitudes that crowd the city in a state of perdition? and is the cell of the Dervise alone the gate of Paradise? To all, the life of a Dervise is not possible: to all, therefore, it cannot be a duty. Depart to the house which has in this city been prepared for thy residence: I will meditate the reason of thy request; and may He, who illuminates the mind of the humble, enable me to determine with wisdom."

Mirza departed; and on the third day, having received no command, he again requested an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the Royal Presence, his countenance appeared more cheerful: he drew a letter from his bosom, and, having kissed it, presented it with his right hand. "My Lord," said he, "I have learned by this letter, which I received from Cosrou the Iman, who now stands before thee, in what manner life may be best improved: I am enabled to look back with pleasure, and forward with hope; and I shall now rejoice still to be the shadow of thy power at Tauris, and to keep those honours which I so lately wished to resign." The King, who had listened to Mirza, with a mixture of surprise and curiosity, immediately

diately gave the letter to Cofrou, and commanded that it should be read. The eyes of the Court were at once turned upon the hoary sage, whose countenance was suffused with an honest blush; and it was not without some hesitation that he read these words: "To Mirza, whom the wisdom of Abbas, our mighty Lord, has honoured with dominion, be everlasting health! when I heard thy purpose to withdraw the blessings of thy Government from the thousands of Tauria, my heart was wounded with the arrow of affliction, and my eyes became dim with sorrow. But who shall speak before the King, when he is troubled? and who shall boast of knowledge, when he is distressed by doubt? To thee I will relate the events of my youth, which thou hast renewed before me; and those truths which they taught me, may the Prophet multiply to thee.

"Under the instruction of the physician Aluazer, I obtained an early knowledge of this art. To those who were smitten with disease I could administer plants, which the sun had impregnated with the spirit of health. But the scenes of pain, langour, and mortality, which were perpetually rising before me, made me often tremble for myself. I saw the grave open at my feet: I determined, therefore, to contemplate only the
regions

regions beyond it, and despise every acquisition which I could not keep. I conceived an opinion, that as there was no merit but in voluntary poverty, and silent meditation, those who desired money were not proper objects of bounty; and that by all who were proper objects of bounty, money was despised. I, therefore, buried mine in the earth, and renouncing society, I wandered into a wild and sequestered part of the country: my dwelling was a cave by the side of a hill; I drank the running water from the spring, and eat such fruits and herbs as I could find. To increase the austerity of my life, I frequently watched all night, sitting at the entrance of the cave, with my face to the east, resigning myself to the secret influences of the Prophet, and expecting illuminations from above.

“ One morning, after my nocturnal vigil, just as I perceived the horizon glow at the approach of the sun, the power of sleep became irresistible, and I sunk under it. I imagined, still sitting at the entrance of my cell, that the dawn increased, and that as I looked earnestly for the first beam of day, a dark spot appeared to intercept it. I perceived that it was in motion: it increased in size as it drew near, and at length I discovered it to be an eagle. I still kept my eye fixed stedfastly upon

upon it, and saw it alight at a small distance, where I now discerned a fox whose two fore-legs appeared to be broken. Before this fox the eagle laid part of a kid, which she had brought in her talons, and then disappeared. When I awaked, I laid my forehead to the ground, and blessed the Prophet for the instruction of the morning. I reviewed my dream, and said thus to myself: Cofrou, thou hast done well to renounce the tumult, the business, and the vanities of life; but thou hast as yet done it only in part: thou art still every day busied in the search of food; thy mind is not wholly at rest, neither is thy trust in providence compleat. What art thou taught by this vision? If thou hast seen an eagle commissioned by heaven to feed a fox that is lame, shall not the hand of heaven also supply thee with food, when that which prevents thee from procuring it for thyself is not necessity, but devotion? I was now so confident of a miraculous supply, that I neglected to walk out for my repast, which after the first day, I expected with an impatience that left me little power of attending to any other object. This impatience, however, I laboured to suppress, and persisted in my resolution; but my eyes at length began to fail me, and my knees smote each other: I threw myself backward, and hoped my weakness would soon increase

increase to insensibility. But I was suddenly roused by the voice of an invisible Being, who pronounced these words: 'Cofrou, I am the Angel who, by the command of the Almighty, have registered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am now commissioned to reprove. While thou wast attempting to become wise above that which is revealed, thy folly has perverted the instruction which was vouchsafed thee. Art thou disabled as the fox? Hast thou not rather the powers of the eagle? Arise, let the eagle be the object of thy emulation. To pain and sickness, be thou again the messenger of ease and health. Virtue is not rest, but action. If thou doest good to man, as an evidence of thy love to God, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine, and that happiness, which is the pledge of Paradise, will be thy reward upon earth.'

" At these words I was not less astonished, than if a mountain had been overturned at my feet. I humbled myself in the dust: I returned to the city; I dug up my treasure; I was liberal, yet I became rich. My skill in restoring health to the body, gave me frequent opportunities of curing the diseases of the soul. I put on the sacred vestments: I grew eminent beyond my merit; and it was the pleasure of the King that
I should

I should stand before him. Now, therefore, be not offended ; I boast of no knowledge that I have not received : as the sands of the desert drink up the drops of rain, or the dew of the morning, so do I also, who am but dust, imbibe the instructions of the Prophet. Believe, then, that it is he who tells thee all knowledge is prophane, which terminates in thyself ; and by a life wasted in speculation, little even of this can be gained. When the gates of Paradise are thrown open before thee, thy mind shall be irradiated in a moment : here thou canst little more than pile error upon error ; there thou shalt build truth upon truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious vision ; and in the mean time emulate the eagle. Much is in thy power, and, therefore, much is expected of thee. Though the Almighty only can give virtue, yet as a Prince, thou mayest stimulate those to beneficence, who act from no higher motive than immediate interest : thou canst not produce the principle, but mayest enforce the practice. The relief of the poor is equal, whether they receive it from ostentation or charity ; and the effect of example is the same, whether it be intended to obtain the favour of God or man. Let thy virtue be thus diffused ; and if thou believest with reverence, thou shalt be accepted above.—Farewell. May the smile of him who resides in the Heaven of
Heavens

Heavens be upon thee! And against thy name, in the Volume of his Will, may happiness be written!"

The King, whose doubts, like those of Mirza, were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the Prince to his government, and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know,—*That no life is pleasing to God, but that which is useful to mankind.*

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

THE Gardens at Pains-Hill, near Cobham, in Surry, in the present possession of Mr. Bond Hopkins, of which so much praise has been justly given, bring to our recollection an anecdote of the late owner, Mr. Hamilton. He advertised for a person who was willing to become the hermit of that retreat, under the following among many other curious conditions; that he was to dwell in the hermitage for seven years; where he should be provided with a bible, optical glasses, a mat for his bed, and a hassock for his pillow, an hour-glass for his time-piece, water for his beverage

beverage from the stream that runs at the back of his cot, and food from the house, which was to be brought him daily by a servant, but with whom he was never to exchange one syllable; he was to wear a camblet robe, never to cut his beard or his nails, to tread on sandals, never to stray in the open parts of the ground, nor beyond their limits; that if he lived there under all these restrictions till the end of the term, he was to receive 700 guineas; but on the breach of any one of them, or if he quitted his place *any time* previous to that term, the whole was to be forfeited, and all his loss of time remediless. One person attempted it, but three weeks was the extent of his abode.

TENDERNESS TO MOTHERS.

MARK that parent hen! said a father to his beloved son. With what anxious care does she call together her offspring, and cover them with her expanded wings! The kite is hovering in the air, and, disappointed of his prey, may perhaps dart upon the hen herself, and bear her off in his talons!

Does not this sight suggest to you the tenderness and affection of your mother? Her watchful
care

care protected you in the helpless period of infancy, when she nourished you with her milk, taught your limbs to move, and your tongue to lift its unformed accents. In childhood she has mourned over your little griefs ; has rejoiced in your innocent delights ; has administered to you the healing balm in sickness ; and has instilled into your mind the love of truth, of virtue, and of wisdom. Oh ! cherish every sentiment of respect for such a mother. She merits your warmest gratitude, esteem, and veneration.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK,

AT THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE, 1747.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal *Shakespeare* rose ;
Each change of many colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new :
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain.

G g

His

His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd, -
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Johnson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach, essay'd the heart :
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays ;
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Johnson's art, or Shakespeare's
flame.
Themselves they studied ; as they felt, they writ :
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.

Vice always found a sympathetic friend ;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong ;
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long :
Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.

Then

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd ;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd whilst passion slept ;
Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd tho' nature fled.
But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit ;
Exulting folly hail'd the joyous day,
And pantomime and song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage ?
Perhaps if skill could distant times explore,
New Bens, new Durseys, yet remain in store.
Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,
On flying cars new forcerers may ride ;
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot that here by fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste ;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chafe the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah ! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice ;
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die ;
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of rescu'd nature, and reviving sense ;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and salutary woe ;
Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,
And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

THE FOLLY AND ODIOSNESS OF AFFECTATION.

LUCY, Emilia, and Sophronia, seated on a bank of daisies near a purling stream, were listening to the music of a neighbouring grove. The sun glided, with his setting beams through the western sky, gentle zephyrs breathed around ; and the feathered songsters seemed to vie with each other in their evening notes of gratitude and praise. Delighted with the artless melody of the linnet, the goldfinch, the woodlark, and the thrush, they were all ear, and observed not a peacock which had strayed from a distant farm, and was approaching them with a majestic pace and expanded plumage. The harmony of the concert
was

was soon interrupted by the loud and harsh cries of this stately bird ; which, though chased away by Emilia, continued his vociferations with the confidence that conscious beauty too often inspires.—Does this foolish bird (said Lucy) fancy that he is qualified to sing, because he is furnished with a spreading tail, ornamented with the richest colours?—I know not (replied Sophronia) whether the peacock be capable of such a reflection ; but I hope that you and Emilia will always avoid the display of whatever is inconsistent with your sex, your station, or your character. Shun affectation in all its odious forms ; assume no borrowed airs ; and be content to please, to shine, or to be useful in the way which nature points out, and which reason approves.

ON THE

UNCERTAINTY OF HUMAN LIFE.

EVERY day furnishes me with some observation or other of the vanity and instability of human affairs. In the busy world I see the several different pursuits ; some for wealth, some for

for pleasure, some for honour, and all for happiness: but the pursuers missing the last, as not attainable here, the rest avail them little, if obtained, the possession being in no degree equal to the high ideas they had raised, and the things themselves of so short and uncertain duration, that it extremely lessens the value.

See Dorimon dead in the vigour of youth, master of an uncommon understanding, and possessed of an almost unbounded affluence of wealth. Is it long since he purchased an estate; which would have befitted the highest titles? Yet the price seemed to make but a small diminution in his vast heap of riches.

Daily would he communicate to his acquaintance his great designs! The principal architects were employed in making plans and elevations for his intended structure, that it might, if possible, exceed every thing that had been before exhibited. The most skilful artists stretched their utmost capacities to make his gardens exceed those of Alcinous, Cyrus, or the famed Hesperian!

“ Here,” (says he) “ shall rise the main structure; the soil is healthy, the prospect enchanting; look round, and tell me, do you find its equal?
Through

Through yonder vale see rivers gliding in serpentine meanders, more beautiful than fiction: observe the neighbouring woods attend to the delight of the harmonious choristers of the air! How justly distant are those mountains, to afford the eye delight! Yonder town, rising on the side to the top of the hill, enriched with turrets, spires, and pleasant villas, seem as designed to terminate my view from the grand terrace! See on the right; there shall arise a temple, formed from designs of Grecian and Roman architects: from thence I shall view the vast extents of rich enclosures, covered with fruitful crops of corn, waving their heads, as sporting with the winds.

“Walk on to yonder spot, for there I'll place a Japanese pavillion, curious as shall be found in Jeddo's royal gardens; and on that eminence, beyond, shall be a grove of variegated eastern plane-trees, whose various shades and tints shall not be imitated by the most skilful painter: in the midst shall arise an observatory, furnished with the choicest instruments, to view the course of the heavenly luminaries, and there I will adore, with sincerest heart, their and my own Great Maker: there will I contemplate, notwithstanding the boasted knowledge of mankind in all ages, how little it is they know, how much opinion rules.

rules, how custom prevails, and how education's strong root is difficult to be eradicated, even by the utmost strength of reason.

“ Next I will enquire how reason seems to operate differently in different minds. This is a large field, and has many ways, all intricate. Should I look back as far as Pythagoras, Plato, and Socrates, and bring them down to Des Cartes, to Locke, and Newton, I should say, these seemed indeed (if I may say it) to do much honour to the human species; yet, as to absolute certainty, where shall we find it? Only in God. Him we can, indeed, in no sort comprehend; but we see enough of his works to call forth our utmost adoration.

“ Now (continues the short-sighted, alas! the mortal sage,) I will present you with my favourite design. On yonder pleasant spot of ground I will erect an edifice for a yet unthought-of charity for those who can sooner die than ask, I mean for those whom merit hath concealed; those whom the love of arts and knowledge have hindered from the pursuits of wealth, there they shall find an asylum from want; there shall they have wherewith to pursue their different studies; thither shall I often retire, and, by their conversation,
be

be well repaid for their temporate repasts; for none but Temperance, Knowledge, and real Merit, shall ever enter there.

“ Thus shall I avoid flattery, and improve my understanding. The grey heads I there support, I shall revere more than the most famed bustoes made by Grecian artists of Parian marble, of Egyptian granite, or of the adamantine porphyry. A library shall be placed adjoining, with well-chosen books, and only such.

“ On the other side shall be a laboratory: perhaps there may be found a Homberg, now in rags. A garden for choice plants shall be behind: perhaps another ray may offer. However, I shall always love the study, as I do every thing that exalts my ideas of that infinite, that Great Creator of all things: nor will I forget a repository for such natural curiosities as I may procure; such as are not to be got, drawings must supply the place of. A pleasant room shall be prepared for those, should any such repair to it, skilled in the noble Graphic art; there they shall work when fancy leads, and know 'tis not for sale, 'tis not for bread.

H h

“ Some

“ Some things I have yet to add,” continued he ; “ but now I shall only mention this : as you see who are to inhabit my house, and to be my companions, you shall know they will be free and happy : think not I intend to mark them with a badge, or pompous gown : wise men love decency, and nothing more ; and what becomes their years, will always please them ; and therefore no uniform shall be observed.

“ One difficulty I own I cannot but foresee. As I intend to settle lands sufficient in perpetuity to maintain this edifice, how I shall bequeath it, that my design may not be defeated ; for in what I have hitherto seen of this kind, the donor’s intention hath been eluded. A servant, a discarded footman, has been placed where gentlemen only had a right, and made to mix among them. While I live, all will be secure from this ; but whom after myself shall I appoint ? Among my large acquaintance indeed, at present, I could fix on two or three ; but there must be a succession, and, if it but once falls into bad hands, my design is frustrated. I own, this will be my great perplexity. Even in those establishments where great persons are concerned, ’tis not he who most deserves, ’tis not so much whom the donor seemed to intend, as he who has most interest. Have I
not

...ent or a woman, which gave him the majority.
...e seen schools changed from the donor's de-
...to make them fit for the master's, and be-
...; tortured into oppressions. 'Tis interest doth
is, and more."

us had designed, thus talked Dorimon; Do-
..., who is no more!

ANECDOTE

OF AN

HONEST STOCK BROKER.

ME time since a countryman, having a le-
gacy left him, was advised by an acquaintance
... into the stock-jobbing business, offering

friend to recommend him to some person acquainted with the public funds; accordingly Mr. L—— was named. The countryman in a few days, repaired to town, and on enquiry at the Bank, was introduced to the honest Broker; when, after telling him his tale, Mr. L—— asked the sum he was in possession of. The countryman replied, “five thousand pounds.” “What business have you followed?” He answered, “farming.” “Then” (says he) “go on Monday next to Smithfield, and buy pigs with it.” “Pigs! pigs!” replied the countryman, “Lord, Sir, I never dealt in pigs.” “Then,” says the Broker, “let this be the first time, for there you will be sure of a *squeak* for your money, but I’ll be d—d if you have even that here.”

THE
VIRTUOUS COURTIER,

AN EASTERN TALE.

THE Caliph Mahadi, of the race of the Abassides, was a lover of letters, and of pleasures. Jacob was his favourite courtier, who, like

like his master, had a taste for the fine arts. Jacobung delightedly, and possessed an uncommon share of vivacity and genius. When the Prince gave an entertainment, he could not enjoy it without Jacobung's musical voice, and the bright sallies of his wit. He would often even admit him into his Harem. For the Caliphs were not then so subject to jealousy as the Oriental Princes were afterwards; a passion which has been ever increasing among the Mussulmen.

One day Jacobung, having dined with his Sovereign, mounted his horse to return home: he fell, and broke his leg. The Caliph, being informed of this accident, expressed so much grief on the occasion, and was so assiduous and anxious for the recovery of his friend, that he raised the jealousy of all those who had not the good fortune, like Jacobung, to please their master. Many of them determined to attempt the ruin of his favourite. They concerted measures to excite suspicions against him in the mind of the Prince. While Jacobung's leg was healing, he lost the favour and confidence of his master; for at Court, more than any other place, the absent are always in the wrong.

The

The Caliph had received several informations that Jacoub did secret services for the family of the Alides, his rivals and enemies. When his old favourite was recovered, instead of betraying the least suspicion of him, he affected to give him fresh testimonies of his confidence. Having one day taken him apart, he thus accosted him : " Jacoub, I must own my weakness to you. I detest and I dread Mehemet, of the family of the Alides : I never durst venture to banish him from Bagdad. I must get rid of him."

The favourite represented to his master, that Mehemet, a man without friends, and without credit, was rather an object of pity than revenge.

" No matter," replied the Caliph, " his existence disturbs me, and I must sacrifice it to my safety. I dare not bring him to a public execution ; that would raise too strong a compassion for his fate. The care of ridding me of him I trust to you. I have him here ; I shall put him into your hands. Consider that the peace of your master's mind depends on you : but so important a service must not want its recompence. I give you the fair slave who supped with us yesterday, and who seemed to please you ; and to that present I add twenty thousand pieces of gold."

Jacoub

Jacoub answered in terms of gratitude, as he found farther remonstrances would be vain. The Caliph immediately gave orders that the slave, with the unhappy victim of royal jealousy, should be delivered to him; and that the money, the price of the blood he was to shed, should be paid him.

Jacoub, more anxious for Mehemet than pleased with the possession of the beautiful slave, conducted them to his palace. He had scarce entered it, when Mehemet, who strongly suspected the Caliph's intention, fell at the feet of him, who he concluded was to be his executioner.

“Do not imagine,” said Jacoub to him, “that my master has any design upon your life: and it would be still weaker in you to imagine that he could have so far mistaken me as to chuse me for the instrument of your death. It is true, your high spirit, and your pretensions, give him uneasiness. You must swear to me by the soul of the Prophet, and by that of the respectable Ali, from whom you are descended, that you will never think of dethroning Mahadi, nor of forming a party against him.”

Mehemet

Mehemet, happy to come off so easily, took the oath required of him. "I must exact another condition of you," added Jacoub, "that you never appear again at Bagdad: but, as you must have something to support you, my master makes you a present of this sum." He then gave him the twenty thousand pieces of gold which he had received.

The manner in which he had conducted this affair was soon known to the Caliph; for the fair slave, so generously given up to him, was only a spy set over his actions by the jealous Mahadi. The exasperated Caliph sent for the pretended traitor: "How have you acquitted yourself" (said he to him in a rage) "of the commission with which I charged you?" Jacoub was going to answer him with the fidelity of a subject, with the frankness of a friend. But the Prince interrupted him: "Wretch, thou hast let my victim escape!" "I own I have," (replied Jacoub) "It was my duty to save you from the commission of a crime, of which you were for making me the accomplice; not to be the tool of your suspicion and your cruelty. Providence made you our Sovereign to protect the weak; and you have no more right than the meanest of your subjects capriciously to take away the life of any man. It is your province

vince to punish the guilty, not to shed the blood of the innocent.

The Prince, struck with the courage of Jacoub, and the force of his words, took him again, from that moment, into favour. " I only thought you," (said he) " an agreeable Courtier: I now find you a true friend, and a generous and magnanimous man: you have preferred the protection of innocence to your interest; and you have told me salutary truth, at the hazard of your life: your honest admonition hath illuminated my mind. Henceforth I will circumscribe my unlimited power by the laws of conscience and reason. My jealousy or resentment shall never again invade the unalienable rights of mankind. I shall not, however, hesitate to inflict a severe punishment upon those who, for the future, shall misrepresent you to me. I have had a most convincing proof of your disinterested loyalty and integrity; your enemies must be my enemies; the enemies of good government and virtue."

THE LATE UNFORTUNATE
QUEEN OF FRANCE,

SOME years ago having resolved to make every possible retrenchment in her expences, gave up her boxes at the theatre François, and the Theatre Italien.

As soon as her Majesty's resolution on this head was known, the common council of the city of Paris went up with an address to her, to express the concern with which they had heard it, and to intreat her Majesty to retain her boxes at both these theatres.

Her Majesty's answer was, " That at a time when almost every subject in the kingdom was making some sacrifice to the necessities of the state, it would ill become her not to follow an example which she ought to set ; and there was no sacrifice which ought to be made more readily than that of mere amusement, the sums expended upon which, might be so much better employed in relieving the distresses of the poor."

Two days before the address was carried up, her Majesty had sent for all the ladies who formed
a so-

a society in Paris, known by the name of "*the society of maternal charity*;" the object of which was the practice of those acts of beneficence and liberality, which more peculiarly belong to the sex.

Mrs. Necker, who was one of the members, waited upon her Majesty with the other ladies, in consequence of the royal message.

Her Majesty was so condescending as to desire that they might all be *seated in her presence*. They were forty in number, and not confined to the higher classes in life. Several of them of course were not known to her Majesty. She took down the names of these: she then said, that the institution of so benevolent a society did great honour to their feelings; and it would afford her singular satisfaction, if she could be instrumental in forwarding their humane and charitable wishes. She requested, therefore, that they would apply to her as often as they wanted assistance to relieve the many objects of charity which they should discover.

All the ladies went away charmed with the amiable condescension and generous offers of her Majesty.

AD-

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

WHILE Thee I seek, protecting power !
Be my vain wishes still'd ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

Thy love the powers of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd—
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear,
Thy ruling hand I see ;
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because confirm'd by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill :
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My

(245)

My lifted eye without a tear,
The low'ring storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear—
That heart will rest on thee !

ADVICE

TO THOSE ENTERING THE WORLD.

THINK what thou art, and what thou soon
shalt be !
Then ask the worth of pride and perfidy.
Weigh virtue well, her excellency try,
Inspect the heart—nor trust the erring eye.
Let Reason guide thee—Wisdom make thy friend,
An honest life will have an happy end.
Three things there are, on which we all may trust !
Love God : respect thyself : Be to thy neighbour
just.

ACUTE-

ACUTENESS IN REPLICATION.

THIS has ever been allowed a happiness peculiar to the female sex, particularly on subjects wherein they are in some degree conversant : for their imaginations generally keep pace with the narration, that they anticipate its end, and are ready to deliver their sentiments on it as soon as it is finished, while some of the male hearers, whose minds were buried in settling the propriety, comparing the circumstances, and examining the consistencies of what was said, are obliged to pause and discriminate before they think of answering.

Indeed a man of reflection, if he does not keep an intimate commerce with the world, will be sometimes so entangled in the intricacies of intense thought, that he will have the appearance of a confused and perplexed expression, while a sprightly woman will extricate herself with that lively and *rash dexterity* which will almost always please, though it is very far from being always right.

It is easier to confound than convince an opponent ; the former may be effected by a turn that
has

has more happiness than truth in it, but a young lady's vanity should not be too much elated with this false applause, which is given, not to her merit, but her sex: she has not perhaps gained a victory, though she may be allowed a triumph; and it should humble her to reflect, that the tribute is paid not to her strength, but her weakness. It is worth while to discriminate between the applause, which is given, from the compliance of others, and that which is paid to our own merit.

ON THE
DEATH OF A CHILD.

CRUSH'D by th' unsparing hand of cruel
Death,

Lies the sweet victim of a summer's age;
Softly it sigh'd away its little breath,
And look'd regardless of the Tyrant's rage.

So by the baneful blast of Eurus shorn,
Some *infant* flow'ret droops its tender head;
In vain the *parent* tears of vernal morn,
Bedew its charms—when all those charms are
fled.

REFLEC-

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

MANNER IN WHICH PEOPLE OF FORTUNE
SPEND THIER TIME.

IF a modern lady of fashion was to be called to account for the disposition of her time, I imagine her defence would run in this stile : “ I can’t, you know, be out of the world, nor act indifferently from every body in it. The hours are every where late—consequently I rise late. I have scarce breakfasted before morning visits begin—or ’tis time to go to an auction, or a concert—or to take a little exercise for my health. Dressing my hair is a long operation—but one can’t appear with a head unlike every body else. One must sometimes go to a play, or an opera ; though I own it hurries one to death. Then what with necessary visits—the perpetual engagements to card-parties at private houses—and attendance on the public assemblies, to which all people of fashion subscribe, the evenings you see are fully disposed of. What time then can I possibly have for what you call domestic duties?—You talk of the offices and enjoyment of friendship—alas! I
have

have no hours left for friends ! I must see them in a crowd, or not at all. As to cultivating the friendship of my husband, we are very civil when we meet ; but we are both too much engaged to spend much time with each other. With regard to my daughters, I have given them a French governess, and proper masters—I can do no more for them. You tell me I should instruct my servants—but I have not time to inform myself, much less can I undertake any thing of that sort for them, or even be able to guess what they do with themselves the greatest part of the twenty-four hours. I go to church, if possible, once on a Sunday, and then some of my servants attend me ; and if they will not mind what the preacher says, how can I help it ?—The management of our fortune, as far as I am concerned, I must leave to the steward and housekeeper ; for I find I can barely snatch a quarter of an hour, just to look over the bill of fare when I am to have company, that they may not send up any thing frightful or old fashioned.

“ As to the Christian duty of charity, I assure you I am not ill-natured ; and (considering that the great expence of being always dressed for company, with losses at cards, subscriptions, and public spectacles, leave me very little to dispose

K k

of.)

of,) I am ready enough to give my money when I meet with a miserable object. You say I should enquire out such, inform myself thoroughly of their cases, make an acquaintance with the poor of my neighbourhood in the country, and plan out the best methods of relieving the unfortunate, and assisting the industrious. But this supposes much more time, and much more money, than I have to bestow.—I have had hopes indeed that my summers would have afforded me more leisure: but we stay pretty late in town; then we generally pass several weeks at one or other of the water-drinking places, where every moment is spent in public; and for the few months in which we reside at our own seat, our house is always full, with a succession of company, to whose amusement one is obliged to dedicate every hour of the day.”

So here ends the account of that time which was given you to prepare and educate yourself for eternity!—Yet you believe the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards and punishments. Ask your own heart what rewards you deserve—or what kind of felicity you are fitted to enjoy?—Which of those faculties or affections, which Heaven can be supposed to gratify, have you cultivated and improved?—If, in that
eternal

eternal world, the stores of knowledge should be laid open before you, have you preserved that thirst of knowledge, or that taste for truth, which is now to be indulged with endless information?—If, in the society of Saints and Angels, the purest benevolence and most cordial love is to constitute your happiness, where is the heart that should enjoy this delightful intercourse of affection?—Has your's been exercised and refined to a proper capacity of it during your state of discipline, by the energies of generous friendship, by the meltings of parental fondness, or by that union of heart and soul, that mixed exertion of perfect friendship and ineffable tenderness, which approaches nearest to the full satisfaction of our nature, in the bands of conjugal love?—Alas! you scarce knew you had a heart, except when you felt it swell with pride, or flutter with vanity.—Have your piety and gratitude to the source of all good been exercised and strengthened by constant acts of praise and thanksgiving? Was it nourished by frequent meditation, and silent recollection of all the wonders he hath done for us, till it burst forth in fervent prayer?—I fear it was rather decency, than devotion, that carried you once a week to the place of public worship—and, for the rest of the week, your thoughts and time were so very differently filled up, that the idea of
a Ruler

a Ruler of the universe could occur but seldom, and then rather as an object of terror ; than of hope and joy.

How then shall a soul so dead to divine love, so lost to all but the most childish pursuits, be able to exalt and enlarge itself to a capacity of that bliss which we are allowed to hope for, in a more intimate perception of the divine presence, in contemplating more nearly the perfections of our Creator, and in pouring out before his throne our ardent gratitude, love, and adoration?—What kind of training is the life you have passed through for such an immortality ?

ON THE CONNECTION

BETWEEN

THE BODY AND THE SOUL.

THERE is so close a connection between the body and the soul, that whatever one enjoys or suffers, the other partakes of. Now the body is as much a part of our nature, as the soul ; our appetites and passions, as our reason : therefore, whatever gives the body its proper tone or vigour,

vigour, that is, whatever is most likely to smooth and harmonize the passions, and hinder them from preying upon themselves or others, must at the same time bid fairest for regulating the powers of the understanding, and give them likewise their due force and energy. Temperate gratification, therefore, as they are highly conclusive to these ends, must, of consequence, promote, rather than disturb the harmony of virtue in that, by contributing to (or rather being) the health of the body, they corroborate the powers of the mind, and keep the passions in good humour, which would otherwise contract sourness and morosity, and create a perpetual war within. Take away the passions entirely, and, in effect, you take away virtue and vice; invert their order or course, and you turn every thing topsy-turvy; but under regulations, and allowed their proper influence, they come in for a considerable share of the harmony, and render the balance on virtue's side more strong, complete, and full.

AN ANECDOTE.

AN old country fellow, who was married to a termagant, going one Sunday to church, heard the minister preach from the following words:

words: "Take up your cross and follow me." Dobson was extremely attentive to the discourse; and as soon as church was done, went home, and taking his wife on his back by force, ran as fast as he was able after the parson, who seeing how the fellow was laden, asked him the reason. "Why, what a plague (cries Dobson) has your Reverence forgot already? Did not your Worship bid us take up our cross and follow you? and I am sure this is the greatest cross that I have in the world, an' please ye."

EXTRACT FROM DR. JOHNSON'S SERMON

ON THE

DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

TO Christians the celebration of a funeral is by no means a solemnity of barren and unavailing sorrow, but established by the Church for other purposes.

FIRST, for the consolation of sorrow. SE-
CONDLY, for the enforcement of piety. The
mournful solemnity of the burial of the dead is
instituted, first, for the consolation of that grief
to

to which the best minds, if not supported and regulated by religion, are most liable. They who most endeavour the happiness of others, who devote their thoughts to tenderness and pity, and studiously maintain the reciprocation of kindness, by degrees mingle their souls in such a manner, as to feel, from separation, a total destitution of happiness, a sudden abruption of all their prospects, a cessation of all their hopes, schemes, and desires. The whole mind becomes a gloomy vacuity, without any image or form of pleasure, a chaos of confused wishes, directed to no particular end, or to that which, while we wish, we cannot hope to obtain; for the dead will not revive; those whom God has called away from the present state of existence, can be seen no more in it; we must go to them; but they cannot return to us.

Yet, to shew that grief is vain, is to afford very little comfort; yet this is all that reason can afford; but religion, our only friend in the moment of distress, in the moment when the help of man is vain, when fortitude and cowardice sink down together, and the sage and the virgin mingle their lamentations; religion will inform us, that sorrow and complaint are not only vain, but unreasonable and erroneous. The voice of God,
speaking

speaking by his son, and his Apostles, will instruct us, that she whose departure we now mourn, is not dead, but sleepeth : that only her body is committed to the ground, but that the soul is returned to God, who gave it ; that God, who is infinitely merciful ; who hateth nothing that he has made, who desireth not the death of a sinner ; to that God, who only can compare performance with ability, who alone knows how far the heart has been pure, or corrupted, how inadvertency has surpris'd, fear has betrayed, or weakness has impeded ; to that God who marks every aspiration after a better state, who hears the prayer which the voice cannot utter ; records the purpose that perished without opportunity of action, the wish that vanished away without attainment, who is always ready to receive the penitent, to whom sincere contrition is never too late, and who will accept the tears of a returning sinner.

Such are the reflections to which we are called by the voice of truth ; and from these we shall find that comfort which philosophy cannot supply, and that peace which the world cannot give. The contemplation of the mercy of God may justly afford some consolation, even when the office of burial is performed to those who have been snatched away without visible amendment of their lives ;

lives ; for who shall presume to determine the state of departed souls, to lay open what God hath concealed, and to search the counsels of the Most Highest ?—but with more confident hope of pardon and acceptance, may we commit those to the receptacles of mortality, who have lived without any open or enormous crimes ; who have endeavoured to propitiate God by repentance, and have died at last with hope and resignation. Among these she may surely be remembered whom we have followed hither to the tomb, to pay her the last honours, and to resign her to the grave ; she whom many who now hear me have known, and whom none who were capable of distinguishing either moral or intellectual excellence could know, without esteem or tenderness. To praise the extent of her knowledge, the acuteness of her wit, the accuracy of her judgment, the force of her sentiments, or the elegance of her expression, would ill suit with the occasion.

Let us therefore preserve her memory for no other end but to imitate her virtues, and let us add her example to the motives to piety which this solemnity was, *secondly* instituted to enforce.

It would not indeed be reasonable to expect, did we not know the inattention and perverseness

likewise are hastening to their end, and must soon, by others equally negligent, be buried and forgotten! Let all remember, that the day of man is short, and that the day of grace may be much shorter; that this may be the last warning which God will grant us, and that, perhaps, he who looks on this grave unalarmed, may sink unreformed into his own!

Let it, therefore, be our care, when we retire from this solemnity, that we immediately turn from our wickedness, and do that which is lawful and right; that, whenever disease or violence shall dissolve our bodies, our souls may be saved alive, and received into everlasting habitations.

THE
IMPOTENCE OF WEALTH.

THE VISIT OF SEROTINUS TO THE PLACE OF
HIS NATIVITY.

THE writers who have undertaken the unpromising task of moderating desire, exert all the power of their eloquence, to shew that
happiness

happinefs is not the lot of man, and have by many arguments and examples proved the instability of every condition by which envy or ambition are excited. They have fet before our eyes all the calamities to which we are expofed from the frailty of nature, the influence of accident, or the stratagems of malice ; they have terrified greatness with conspiracies, and riches with anxieties, wit with criticism, and beauty with difeafe.

All the force of reason, and all the charms of language, are indeed neceffary to fupport pofitions which every man hears with a wifh to confute them. Truth finds an eafy entrance into the mind when fhe is introduced by defire, and attended by pleafure ; but when fhe intrudes uncalled, and brings only fear and forrow in her train, the paffes of the intellect are barred againft her by prejudice and paffion ; if fhe fometimes forces her way by the batteries of argument, fhe feldom long keeps poffeffion of her conquelts, but is ejectioned by fome favoured enemy, or at beft obtains only a nominal fovereignty without influence and without authority.

That life is fhort we are all convinced, and yet fuffer not that conviction to reprefs our projects or limit our expectations ; that life is miserable we
all

all feel, and yet we believe that the time is near when we shall feel it no longer. But to hope happiness and immortality is equally vain. Our state may indeed be more or less embittered, as our duration may be more or less contracted; yet the utmost felicity which we can ever attain will be little better than alleviation of misery, and we shall always feel more pain from our wants than pleasure from our enjoyments. The incident which I am going to relate will shew, that to destroy the effect of all our success, it is not necessary that any signal calamity should fall upon us, that we should be harassed by implacable persecution, or excruciated by irremediable pains; the brightest hours of prosperity have their clouds, and the stream of life, if it is not ruffled by obstructions, will grow putrid by stagnation.

My father resolving not to imitate the folly of his ancestors, who had hitherto left the younger sons incumbrances on the eldest, destined me to a lucrative profession; and I being careful to lose no opportunity of improvement, was, at the usual time in which young men enter the world, well qualified for exercise of the business which I had chosen.

My

My eagerness to distinguish myself in public, and my impatience of the narrow scheme of life to which my indigence confined me, did not suffer me to continue long in the town where I was born ; I went away as from a place of confinement, with a resolution to return no more, till I should be able to dazzle with my splendour those who now looked upon me with contempt, to reward those who had paid honours to my dawning merit, and to show all who had suffered me to glide by them unknown and neglected, how much they mistook their interest in omitting to propitiate a genius like mine.

Such were my intentions when I sallied forth into the unknown world, in quest of riches and honours, which I expected to procure in a very short time ; for what could withhold them from industry and knowledge ? He that indulges hope will always be disappointed. Reputation I very soon obtained ; but as merit is much more cheaply acknowledged than rewarded, I did not find myself yet enriched in proportion to my celebrity.

had however in time surmounted the obstacles which envy and competition obstruct the first attempts of a new claimant, and saw my opposers and censurers tacitly confessing their despair
of

of success, by courting my friendship and yielding to my influence. They who once pursued me, were now satisfied to escape from me; and they who had before thought me presumptuous in hoping to overtake them, had now their utmost wish, if they were permitted at no great distance quietly to follow me.

My wants were not madly multiplied as my acquisitions increased, and the time came at length, when I thought myself enabled to gratify all reasonable desires, and when therefore, I resolved to enjoy that plenty and serenity which I had been hitherto labouring to procure, to enjoy them while I was yet neither crushed by age into infirmity, nor so habituated to a particular manner of life as to be unqualified for new studies and entertainments.

I now quitted my profession, to set myself at once free from all importunities to resume it, changed my residence, and devoted the remaining part of my time to quiet and amusement. Amidst innumerable projects of pleasure which restless idleness incited me to form, and of which most, when they came to the moment of execution, were rejected for others of no longer continuance, some accident revived in my imagination the

the pleasing ideas of my native place. It was now in my power to visit those from whom I had been so long absent, in such a manner as was consistent with my former resolution, and I wondered how it could happen that I had so long delayed my own happiness. Full of the admiration which I should excite, and the homage which I should receive, I dressed my servants in a more ostentatious livery, purchased a magnificent chariot, and resolved to dazzle the inhabitants of the little town with the unexpected blaze of greatness.

While the preparations that vanity required were made for my departure, which, as workmen will not easily be hurried beyond their ordinary rate, I soled my impatience with imagining the various censures that my appearance would produce, the hopes which some would feel from my bounty, the terror which my power would strike on others; the awkward respect with which I should be accosted by timorous officiousness; and the distant reverence with which others, less familiar to splendour and dignity, would be contended to gaze upon me. I deliberated a long time, whether I should immediately descend to a level with my former acquaintances, or make my condescension more grateful by a gentle

M m

transition

transition from haughtiness and reserve. At length I determined to forget some of my companions till they discovered themselves by some indubitable token, and to receive the congratulations of others upon my good fortune with indifference, to shew that I always expected what I had now obtained. The acclamations of the populace I purposed to reward with six hogshheads of ale, and a roasted ox, and then recommend to them to return to work.

At last all the trappings of grandeur were fitted, and I began the journey of triumph, which I could have wished to have ended in the same moment ; but my horses felt none of their master's ardour, and I was shaken four days upon rugged roads. I then entered the town and having graciously let fall the glassess, that my person might be seen, passed slowly through the street. The noise of the wheels brought the inhabitants to their doors, but I could not perceive that I was known by them. At last I alighted, and my name, I suppose, was told by my servants, for the barber stept from the opposite house, and seized me by the hand with honest joy in his countenance, which, according to the rule that I had perscribed to myself, I repressed with a frigid graciousness. The fellow, instead of sinking
into

into dejection, turned away with contempt, and left me to consider how the second salutation should be received. The next friend was better treated, for I soon found that I must purchase by civility that regard which I had expected to enforce by influence.

There was yet no smoke of bonfires, no harmony of bells, no shout of crowds, nor riot of joy ; the business of the day went forward as before, and after having ordered a splendid supper, which no man came to partake, and which my chagrin hindered me from tasting, I went to bed, where the vexation of disappointment overpowered the fatigue of my journey, and kept me from sleep.

I rose so much humbled by those mortifications, to inquire after the present state of the town, and found that I had been absent too long to obtain the triumph which had flattered my expectation. Of the friends whose compliments I expected, some had long ago moved to distant provinces, some had lost in the maladies of age sense of another's prosperity, and some had forgotten our former intimacy amidst care and distresses. Of three whom I had resolved to punish for their former offences by a long continuance

tinuance of neglect, one was, by his own industry, raised above my scorn, and two were sheltered from it in the grave. All those whom I loved, feared, or hated, all whose envy, or whose kindness I had hope of contemplating with pleasure, were swept away, and their place was filled by a new generation, with other views and other competitions; and among many proofs of the impotence of wealth, I found that it conferred upon me very few distinctions in my native place

SATISFACTION OF THE MIND.

MY Mind to me a kingdom is ;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That God or nature hath assign'd.
Tho' much I want, that most wou'd have,
Yet still my Mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay ;
I seek no more than may suffice :
I press to bear no haughty sway,
For what I lack my Mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a King,
Content with what my Mind doth bring.

I see

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall ;
I see that such as sit aloft,
Misshap doth threaten most of all.
These get with toil, and keep with fear ;
Such cares my Mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, nor wealthy store,
No force to win a victory ;
No wily wit to falve a fore,
No shape to win a lover's eye :
To none of these I yield as thrall ;
For why ? my Mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave ;
I little have, yet seek no more :
They are but poor, tho' much they have,
And I am rich with little store :
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
They lack, I lend ; they pine and grieve.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain ;
No worldly wave my mind can tofs,
I brook what is another's bane :
I fear no foe, nor frown on friend ;
I loath not life, nor dread mine end.

My

My wealth is health, and perfect ease ;
My conscience clear, my chief defence :
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence.
Thus do I live, thus will I die ;
Would all did do so well as I.

*The following beautiful LINES, addressed to DR.
WARNER, on his leaving LONDON, and more
serious Business, tempted by the Hospitalities of
MATSON, the Seat of G. SELWYN, Esq. were
written by W. HAYLEY, Esq.*

AH! slippery Monk! to leave thy book and
bell,
Put out thy candle, and desert thy cell!
Yet reverend fugitive, unlicenc'd roam,
Since strong temptations urg'd thee from thy home.
While rich October gives to groves of gold
Graces, that make the charms of May look cold :
The gloom of London who would fail to quit
For hills enliven'd by thy SELWYN's wit?
Wit—that in harmony with Autumn's scene,
Strikes, like October air, benignly keen,
Brings distant objects gaily to our view,
And shews us Nature in her sweetest hue!

THE

THE WARNING.

LL you who leap religion's sacred fence,
And hunt the ignoble chase of lust and sense;
Whose impious breasts some hellish fiend inspires!
Whose tongues, and eyes, confess adult'rous fires;
Who drown your wretched souls in floods of wine,
And to the beast the nobler man resign;
Who with loud oaths and curses rend the sky,
And dare th' Almighty's dread authority:
With the earnest speed your darling vice forego,
Which else will prove your certain overthrow.
Since heaven's awful King is just and pure,
You must the lashes of his wrath endure;
But ere 'tis long, to your confusion find,
That God, tho' injur'd, is not deaf nor blind.

AN EGYPTIAN ANECDOTE.

WHEN *Pharaoh* king of Egypt had prayed
to God to cause the Nile to flow, to appease
the murmurings of the people, it flowed
accordingly, and he took the glory of the event
to

to himself. On his return to his castle, *Gabriel* met him in the way, under the disguise of a shepherd, and laying hold of the bridle of his horse, said to him, "Great king, do me justice against my servant." "What has thy servant done to thee?" (said Pharaoh). "I have a servant, (replied *Gabriel*) to whom I have been liberal of my favours and kindneses, and yet persecutes me, and those I love, and obliges those I hate: he is rebellious, and disobeys my commands; he acknowledges not the good I have done him, nay he is so far forgetful, as to tell me that he does not know who I am."—"A very wicked servant indeed, (answered Pharaoh): if you bring him *to me* I will have him drowned in the *Red Sea*; and shall not content myself for his punishment, with the water of the *Nile*, which is sweet and pleasant." "Great king (replied *Gabriel*) let me have a decree written to this purpose, that I may punish him according to it, wherever I find him."

Pharaoh, in compliance with this request, caused to be written the condemnation of a servant rebellious to his master, and an encourager of his enemies, and a persecutor of his friends; who disobeys and treats him ill, who is ungrateful and acknowledges not the kindneses he has received from him.—"I know not, added he, who this
man

man is, but my command is, that he shall be drowned in the *Red Sea*." "Great king (said *Gabriel*) be pleased to sign this decree."——*Pharaoh* signed it, and sealed it with his own seal, and put it in the hand of the shepherd. *Gabriel* took it, and kept it as long as God ordered him. When the day of *submerſion* was come, *Pharaoh* being juſt upon the point of drowning, (God having delivered *Mofes* and his people from the waves, and opened to them a paſſage through the *Red Sea*) *Gabriel* came to him with his decree. "What is this? (ſaid *Pharaoh*). "Open it, (replied *Gabriel*) and read what it contains." *Pharaoh* opened it, read it, and remembered it.

"You are the ſervant, (ſaid *Gabriel* to him) whom this decree mentions, and ſee what you have decreed againſt yourſelf."

A N H Y M N.

WHILE others some proud mortal praise,
Or deeds of warlike heroes sing ;
To heav'n, my raptur'd song I'll raise,
To heav'n, and heav'n's eternal King!

The wond'ring world my song shall hear,
Jehovah's worthy praise rehearse ;
Pleas'd infidels shall lend an ear,
And be the converts of my verse.

But ah ! this cumb'rous load of clay,
Forbids the daring, pleasing flight ;
And guilt chains down th' aspiring lay,
To darkneis and eternal night.

Then aid me darknefs ! silence aid,
While yet th' alternate day is mine !
Before your dreary realms I tread,
And fall before your awful shrine !

Much rather thou my song inspire,
Whom all these glowing worlds obey ;
Who ting'd their radiant orbs with fire,
Whose hand directs their rapid way !

Whose

Whose voice from nothing call'd the whole,
Whose care the universe sustains;—
Of life and love the source and fount,
O! aid a feeble mortal's strains!

O! where shall praise begin? where end?—
And end my praise shall never know;
But to its center willing tend,
And there, like fam'd Meander flow.

Each single attribute defies,
E'en angels most exalted songs;
Or cherubs raptur'd flame to rise,
So high as to its praise belongs.

What thoughts distend my lab'ring breast!
Too great for utterance, they confound!
Thy pow'r, in love alone express'd,
Thy pow'r and love both passing bound!

Thy justice, sov'reign pow'r, who knows?
Thy wisdom who can comprehend?
Who shall thy steady truth disclose?
Or of thy empire find an end?

But dearer far to mortal ear,
Thy tender love and mercy sounds;

Our

Our praise is forc'd, not virtue here,
Redeeming love all praise confounds !

O ! if I knew the lofty strain,
Devout archangels use above ;
Unsung I'd drop their darling theme ;
And sing alone redeeming love !

Yet sooner could I reckon o'er
Those stars that throng the vaulted sky ;
Or count the sands on ocean's shore ;
Or drops that in its bowels lie !

When I the darling theme forget,
Eternal silence seize my tongue !
Or other hymns of joy repeat,
But those which to thy name belong !

Let all of human race rejoice,
With joy their great Redeemer praise ;
From pole to pole, with one glad voice,
One gen'ral chorus to him raise.

THE

THE GOOD HUSBAND.

THE good husband is one, who, wedded not by interest but by choice, is constant as well from inclination as from principle ; he treats his wife with delicacy as a woman, with tenderness as a friend : he attributes her follies to her weakness, her imprudence to her inadvertency ; he passes them over therefore with good nature, and pardons them with indulgence : all his care and industry are employed for her welfare ; all his strength and power are exerted for her support and protection ; he is more anxious to preserve his own character and reputation, because her's is blended with it : Lastly, the good husband is pious and religious, that he may animate her faith by his practice, and enforce the precepts of Christianity by his own example : That as they join to promote each others happiness in this world, they may unite to insure eternal joy and felicity in that which is to come.

THE GOOD WIFE.

THE good wife is one, who ever mindful of the solemn contract which she hath entered into, is strictly and conscientiously virtuous, constant

stant and faithful to her husband ; chaste, pure and unblemished in every thought, word, and deed ; she is humble and modest from reason and conviction, submissive from choice, and obedient from inclination : what she acquires by love and tenderness, she preserves by prudence and discretion : she makes it her business to serve, and her pleasure to oblige her husband ; as conscious, that every thing which promotes his happiness, must in the end, contribute to her own : her tenderness relieves his cares, her affection softens his distress, her good humour and complacency lessen and subdue his affliction : she openeth her mouth (as Solomon says,) with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness : she looketh well to the ways of her husband, and eateth not the bread of idleness : her children rise up and call her blessed : her husband also, and he praiseth her. Lastly, as a good and pious Christian, she looks up with an eye of gratitude to the Great Dispenser and Disposer of all things, to the husband of the widow, and father of the fatherless, entreating his divine favour and assistance in this and every other moral and religious duty : well satisfied, that if she duly and punctually discharges her several offices and relations in this life, she shall be blessed and rewarded for it in another.

ANEC-

(279)

ANECDOTE

OF

THE LATE DR. MONSEY.

DR. MONSEY, by way of ridiculing family pride, used to confess, that the first of his ancestors of any note, was a baker, and dealer in hops, of whom he told the following anecdote:

“ To raise a present sum he had robbed his feather beds of their contents, and supplied the deficiency with unsaleable hops. In a few years a severe blight universally prevailing, hops became very scarce and enormously dear ; the hoarded treasure was upon this immediately ripped out, and a good sum procured for hops, which in a plentiful season, would not have been saleable ; and thus, the Doctor used to add, our family hopp’d from obscurity.”

A N

AN INSTANCE OF
A PRIVATE ACT OF BENEVOLENCE
OF HIS LATE

Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland.

WHEN in the rebellion in the North, in the year 1745, his Royal Highness led his august father's troops, destined to defeat the daring rebels; on his arrival at Penrith, in Cumberland, at which place his army halted two nights and one day, a youth, who was there at school, and whose father had for many years not been one of the meanest servants in the royal household, but at that time dead, applied to his Royal Highness by petition, setting forth what induced the princely hero to order the petitioner into his presence, when, after a short pause, for the recollecting some incidents stated in the petition, he condescendingly spoke to the following effect: "I remember your father well; his honour and integrity, as a servant, deserved esteem. The loss of the good old man was a public loss. Could I be persuaded that you would adopt his maxims, such provision should be made for you as would enable you to live with the credit and
reputa-

reputation which his merit entitled him to. However, take this purse, and I give you my promise, when, under the direction of God, these national tumults cease, if I survive, you will find me your friend." Some few years having elapsed, this young adventurer stiered to town to remind his royal patron of his promise ; when his application proved so successful, that, within a few days he became genteelly provided for at the Royal Palace at Windsor,

THE DESERT ISLAND,

O R

HAPPY RECOVERY.

EARL DORSET was a nobleman of distinguished abilities ; he had served in the reign of Edward the third, King of England, and in particular had acquired uncommon reputation at the famous battle of Cressy. He married an amiable lady, by whom he had an only daughter, named Helen, whose beauty and accomplishments gained her a crowd of admirers.

Among the several distinguished characters that resorted to the house of Earl Dorset was the Duke

O o of

of Suffolk, who had for some time conceived a partiality in favour of the fair Helen. He at length opened the matter to her father, who readily agreed to the match, and flew with impatience to communicate the agreeable intelligence to his beloved daughter; but what was his surprise, when he had scarce ended his speech, to find her bathed in tears, and declaring she never could consent to such an union, as she had already entertained a sincere regard for another. Earl Dorset determined, if possible, to find out the object of her choice, and entreated of her, in the gentlest manner, to inform him who was the person she had so unluckily placed her affections upon.

After some hesitation, she acquainted him, that it was no other than a gentleman distantly related to her family, named Dudley, whom she had been acquainted with from her infancy. Dorset was almost distracted at this intelligence.—The first step he took was to order young Dudley to quit his house immediately, and he determined to marry his daughter at all events to the Duke.

Helen flew to her mother, who loved her tenderly, and implored her in the most pathetic terms, to dissuade her father from his intended purpose

purpose, and to give his consent to her union with Dudley. Lady Dorset could afford her but little comfort; she endeavoured to dissuade him from so rash a proceeding, but without effect; and after Dudley had seen his beloved Helen once more, and had vowed mutual constancy, he departed, as they supposed, for the country; but his intentions were different, and he determined not to live, without forming some project to see his beloved mistress.—For this purpose, he procured a proper disguise, and going to a convent adjoining to the Duke of Suffolk's house, which he well knew Helen constantly frequented, he engaged himself as one of the religious. This scheme succeeded, and he frequently had opportunities of seeing and conversing with his mistress. The Duke of Suffolk came often to visit Helen, and at length told her father he fancied he was not agreeable to the lady, as he also remarked she had a settled melancholy in her countenance, which she strove in vain to hide. Her father endeavoured to persuade him to the contrary, and afterwards severely reprimanded his daughter for her indifference to the Duke.

The next morning she repaired as usual to the convent, and there found Dudley waiting. She communicated to him her father's intention of sacrificing

sacrificing her to the Duke in a few days, which threw him into a fit of despair; and, snatching up a sword, he would have put an end to his life, had not Helen prevented him, by promising never to consent to be united to another. This promise, in some degree, made him happy, and they soon after parted.

She repaired to her apartment in the utmost agitation of mind, which had such an effect on her, that it confined her to her room for some days. When she had somewhat recovered, she hastened as usual to the chapel, and was greatly disappointed at not seeing her lover. She waited some time without effect, and returned home in a perplexity of mind not to be described. She again applied to her mother, intreating her to tell her the fate of Dudley.—What was her astonishment, when Lady Dorset informed her he had been discovered, and conveyed to prison, by the order of the king, where he was to remain, till she agreed to give her hand to the Duke of Suffolk.

Suffice it to say, she remained for some months in a state of insensibility, continually calling on the name of her lover. When her reason was somewhat restored, she resolved to offer up her prayers to the supreme Being for the safety of the
unhappy

unhappy youth. For this purpose she hastened to the chapel ; but, as she was descending the steps, she perceived her beloved Dudley. She was unable to utter a word, but fell lifeless into his arms. When recovered, he acquainted her he had just escaped from prison, and intreated her consent to marry him, and fly to France, or that moment should be his last.

The charming Helen was so perplexed between love and duty, that she did not know on what to resolve. He resumed his intreaties, and she at length consented, and one of the brethren of the holy order joined their hands. The next night they proceeded to a village in the west of England, and embarked for France. Helen little regarded the dangers of the sea, all her grief was for her father, whom she heard from a person on board was already in search of her.

They had scarce lost sight of the port, when a terrible storm arose, and they expected every minute to be swallowed up by the waves.—Helen's grief redoubled ; she fell continually into fainting fits, calling in vain on the name of her parents. The storm continued some days, when they were driven upon the unknown coast of a desert island.—Dudley intreated the Captain to set them ashore, as he found the life of his beloved Helen to be in

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the most imminent danger. The Captain complied with their request, and they wandered about a considerable way from the sea side, when they beheld a delightful place, which seemed to yield every thing nature could afford in highest luxury.

They remained for some time gazing on this enchanting spot. They could perceive no form like their own, or hear any thing but the bubbling of fountains, and the warbling of birds. Dudley at length resolved to build a little hut, and there to live with his enchanting mistress upon the spontaneous productions which the place produced.

After they had remained in this island for near five years, and were blessed with several pledges of their mutual love, it happened one winter's evening, when they had just retired to rest, a dreadful hurricane arose, which desolated the fields, and tore up the trees by the roots. They heard the billows roar, and the lamentations of some unfortunate people, who had, no doubt, suffered by a wreck. Dudley and Helen hastened immediately to the shore, where they beheld several people lying lifeless on the sands.

The next object that presented itself was a venerable old man, stretched at the bottom of a tree,

tree, and shewing some signs of life. Helen immediately ran up to him, and looking wildly on him cried out, "My father!" and fainted by his side. Dudley, perceiving the distress of Helen flew to her assistance, and soon discovered the stranger to be Earl Dorset, who, with his consort, had embarked in search of his daughter. They immediately conducted him to their cabin, and after he was somewhat recovered, he embraced his children, but told them there was one thing yet which would for ever destroy his happiness. His beloved wife, he feared, had shared the same fate as the rest by the storm.

Helen was almost distracted. She intreated her husband to fly to the shore, and search after the object of their wishes. Dudley complied, and after he had wandered about for some time, he saw at some distance a lady to all appearance breathless, in the arms of a slave. He presently recollected in her face the features of Lady Dorset. He bore her to his cabin, where she soon after recovered, and opening her eyes, and looking stedfastly on Helen and Earl Dorset, exclaimed, "Gracious Heaven! my husband alive! in the arms of his daughter!" she could scarce utter these words, but fainted in Dudley's arms. When she revived, their joy was not to be described.

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She perceived Dudley on his knees ; she tenderly embraced him and her daughter. They all four mingled their tears of joy together. A few days after, several officers, and others of the crew, who had been preserved from the wreck, discovered the delightful abode of their noble chief. They were received with the greatest cordiality by Dudley and his engaging partner. The beauties of the charming island, which seemed to its new inhabitants another Eden, made such an impression on the followers of Earl Dorset that they determined to make it the place of their future abode ; and it is asserted by M. de Arnaud, a celebrated French writer, from which the above little history is chiefly taken, that several of their descendants were found there some years afterwards, when this valuable island was discovered by the Portuguese, which, from its being covered with wood, they call **MADEIRA.**

A

COLLECTION

OF INTERESTING

Anecdotes, Memoirs, &c.

ROYAL MUNIFICENCE.

GOUPEE', an artist of eminence, as a painter, was in high favour with the Prince of Wales, our gracious King's father, and he daily attended his Royal Highness to paint pictures. One morning, upon Goupee's arrival at Leicester House, the Prince said, come Goupee, sit down and paint me a picture on such a subject. But Goupee perceiving Prince George (his present Majesty), a prisoner behind a chair, took the liberty humbly to represent to his royal patron, how impossible it was for him to sit down to execute his Royal Highness's commands with spirit, while the Prince was standing, and under

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his royal displeasure. Come out George then, said the good-natured Prince, Goupeé has released you. When Goupeé was eighty-four years of age, and very poor, he had a mad woman to nurse and maintain, when old, who was the object of his delight when young ; he therefore often put himself in the King's sight at Kensington, where he lived. At length the King stopped his coach, and called to him. How do you do, Goupeé, said the King, and after a few other questions, asked him, if he had enough to live upon?—Little enough, indeed, replied Goupeé, and as I once took your Majesty out of prison, I hope you will not let me go to one. His Majesty was graciously pleased to order Goupeé a guinea a week for his life, which he enjoyed for some weeks, dying soon after.

When Goupeé was suddenly informed of the late Prince of Wales's death, it so affected him as to occasion the breaking of a blood vessel. Such was his affection for his royal patron !

ANECDOTE

OF

GENERAL B A U.

GENERAL BAU, a German officer, in the service of Russia, who contributed essentially to the elevation of the great Catherine, had orders to march to Holstein with a body of troops, of which he had the command. He was a soldier of fortune, and no one knew either his family or native place. One day, as he was encamped near Hufum, he invited the principal officers to dinner. As they were sitting down to the table, they saw a plain miller and his wife brought into the tent, whom the General had sent his Aid-du-Camp to seek. The poor miller and his wife approached, trembling with apprehension. The General reconciled them to their situation, and made them sit down beside him to dinner; during which he asked them a number of questions about their family. The good man told him, that he was the eldest son of a miller, like himself, and that he had two brothers in a mercantile line, and a sister. But, says the General, had you not another brother besides the two whom

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you

you have mentioned? The miller told him he had another brother, but he went to the wars very young, and as they had never heard of him, they supposed he was dead. The General reading in the eyes of the officers that they were surprised at his entertaining himself so long with questioning the poor man, turned to them and said: "Gentlemen, you have always been curious to know from what family I sprung; I now tell you, that I am not ashamed of my origin,—that I am the brother of this honest miller;—he has given you the history of my family." The General, after spending the day with his relations, in the festivity of which his officers heartily joined, took measures to better their fortune.

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

SUPERIORITY *of* RELIGIOUS VIEWS

WHILE we are in this state of being, we must encounter difficulties, and struggle with uneasiness.—The heart will often be dissatisfied we know not why, and reason will stand
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an idle spectator, as if unconscious of its power, In such cases it ought to be awakened from its lethargy, and reminded of the task to which it is appointed. It should be informed of the high office it bears in the œconomy of the soul, and be made acquainted with the insidious vigilance of its enemies.

But while we languish under the uneasiness of discontent, we cannot take a more effectual method to recover our peace, than to consider the insignificance of every passion that centres, and every pursuit that terminates here. Suppose our earthly aims were directed to their object by the favouring gale of fortune ; suppose our pursuits should be crowned with all the success that flattering hope assigns them ; yet, vain, changeable, and impotent as we are, the success would not be worth a moment's triumph.—While the heart turns upon an earthly axis, like the perishable ball that it loves, it will be variously affected by outward influences. Sometimes it will bear the fruits of gladness, and sometimes be the barren desert of melancholy : one while it will be exhilarated by the sunshine of pleasure, and again it will languish in the gloom of discontent.—The cause of this is, not only that the human heart is in itself changeable and uncertain, deriving its sensations

fations from constitutional influences, but that the objects, on which it depends for happiness, are liable to variation and decay.

Hence arises the superiority of *religious views*. When our hopes of happiness are fixed on one certain event,—one event, which though remote, cannot be altered by mortal contingencies, the heart has an invariable foundation where it may rest. Without this resting place we should be tossed to and fro with every wind of doctrine, the sport of chance, and the dupes of expectation. To this immoveable anchor of the soul, religion directs us in the hopes of immortality. We know from the unerring word of divine revelation, that we shall exist in another state of being, after the dissolution of this; and we are confirmed by every benevolent purpose of Providence, in the belief that our future existence shall be infinitely happy.—In this glorious hope, the interests of a temporary life are swallowed up and lost. This hope, like the serpent of Moses, devours the mock phantoms which are created by the magic of this world, and at once shews the vanity of every earthly pursuit.

Compared with this prospect, how poor, how barren would every scene of mortal happiness appear!

appear ! How despicable at the best ! Yet how liable to be destroyed by every storm of adversity ! For, are we not exposed to a thousand accidents, the most trifling of which may be sufficient to break a scheme of felicity ?—Let us consider those conditions that are almost universally desired,—the dignity of the great, and the affluence of the rich. Are those above the reach of misfortune ? Are they exempt from the importunities of care ? Greatness is but the object of impertinence and envy, and riches create more wants than they are able to gratify. Should then our wishes lead to these, we should unavoidably be disappointed. The acquisition might, for a while, soothe our vanity ; but we should soon sigh for the ease of obscurity, and envy the content of those, whom pride would call our vassals.

If wealth or grandeur then cannot afford us happiness, where shall we seek it ? Is it to be found in the cell of the hermit ? or does it watch by the taper of solitary learning ? Loves it the society of laughing mirth ? or does it affect the pensive pleasures of meditation ? Is it only genuine in the cordiality of friendship, or in the lasting tenderness of married love ?—Alas ! this train of alternatives will not do. Should we fly
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from the troubles of society to some lonely hermitage, we should soon sigh for the amusements of the world we had quarrelled with. The strongest mind could not long support the burthen of uncommunicated thoughts, and the firmest heart would languish in the stagnation of melancholy.

Ask the solitary scholar, if ever, in his learned researches, he beheld the retreat of happiness?—Amusement is all he will pretend to.—Amusement! in quest of which the active powers of the mind are frequently worn out, the understanding enervated by the assiduity of attention, and the memory over-burthened with unessential ideas.

Yet, possibly, happiness may mingle with society, and swell the acclamation of festive mirth.—No—the joy that swells there cannot be called happiness; for the noise of mirth will vanish with the echo of the evening, and *even in laughter the heart is sad*. If we are able to distinguish the elegance of conversation, we shall often be disgusted with the arrogance of pride, or the impertinence of folly; and if not, we may be amused, indeed, with the noise, but can never taste the pleasures of society.

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As little reason have we to hope for lasting happiness from the engagements of friendships, or of love. The condition of human life is, at best, so uncertain, that it is even dangerous to form any connections that are dear. The tenderness of love opens the heart to many sufferings, to many painful apprehensions for the health and safety of its object, and many uneasy sensations, both from real and imaginary causes.

For want of a better remedy to these evils, the wisdom of ancient philosophy teaches us to bid defiance to the assaults of pleasure and pain. This precept it urges with unremitting austerity ; without making any allowances for particular tempers and circumstances, without instructing us how to behave to the solicitations of joy or pleasure ;—how to defend the heart from the inroads of sorrow, or to guard against the unseen stratagems of distress.

But the religion of a christian affords a nobler and a safer refuge.—With the exalted hopes that this presents to us, *the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared.* In those glorious hopes let us bury every anxious thought, the uneasiness of discontent, and the solicitude of care.—Let us not sink under our light afflictions

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which are but for a moment. A very few years, a few months, perhaps, or days, may bring us into that state of being, where care and misery perplex no more.

Though we have our bed in darkness, and our pillow on the thorn, yet the time draweth nigh, when we shall taste of life without anguish, and enjoy the light without bitterness of soul. The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us, therefore, gird up the loins of our mind, and be sober—no longer dissipated or disturbed with the troubles of this world. We are hourly hastening to that scene of existence, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest; where hope shall no more be pained with disappointment, and where the distresses of time are forgot in the joys of eternity.

ANECDOTE
OF
LORD ORRERY.

UPON the ruin of the Royal family, and the death of the King (Charles I.) Lord Orrery retired to Marston, in Somersetshire, his seat in England, which his father had bought of Sir John Hippisley, and which was formerly part of Edmund Earl of Cornwall's estate. His Lordship used to repeat to his company a remarkable incident that happened during his residence there, which, as it will show the distress of the Royal party in those days, may, perhaps, be acceptable to the curious.

The parish church of Marston is very near to the mansion-house: Lord Orrery never failed to go thither on a Sunday; but one Sunday, having sat there some time, and being disappointed of the then qualified Minister, his Lordship was preparing to return home, when his servants told him a person in the church offered to preach. His Lordship, though he looked upon the proposal only as a piece of enthusiasm, gave permis-

sion, and was never more surprised or delighted than with the sermon, which was filled with learning, sense, and piety. His Lordship would not suffer the preacher to escape unknown, but invited him to dinner; and enquiring of him his name, life and fortune, received this answer:—

“ My Lord, my name is Asberry, I am a clergyman of the Church of England, and a loyal subject to the King: I have lived three years in a poor cottage, under your warren wall, within a few paces of your Lordship’s house. My son lives with me, and we read and dig by turns. I have a little money, and some few books; and I submit cheerfully to the will of Providence.”

This worthy and learned man (for such Lord Orrery always called him,) died at Marston some years after; but not till his Lordship had obtained an allowance of thirty pounds per annum for him without any obligation of taking the covenant.

As a memorial of the above transaction, the poor cottage in which Mr. Asberry lived, with a little garden adjoining to it, was kept up in its old form by the late Earl of Cork and Orrery, being taken into his garden; and the two rooms, of which it consists, viz. a kitchen and a chamber, are furnished as much as possible in the taste of those times, with all sorts of useful furniture, and books, prints, &c. of equal antiquity.

SELF

SELF COMMUNION,

AS recommended by men of virtue and true piety, is religious recollection. It is to commune with ourselves, under the character of spiritual and immortal beings ; and to ponder those paths of our feet which are leading us to eternity. It is to bring home to our souls the internal, authoritative sense of God, as of a sovereign and a father ; to contemplate what is displayed of his perfections. It is to realize the presence of the Supreme Being, so as to produce the most profound veneration, and to awaken the earnest desire of as near an approach as our nature will permit, to that great fountain of happiness and life. By this the pious man walks among the various scenes of nature as within the precincts of a great temple, in the habitual exercise of devotion ; and from hence, when his thoughts have been thus employed, he returns to the world like a superior being. He carries into active life those pure and elevating sentiments to which the giddy world are strangers. A certain odour of sanctity remains upon his mind, which, for a while at least, will repel the contagion of the world.

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As he views the world with the eye of a Christian, he will see, that however men appear to move and act after their own pleasure, they are nevertheless retained in secret bonds by the Almighty, and all their operations rendered subservient to the ends of his moral government. He will behold him punishing the sinner by means of his own iniquities; from the trials of the righteous bringing forth their reward; and to a state of seeming universal confusion, preparing the wisest and most equitable issue. While the fashion of this world is passing fast away, he will discern the glory of another rising fast to succeed it. He will behold all human events, our grief and our joys, our love and our hatred, our character and our memory, absorbed in the ocean of eternity; and no traces of our present existence left, except its being for ever well with the righteous, and ill with the wicked.

FRUGALITY.

FRUGALITY may be termed the daughter of Prudence, the sister of temperance, and the parent of liberty. He that is extravagant, will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce de-

dependence, and invite corruption. It will almost always produce a passive compliance with the wickedness of others, and there are few who do not learn by degrees to practise those crimes which they cease to censure.

HEAVEN AND IMMORTALITY PASS NOT AWAY.

THE fleeting scenes of this life are to be considered as no more than an introduction to a nobler and more permanent order of things, when man shall have attained the maturity of his being. This is what reason gave some ground to expect ; what revelation has fully confirmed ; and in confirming it, has agreed with the sentiments and anticipations of the good and wise in every age. We are taught to believe, that what we now behold, is only the first stage of the life of man. We are arrived no farther than the threshold ; we dwell as in the outer courts of existence. Here, tents only are pitched ; tabernacles erected for the sojourners of a day. But in the region of eternity, all is great, stable, and unchanging. There, the *mansions* of the just are prepared ; there, the *city which hath foundations* is

is built ; there is established the kingdom *which cannot be moved*. Here, every thing is in stir and fluctuation ; because here good men continue not, but pass onward in the course of being. There, all is serene, steady and orderly ; because there remaineth the final *rest of the people of God*. Here, all is corrupted by our folly and guilt ; and of course must be transient and vain. But there, purchased by the death, and secured by the resurrection of the Son of God, is an *inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away*. There reigns that tranquillity which is never troubled. There shines that sun which never sets. There flows that river of pleasures, which is always unruffled and pure. Looking forward to those divine habitations, the changes of the present world disappear to the eye of faith ; and a good man becomes ashamed of suffering himself to be dejected by what is so soon to pass away. Such are the objects we ought to oppose to the transient *fashion of the world* ; Virtue, and God, and Heaven. Fixing our regard on these, we shall have no reason to complain of the lot of man, or the world's mutability. Passing and changing as all human affairs are ; we must at present act our part : to them we must return from religious meditation. They are not *below* the regard of any Christian ; for they form the scene

scene which Providence has appointed at present for our activity and our duty. Trials and dangers they may often present to us ; but amidst these we shall safely hold our course, if, when engaged in worldly affairs, we keep in view those divine objects here described. Let us ever retain connection with Virtue, and God, and Heaven. By these let our conduct be regulated, and our constancy supported. So shall we *use this world* without *abusing it*. We shall neither droop under its misfortunes, nor be vainly elated by its advantages ; but through all its changes shall carry an equal and steady mind ; and in the end shall receive the accomplishment of the promise of scripture, that though *the world passeth away, and the lust thereof, he that doth the will of God, shall abide for ever.*

ANECDOTE

IN THE

REIGN *of* CLAUDIUS.

IN the reign of Claudius, the fifth Roman Emperor, a conspiracy was formed to dethrone him by Camillus, his lieutenant governor in Dalmatia ; but the legions which had declared

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for Camillus, and acknowledged him as Emperor, in a few days abandoned and destroyed him.

The cruelty of Messalina and her minions upon this occasion seemed to have no bounds. They so wrought upon the Emperor's fears and suspicions, that numbers were executed without trial or proof. Among the numbers who were put to death on this occasion, the pathetic catastrophe of Petus, and his faithful wife Arria, deserve to be lamented. Cecina Petus was one of those unfortunate men, who joined with Camillus against the Emperor, and who, when his associate was slain by the army, had endeavoured to escape into Dalmatia. However, he was there apprehended, and put on board a ship, in order to be conveyed to Rome. Arria, who had long been the partner of his affections and misfortunes, entreated his keepers to be taken in the same vessel with her husband. "It is usual," she said, "to grant a man of his quality a few slaves, to dress, undress, and attend him; I myself will perform all these offices, and save you the trouble of a more numerous retinue." Her fidelity, however, could not prevail.—She therefore hired a fisherman's bark, and thus kept company with the ship in which
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her husband was conveyed through the voyage.

They had an only son, equally remarkable for the beauty of his person, and the rectitude of his disposition. This youth died at the same time his father was confined to his bed by a dangerous disorder. However, the affectionate Arria concealed her son's death, and in her visits to her husband, testified no marks of sadness. Being asked how her son did, she replied that he was at rest, and only left her husband's chamber to give a vent to her tears. When Petus was condemned to die, and the orders were that he should put an end to his own life, Arria used every art to inspire him with resolution, and at length finding him continue timid and wavering, she took the poniard, and stabbing herself in his presence, presented it to him, saying, "it gives me no pain, my Petus."

EDUCATION.

LET holy discipline clear the soil, let sacred instruction sow it with the best of seed; let skill and vigilance dress the rising shoots, direct the young idea how to spread; the wayward

passions how to move.—Then what a different state of the inner man will quickly take place! Charity will breathe her sweets, and hope expand her blossoms; the personal virtues display their graces, and the social ones their fruits: the sentiments become generous; the carriage endearing; and the life honourable and useful.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind.
To breathe th'enliv'ning spirit, and to fix
The gen'rous purpose in the glowing breast.

Posterity wisely regulates the rewards due to men of learning, and equals them to the greatest Princes. Three thousand years after their death, their honour is not tarnished by that of the greatest heroes. Homer is as well known as Achilles. The able historian, the famous poet, the great—the pious and ingenious philosopher have an advantage over the conqueror and the general. Twenty centuries after they are dead and rotten, they speak with as much eloquence and vivacity as when living; and all that read their writings perceive their genius. The heroes who have rendered themselves famous by their actions, have not near such an ascendant over our hearts;

hearts ; for he, at one and the same instant, persuades, engages, and captivates the heart of one man shut up in his closet at Stockholm, and of another that lives in the middle of Paris, London, &c. &c. Heroes are infinitely obliged to poets and historians, but the latter are seldom beholden to the former. Achilles owes part of his glory to Homer : If there had been no historians, it would scarce have been known that there ever was such a man as Alexander, &c. &c. &c.

Education is the ruling motive in most of the actions of mankind ; they are more or less tractable, according as they have been more or less cultivated in their youth. When they have been taught early to render themselves sociable, to bend their tempers, and to accommodate their wills to those of others, it grows into a custom, and they become insensibly complaisant, without thinking of being so. In short, habit is to them a second nature.

We should justly consider religion as the most essentially necessary qualification, at the same time children should be fitted for an appearance becoming their station in this world. Many are apt to disjoin the ideas of piety and politeness ;
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but true religion is not only consistent with, but *necessary* to the perfection of true politeness.

The end of learning is, to know God, and, in consequence of that knowledge to love him, and to imitate him, as we may the nearer, by possessing ourselves of virtue.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the human soul. The philosopher, the saint, the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian; which a proper education might have disinterred and brought to light.

The educator's care should be, above all things, to lay in his charge the foundation of religion and virtue.

Parents are more careful to bestow wit on their children, than virtue; the art of speaking well, rather than doing well; but their morals ought to be their greatest concern.

An industrious and virtuous education of children is a better inheritance for them than a great estate. To what purpose is it, said Crates,
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to heap up estates, and have no care what kind of heirs they leave them to?

The highest learning is to be wise, and the greatest wisdom to be good.

The great business of man is, to improve his mind, and govern his manners.

Excess of ceremony shews want of breeding. That civility is best, which excludes all superfluous formality.

True philosophy, says Plato, consists more in fidelity, constancy, justice, sincerity, and in the love of our duty, than in a great capacity.

If our painful peregrination in studies be destitute of the supreme light, it is nothing but a miserable kind of wandering.

The mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may turn to thinking the better.

Learning is the dictionary, but sense the grammar of science.

Poetry

Poetry is inspiration—it was breathed into the soul when it was first quickened, and should neither be stiled art or science, but genius.

Great men are always reserved and modest, and being content with meriting praise, do not endeavour to court it ; and for this they are the more praise-worthy, because if vanity is pardonable, it is in the man who deserves those shining compliments, which are so becoming to many learned men. It is said, that Racine was a whole year in composing his tragedy of Phædra, the master-piece of the theatre, and before he committed it to the stage, consulted his friends a long time, corrected several passages by their advice, and waited the success of the performance before he would pronounce it a good one. Prado wrote the same in a month's time ; gave it out boldly to be acted, and assured the publick it was an excellent piece. But it happened to him as it often does to half-witted authors ; his work quickly went to the chandlers' shops, whereas Racine's will reach to the latest posterity.

Great talents, such as honour, virtue, learning, and parts, are above the generality of the world, who neither possess them themselves, nor judge
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of them rightly in others: But all people are judges of the lesser talents, such as civility, affability, and an obliging, agreeable address and manner: because they feel the good effects of them, as making society easy and pleasing.

Almost all the advantages or miscarriages of our lives depend, in a great measure, upon our education. Therefore it is greatly the duty of all who have in *any* way the inspection of this important affair, by every means possible, to win young minds to improvement; to the end that good parts may not take an evil turn, nor indifferent ones be totally lost for want of industrious cultivation.

Education, when it works upon an ingenious mind, brings out to view every latent perfection, which, without such helps are never able to make their appearance. And, if we take the trouble to look round, we shall find very few, to whom nature has been such a niggard of her gifts, that they are not capable of shining in one sphere of science or another. Since then there is a certain bias towards knowledge, in almost every mind, which may be strengthened and improved by proper care; sure parents and others should consider, that, in the neglect of so essen-

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tial a point, they do not commit a private injury only, as thereby they starve posterity, and defraud our country of those persons, who, under better management, might make an eminent figure.

Indeed, the difference in the manners and abilities of men proceeds more from education, than from any imperfections or advantages derived from their original formation.

Youth, moreover, is the proper and only season for education; for if it be neglected then, it will surely be in vain to think of remedying the oversight in more advanced years; it will be too late to think of sowing it, when maturity has rendered the mind stubborn and inflexible, and, when instead of receiving the seeds, it should be bringing forth the fruits of instruction.

But there is one point in the article of education, which is more essential than any of the rest: I mean the great care that ought to be taken to form youth to the principles of religion. Vice, if we may believe the general complaint, grows so malignant now-a-days, that it is almost impossible to keep young people from the spreading contagion, if we venture them abroad, and trust to chance or inclination, for the choice of
theirs

their company ; it is therefore virtue, and a perfect sense of their duty to God, which is the great and valuable thing to be taught them. All other considerations and accomplishments should give way, and be postponed, to these ; these are the solid and substantial good we should labour to implant and fasten on their minds, neither should we cease till we have attained a true relish of them, and placed their strength, their glory, and *their pleasure in them.*

It is also of the first consequence in training youths of both sexes, that they be early inspired with humanity, and particularly that its principles be implanted strongly in their yet tender hearts, to guard them against inflicting wanton pain on those animals, which use or accident may occasionally put into their power.

A

LETTER

FROM

MR. POPE *to* DEAN SWIFT,

SIR,

NOT to trouble you at present with a recital of all my obligations to you, I shall only mention two things, which I take particularly kind of you: your desire that I should write to you, and your proposal of giving me twenty guineas to change my religion; which last you must give me leave to make the subject of this letter.

Sure no clergyman ever offered so much out of his own purse for the sake of any religion. 'Tis almost as many pieces of gold, as an Apostl could get of silver from the priests of old, on a much more valuable consideration. I believe it will be better worth my while to propose a change of my faith by subscription, than a translation of *Homer*; and to convince you how well disposed I am to the reformation, I shall be content if you can prevail with my Lord Treasurer and the Ministry

ministry to rise to the same sum, each of them, on **this** pious account, as my Lord Halifax has done on the profane one. I am afraid there is no being at once a poet and a good christian; and I am very much straitened between two, while the **Whigs** seem willing to contribute as much to continue me the one, as you would to make me the other. But if you can move every man in the **Government**, who has above ten thousand pounds a year, to subscribe as much as yourself, I shall become a convert, as most men do, when the **Lord** turns it to my interest. I know they have the truth of religion so much at heart, that they would certainly give more to have one good subject translated from Popery to the Church of *England*, than twenty heathenish authors out of any unknown tongue into ours. I therefore, commission you, Mr. Dean, with full authority, to transact this affair in my name, and to purpose as follows:

First, that as to the head of our Church, the **Pope**, I may engage to renounce his power, whensoever I shall receive any particular indulgencies from the head of your Church, the **Queen**.

A

As to communion in one kind, I shall also promise to change it for communion in both, as soon as the Ministry will allow me.

For invocations to saints, mine shall be turned to dedications to sinners, when I shall find the great ones of this world as willing to do me any good, as I believe those of the other are.

You see I shall not be obstinate in the main points; but there is one article I must reserve, and which you seemed not unwilling to allow me, —prayer for the dead. There are people to whose souls I wish as well as my own, and I must crave leave humbly to lay before them, that though the subscriptions above mentioned will suffice for myself, there are necessary perquisites and additions, which I must demand on the score of this charitable article. It is also to be considered, that the greater part of those, whose souls I am most concerned for, were unfortunately Heretics, Schismatics, Poets, Painters, or persons of such lives and manners, as few or no Churches are willing to save. The expence, therefore, will be the greater, to make an effectual provision for the said souls.

Old

Old *Dryden*, though a *Roman Catholic*, was a Poet, and it is revealed in the vision of some ancient faints, that no Poet was ever saved under some hundred of maffes. I cannot fet his delivery from purgatory at lefs than fifty pounds sterling.

Walsh was not only a *Socinian*, but (what you will own is harder to be faved,) a *Whig*. He cannot modeftly be rated at lefs than an hundred.

L'Eſtrange, being a Tory, we compute him but at twenty pounds ; which I hope no friend of the party can deny to give, to help him from damning in the next life, confidering they never gave him fixpence from ſtarving in this.

All this together amounts to one hundred and feventy pounds.

In the next place, I muſt deſire you to repreſent, that there are ſeveral of my friends yet living, whom I deſign, God willing, to outlive, in conſideration of legacies, out of which it is a doctrine in the reformed Church, that not a farthing ſhall be allowed to ſave their ſouls who gave them.

There is one *** who will die within theſe few months, with *** one *Mr. Jervas*, who hath grievouſly

grievously offended in making the likenesses of almost all things in Heaven above, and Earth below ; and one *Mr. Gay*, an unhappy youth, who writes pastorals during the time of divine service, whose case is more deplorable, as he hath miserably lavished away all that silver he should have reserved for his soul's health, in buttons and loops for his coat.

I cannot pretend to have these people saved honestly under some hundred pounds ; whether you consider the difficulty of such a work, or the extreme love and tenderness I bear them, which will infallibly make me push this charity as far as I am able. There is but one whose salvation I insist upon, and then I have done : But indeed it may prove of so much greater charge than all the rest, that I will only lay the case before you and the Ministry, and leave to their prudence and generosity, what sum they shall think fit to bestow upon it.

The person I mean is *Dr. Swift*, a dignified clergyman, but one, who, by his own confession, has composed more libels than sermons. If it be true, what I have heard often affirmed by innocent people, that too much wit is dangerous to salvation, this unfortunate gentleman must
certainly

certainly be d——d to all eternity. But I hope his long experience in the world, and frequent conversation with great men, will cause him, (as it will some others,) to have less and less wit every day. Be it as it will, I should not think my own soul deserved to be saved, if I did not endeavour to save his; for I have all the obligations in nature to him. He has brought me into better company than I cared for;—made me merrier when I was sick than I had a mind to be, and put me upon making poems, on purpose that he might alter them.

I once thought I never could have discharged my debt to his kindness; but have lately been informed to my unspeakable comfort, that I have more than paid it all. For Monsieur *de Montagne* has assured me, “that the person who receives a benefit obliges the giver:” For since the chief endeavour of one friend is to do good to the other, he who administers both the matter and the occasion, is the man who is liberal. At this rate it is impossible *Dr. Swift* should be ever out of my debt, as matters stand already: And for the future he may expect daily more obligations from

His most faithful
affectionate humble servant,

A. POPE.

F

ANEC-

ANECDOTE

OF

EDWARD THE FOURTH.

JAQUELINE of Luxemburgh, Duchess of Bedford, had, after her first husband's death, so far sacrificed her ambition to love, that she married Sir Richard Woodville, a private gentleman, afterwards honoured with the title of Lord Rivers) to whom she bore several children, and, among the rest, Elizabeth, who was no less distinguished by the beauty and elegance of her person, than the amiable disposition of her mind. Elizabeth espoused Sir John Gray, of Groby; but her husband being slain in the second battle at St. Alban's, fighting for the family of Lancaster, and his estate being, on that account, confiscated, the young widow retired to her father's seat at Grafton in Northamptonshire, where she lived some time in privacy and retirement.

Edward IV. King of England, happening to hunt in that county, went to pay a visit to the
Duchess

Duchefs of Bedford, when Elizabeth refolved to embrace fo favourable an opportunity of obtaining fome grace from this gallant Monarch. Accordingly ſhe came into his prefence, and throwing herſelf at his feet, implored a maintenance for herſelf and children. The fight of fo much beauty in diſtreſs, made a deep impreſſion on the amorous mind of Edward. Love ſtole inſenſibly into his heart, under the guiſe of compaſſion; and her ſorrow and affliction, ſo graceful in a virtuous matron, recommended her no leſs to his eſteem and veneration, than her perſonal beauty made her the object of his affection. He raiſed her from the ground with aſſurances of favour. He found his paſſion daily ſtrengthened by the company and converſation of the lovely widow; and, in a ſhort time became the ſuppliant of the woman whom he had lately ſeen on her knees before him. But ſuch was the reſolute virtue of Elizabeth, that ſhe poſitively refuſed to gratify his paſſion in a diſhonourable manner. All the intreaties, promiſes, and endearments of the young and amiable Edward, were not ſufficient to gain her conſent. At laſt ſhe plainly told him, that though ſhe was unworthy of being his wife, yet ſhe thought herſelf too good to be his concubine, and would, therefore, remain in the humble ſituation to which Providence had reduced her.

This opposition served but the more to enslave the passions of the young Monarch, and heighten his esteem for such exalted sentiments : He therefore offered to share his throne, as well as heart, with the woman, whose personal and mental accomplishments rendered her so deserving of both. The nuptials were accordingly solemnized at Grafton, A. D. 1465.

ANECDOTE

OF THE PRESENT

DUKE *of* NORFOLK.

SOME months ago, a worthy old clergyman in Cumberland, who had brought up a large family on seventy pounds a year, being informed of the death of his rector, was advised to come to town, and apply to the Bishop of London, in whose gift the living was, for the next presentation. He followed the advice, and was directed to his Lordship's house, in St. James's-square. By mistake, he knocked at the next door, which is the Duke of Norfolk's; and enquiring of the servant if his master was at home, received an answer in the affirmative, but that he
was

was then engaged. The old gentleman requested the servant to go up, and intreat his master to be at home to him, as his business was of much consequence. The Duke, with that urbanity which distinguishes him, on being informed a respectable looking old clergyman wished to speak to him, desired him to be introduced, and begged to know the occasion of his visit.

“ My Lord,” said the old gentleman, “ the Rector of —— is dead, and I was advised by my parishioners to come to town, and intreat the friendship and protection of your Lordship. I have served the parish many years, and hope I have acquitted myself with propriety.” And pray whom do you take me for, Sir ?” said the Duke, interrupting him. “ The Bishop of London, my Lord.” His Grace immediately rang the bell, and a servant entering—“ John, who am I ?”—The Duke of Norfolk, Sir.”—Good God !” said the Curate, starting from the chair, “ I humbly intreat your Grace’s pardon, and assure you, that nothing but my ignorance of the town could have occasioned such a mistake.”—“ Stop, stop, my good friend ! you and I do not part thus—we must first take a glass together, and then see whether I cannot shew you the way to the Bishop of London’s house.” His Grace and the Curate

Curate took the other bottle, found their way to the Bishop's—and the old gentleman left St. James's-square three hundred and forty pounds a year richer than he entered.

A N

ESSAY ON FORTITUDE.

THE greatest pitch of happiness we can possibly arrive at in this life, is contentment. Without this, riches serve only to make the possessor more unhappy, for he is continually perplexed with desires which he cannot gratify. Whenever discontent enters into the human breast, every solid satisfaction is banished, and every means to procure our wishes, prove to be a greater augmentation to our misery. The noblest antidote against such a temper, is patience: this disburthens the mind from any fears that may happen either on our good or bad success in life, and procures that serenity of mind, which makes the most adverse fortune sit light and easy upon us: and as no point of happiness can be attained without being entirely content with our situation, so we can never bring ourselves

selfes to that state, until we have made a thorough acquaintance with that noble virtue, patience. This teaches us to encounter the greatest difficulties with ease and pleasure; and though at first fortune may seem to frown upon us, and disappoint our expectations, yet in the end we often find that we have gained our purpose much better than we imagined. The greatest seeming impossibilities frequently turn out far beyond any thing we could propose; and all our toil and labour is well repaid by the accomplishment of our desires. I do not pretend to say that whatever schemes or projects we may form for the gratification of our wishes, whether lawful or criminal, deserve to be rewarded with success. Common sense will inform us to the contrary; we are not to expect to succeed, if our intentions are bad, if our designs be to obtain what is unlawful. The man who makes use of patience for his guide, sets out with an habitual good intention, aims all his thoughts, words and actions, at some laudable end, whether it be for the good of mankind, or the particular benefit of himself. Such a one never attempts to employ his care in any point, before he has first persuaded himself that what he is doing, is, in itself, intentionally good; by which means he can the more easily reconcile his mind, and meet the event with

with pleasure. If he does not succeed so soon as he expected, he invites the assistance of patience and fortitude to support him; and if at last, by his perseverance, he obtains the accomplishment of his hopes, he can receive a thousand times more pleasure in the enjoyment, than if he had gained it without the least difficulty to oppose him. But if by any adversity he should fail in his endeavours, and be baffled by any unforeseen disappointment; yet he cannot reproach himself for a want of conduct, and therefore can overcome this difficulty with a truly brave spirit.

How many misfortunes do we see daily happen through a neglect of this virtue, which might have been, perhaps, in great part avoided, would we only make use of reason, and pursue our point with fortitude and resolution. There are no troubles whatever, though desperate in appearance, which might not be alleviated by this method; and no adversity which might not be lessened by this virtue. Acting upon such principles, we can laugh at the unequal distributions which fortune makes of its favours, and be contented with the small share which may fall to our lot. And instead of making us the less anxious of resuming our schemes, we shall pursue them with a more active and chearful disposition;

sition ; think no fatigue too great towards the accomplishment of them, and endeavour by a strict adherence to the rules of virtue, and a perfect confidence in the justice of our cause, to go on till success has crowned our labours, and well rewarded all our toil. Thus we find, that, unless this method is pursued, our life will be one continued interruption of happiness.

The present moment is always considered as less happy than the past ; but the future, though little thought of, will be found in reality less happy than the present. Our connections with one another also render us less sensible of our present happiness, than we might otherwise be. We are too apt to blame Providence for placing some in a more exalted sphere than us, concluding from thence, that superior felicity is the constant attendant of superior fortune ; but however elevated they may be in their several stations in the one point, we might easily see how far short they fall in our expectations in the other. Happiness will be found to be no ways peculiar to that state. Daily experience convinces us of the falsity of such a supposition ; nor do we find it in greater plenty any where, than in the breast of the humble cottager, and even there it is often found less pure than is imagined.

G

It

It is, as a certain divine observes, a point beyond all contradiction, that the poor as well as the rich, are not always the happy; for sincere felicity and an exalted or humble state, have no immediate necessary connection. A true Christian is the only happy man; and he, who is indeed so, will find happiness and content, whether in the cottage or the palace. Happiness being thus the attendant of a contented and patient mind, he who pursues his course in this life by such a rule, will find great pleasure in every station. In the greatest vicissitudes of fortune, when adversity besets him, and every cloud of sorrow seems designed to augment his grief, the manly fortitude which he shews, together with the consciousness of having performed his duty agreeable to the dictates of reason and virtue, will support him in his deepest distress, and by a perseverance, at last deliver him from all his oppressions.

ANEC.

ANECDOTE

OF

PETER THE GREAT.

THE Czar being one day at dinner at a foreign merchant's, whose daughter was very beautiful, fell violently in love, and pressed her to make a return to his passion. But the young lady, as virtuous as beautiful, firmly refused the most seducing offers, and, dreading his sollicitations, resolved to leave Moscow by night, without acquainting her parents.

Taking some provisions and a little money with her, she travelled several miles on foot, and at last reached a small village, the abode of her nurse. She discovered herself to her foster-sister, whom she informed of her intention to remain concealed. Her nurse's husband, a carpenter by trade, conducted her to a neighbouring wood, where, on a little rising ground, surrounded by a morass, he hastily built a hut for her residence.

The day after her flight, the Czar sent for her parents, who were inconsolable for her loss.

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He

He at first thought it a concerted scheme : but the violence of their grief undeceived him, and he promised a large reward to any who should discover the fugitive. All search however was vain, and her parents went into mourning.

A year after, an accident a little uncommon, occasioned her discovery. A Colonel, who was absent from his regiment on leave, made his way into the midst of the wood in pursuit of game, came to the morass, and met the lady. Struck by her beauty, he immediately became enamoured of her, and, after a few questions, found that she was the person whose loss had made so much noise. He consoled her, by telling her that the Czar's heart was engaged elsewhere ; offered to wait on her parents, and concert with them the means of taking her from her solitary abode. She consented to his proposal, and accepted his assistance with gratitude, that led the way to softer emotions. Her parents, overjoyed at finding their daughter, determined to apply to Mrs. Catherine, for this was the name then given to the celebrated woman whom Peter afterwards placed upon his throne.

Catherine spoke to the Czar, and represented in such lively colours all that a delicate girl must have

have suffered, shut up for a whole year in a hut, in the midst of a morass, that he was much affected, reproached himself severely with the pain he had given her, and determined to make her amends. He desired to see her, her parents, and her deliverer ; to the latter of whom he presented her,—“ Receive, from my hand,” said he, “ the most amiable and virtuous of women. I settle upon her and her heirs three thousand roubles a year.”

This respectable woman went often to court, in full possession of his favour, and the veneration of the public.

HAPPINESS.

AS perfect felicity cannot be the lot of human nature, he is wise, who rather endeavours to defend himself against those evils that press him, than vainly sigh for that happiness which will never arrive.

To make any happiness sincere, it is necessary that we believe it to be lasting ; since whatever
we

we suppose ourselves in danger of losing, must be enjoyed with solicitude and uneasiness; and the more value we set upon it, the more must the present possession be imbittered. He that resigns his peace to little casualties, and suffers the course of his life to be interrupted by fortuitous inadvertencies or offences, delivers up himself to the direction of the wind, and loses all that constancy and equanimity, which constitute the chief praise of a wise man.

We ought, at least, to let our desires fix upon nothing in another's power for the sake of our quiet, or in another's possession for the sake of our innocence.

When once a man has made celebrity necessary to his happiness, he has put it in the power of the weakest and most timorous malignity, if not to take away his satisfaction, at least to withhold it.

He who has so little knowledge of human nature, as to seek happiness by changing any thing but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs he purposes to remove.

Q

O happiness, in every varied scene,
Thro' toil, thro' danger, and thro' pain pursu'd!
Yet oft when present, scarce enjoy'd when past,
Recall'd to wound the heart, to blast the sweets
Yet given to life—how are thy votaries
Milled by vain delusions, thus deceived!

ANECDOTE

OF

Mr. QUIN.

MR. QUIN, the celebrated comedian, was a gentleman whose humour has given life to the conversation of thousands who perhaps never had the pleasure of seeing him; and the story that follows does honour to his memory.

Mr. Thomson, a Scots gentleman, universally known by his fine poems on the Seasons, on Liberty, &c. when he first came to London, was in very narrow circumstances; and, before he was distinguished by his writings, was many times put to his shifts even for a dinner. The debts he then contracted lay very heavy upon him for a long time afterwards; and upon the publication
of

of his Seasons, one of his creditors arrested him, thinking that a proper opportunity to get his money. The report of this misfortune happened to reach the ears of Mr. Quin, who had indeed read the Seasons, but had never seen the author; and upon stricter enquiry he was told, that Thomson was in the bailiff's hands at a spunging-house in Holborn: thither Quin went; and being admitted into his chamber; Sir, said he, in his usual tone of voice, you do not know me, I believe, but my name is Quin. Mr. Thomson received him politely, and said, that though he could not boast of the honour of a personal acquaintance, he was no stranger either to his name or his merit; and very obligingly invited him to sit down. Quin then told him he was come to sup with him, and that he had already ordered the cook to provide supper, which he hoped he would excuse. Mr. Thomson made the proper reply, and then the discourse turned indifferently upon subjects of literature.

When the supper was over, and the glafs had gone round briskly, Mr. Quin then took occasion to explain himself, by saying, it was now time to enter upon business. Mr. Thomson declared he was ready to serve him, as far as his capacity would reach, in any thing he should command
(thinking

asking he was come about some affair relating
 the drama). Sir, says Mr. Quin, you mis-
 e my meaning : I am in your debt : I owe you
 hundred pounds, and I am come to pay you.
 Thomson, with a disconsolate air, replied,
 t as he was a gentleman, whom, to his know-
 ge he had never offended, he wondered he
 ould seek an opportunity to reproach him
 der his misfortunes. No, by G—d said Quin,
 sing his voice, I'd be d—n'd before I would
 that. I say, I owe you an hundred pounds,
 d there it is (laying a bank note of that value
 fore him). Mr. Thomson was astonished, and
 gged he would explain himself. Why, says
 uin, I'll tell you.—Soon after I had read your
 asons, I took it into my head, that as I had
 mething in the world to leave behind me when
 died, I would make my will, and among the
 ft of my legatees, I set down the Author of the
 asons an hundred pounds ; and this day hear-
 g that you was in this house, I thought I might
 ; well have the pleasure of paying the money
 yself, as to order my executors to pay it, when
 erhaps you might have less need of it ; and this,
 fr. Thomson, is the business I came about. I
 eed not express Mr. Thomson's grateful acknow-
 dgments, but leave every reader to conceive
 rem.

H

GOVERN-

GOVERNMENT *of* TEMPER.

EVERY human creature is sensible of the propensities to some infirmity of temper, which it should be his care to correct and subdue, particularly in the early period of life ; else, when arrived at a state of maturity, he may relapse into those faults which were originally in his nature, and which will require to be diligently watched, and kept under, through the whole course of life ; for the cultivation of an amiable disposition, is a great part of religious duty, since nothing leads more directly to the breach of charity, and to the injury and molestation of our fellow creatures, than the indulgence of an ill temper.

With respect to a woman, the principal virtues and vices must be of a domestic kind. Within the circle of her own family and dependants lies her sphere of action—the scene of almost all those tasks and trials which must determine her character and her fate here, and hereafter. The happiness of her husband, children, and servants, must depend on her temper ; and it will appear, that the greatest good or evil which she may ever have

have in her power to do, may arise from her correcting or indulging its infirmities.

The greatest outward blessings cannot afford enjoyment to a mind uneasy and ruffled within. A fit of ill humour will spoil the finest entertainment, and is as real a torment as the most painful disease. Another unavoidable consequence of ill temper, is the dislike and aversion of all who are witnesses to it ; and perhaps, the deep and lasting resentment of those who suffer from its effects.

We all from social and self love, earnestly desire the esteem and affection of our fellow creatures ; and, indeed, our condition renders them so necessary to us, that the wretch who has forfeited them, must feel desolate and undone—deprived of all the best enjoyments and comforts the world can afford, and given up to his inward misery, unpitied and scorned.

Every temper is inclined, in some degree, to passion, peevishness, or obstinacy : we should therefore always watch the bent of our nature, and apply remedies proper for the infirmities to which we are most liable. The first is so injurious to society, and so odious in itself, that men who

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give

give way to it, render themselves not only disgusting, but dangerous. Hurried on by the violence of rage, they break through the bounds of decorum, destroy the order of civil society, disregard truth, sacrifice justice, and disgrace, as well as offend, the dignity of their Creator.

In a female character, one should think that shame alone would be sufficient to preserve a young woman from becoming a slave to it; for it is as unbecoming her character to be betrayed into ill behaviour by passion, as by intoxication; and she ought to be ashamed of the one as much as the other. Gentleness, meekness, and patience, are her peculiar distinctions, and an enraged woman is one of the most disgusting sights in nature.

The placid countenance, the mild deportment, and a smooth address, are strong incentives to just admiration, and to honest praise. But these perfections all fall victims to that monster, passion. It behoves us, therefore, to retire from such an occasion of sin, and wait till we are cool, before we presume to judge of what has passed.

By accustoming ourselves thus to conquer and disappoint our anger, we shall, by degrees, find it
grow

grow weak and manageable, so as to leave our reason at liberty. We shall be able to restrain our tongue from evil, and our looks and gestures from all expressions of violence and ill will.

Pride, which produces so many evils in the human mind, is the great source of passion. Whoever cultivates in himself a proper humility, a due sense of his own faults and insufficiencies, and a due respect for others, will find but small temptation to violent and unreasonable anger.

Whenever, therefore, we feel ourselves highly enraged, we should suspect ourselves to be in the wrong, and resolve to stand the deliberate decision of our own conscience, before we cast upon another the punishment which is perhaps due to ourselves. This self examination will, at least, give us some time to cool ; and, if we are just, as it should be our chief aim to be so, will dispose us to balance our own wrong with that of our antagonist, and to settle the account with him on equal terms.

There are many who acquire the character of ill-temper, when in reality they merit not the severity of the accusation; and this arises merely from their mode of replication, or their manner
of

of interrogation, as they are generally and unfortunately attended with a species of tartness on every trivial occasion. This indicates, to common observers, a degree of petulance, and seems to take its origin from a jealousy, or rather fear of their own consequence being degraded or injured in some respect. This should be carefully avoided, for the very appearance of peevishness is ungraceful and painful.

The fretful man, though he injures us less, disgusts us more than him who is passionate ; because he betrays a low and little mind, intent on trifles, and engrossed by a paltry self love, which knows not how to bear the apprehensions of any inconveniencies. It is self love, then, which we must combat, when we find ourselves assaulted by this infirmity ; and by voluntarily enduring inconveniencies, we shall habituate ourselves to bear them with ease and good humour, when occasioned by others.

We should endeavour, by denying ourselves, now and then, innocent indulgencies, to acquire a habit of command over our passions and inclinations, particularly such as are likely to lead us into evil, and abstract our minds from that attention to trifling circumstances which usually
creates

creates this uneasiness. Our minds should, therefore, be content, have always some object in pursuit worthy of them, that they may not be engrossed by such as are in themselves scarce worth a moment's anxiety ; yet from too minute and anxious attention, seldom fail to produce a teasing, mean, and fretful disposition.

We should substitute in their room the pursuit of glory and happiness in another life.—Reading, reflection, rational conversation, and, above all, conversing with God, by prayer and meditation, would preserve us from taking that interest in the little comforts and conveniencies of our remaining days, which usually gives birth to so much fretfulness in old people.

Notwithstanding this is generally attributed to age, still we often see the young, the healthy, and those who enjoy the most outward blessings, inexcusably guilty of it. The smallest disappointment in pleasure, or difficulty in the most trifling employment, will put *wilful* young people out of temper, and their very amusements become sources of vexation and peevishness. There is a degree of resignation necessary even in the enjoyment of pleasure: we must be ready and willing to give up some part of what we could wish

with for, before we can enjoy that which is indulged by us. The craving of restless vanity, the too constant companion of youthful bosoms, will endure a thousand mortifications, which, in the midst of seeming pleasure, will secretly corrode the heart; while the meek and humble generally find more gratification than they expected, and return home pleased and enlivened from every scene of amusement, though they could have staid away from it with perfect ease and contentment.

Sullenness and obstinacy, is perhaps a worse fault of temper than either of the former; and, if indulged, may end in the most fatal extremes of stubborn melancholy, malice, and revenge. The resentment, which instead of being expressed, is passed in secret, and continually aggravated by the imagination, will in time become the ruling passion; and then how horrible must be his case, whose kind and pleasurable affections are all swallowed up by the tormenting, as well as detestable, sentiments of hatred and revenge!

We should not brood over resentment, but speak calmly, reasonably, and kindly; then expostulate with our adversary;—and either reconcile ourselves to him, or quiet our minds under the injury

injury we have supposed he has done us, by the principle of Christian charity. But if it appears we ourselves have been the aggressors, we should acknowledge our error fairly and honourably :— a generous confession oftentimes more than atones for the fault which requires it.

Truth and justice demand that we should acknowledge conviction as soon as we feel it, and not maintain an erroneous opinion, or justify a wrong conduct, merely from the false shame of confessing our past ignorance. With a disposition strongly inclined to fullness or obstinacy, this may appear perhaps impracticable ; but by constant use, the mind will gain strength from the contest, and this internal enemy will by degrees be forced to give ground.

The love of truth, and a real desire of improvement, ought to be the only motives of argumentation ; and where these are sincere, no difficulty can be made of embracing the truth, as soon as it is perceived. To receive advice, reproof, and instruction properly, is the surest sign of a sincere and humble heart, and shews a greatness of mind which commands our respect and reverence, while it appears so willingly to yield to us in superiority.

We should consider, that those who tell us of our faults, if they do it from motives of kindness, and not of malice, exert their friendship in a painful office, which must have cost as great an effort, as it can be to us to acknowledge the service ; and if we refuse this encouragement, we cannot expect that any one, who is not absolutely obliged to it by duty, will, a second time undertake such an ill-requited trouble.

Excessive and ill-judged indulgence, seldom fails to reduce a woman to the miserable condition of a humoured child, always unhappy, from having nobody's will to study but its own. The influence of such demands for herself, and such disregard to the choice and inclinations of others, can seldom fail to make as many enemies as there are persons obliged to bear with those humours ; whilst a compliant, a reasonable, and contented disposition, would render her happy in herself, and beloved by all her companions, particularly by those who live constantly with her.

Family friendships, are the friendships made for us by an all wise Providence :—hence ought we to employ every faculty of entertainment, every engaging qualification which we possess to the best advantage, for those who live under the
same

same roof, and with whom we are connected in life, either by the ties of blood, or by the still more sacred obligation of voluntary engagement. The sincere and genuine smiles of complacency and love should adorn our countenance. That ready compliance, that alertness to assist and oblige, which demonstrates true affection, must animate our behaviour, and endear our most common actions. Politeness must accompany our greatest familiarities, and restrain us from every thing that is really offensive, or which can give a moment's unnecessary pain. Conversation, which is so apt to grow dull and insipid in families, nay, in some, to be almost laid aside, must be cultivated with the frankness and openness of friendship, and by the mutual communication of whatever may conduce to the improvement or innocent entertainment of each other.

All these qualifications, which cannot fail to render us pleasing, will be the natural result of a well governed temper, as it will derive pleasure to itself, in proportion as it has the power of communicating it to others. This disposition of mind should therefore be cultivated with the utmost care and diligence; the symptoms of that humour, against which all our artillery should be levelled, should be minutely watched, and with

a firm resolution conquered as they rise; for a sweet disposition is its own reward, and is in itself essential to happiness.

THOUGHTS ON ADVERSITY.

SWEET are the uses of adversity.—It is a medicine which, although bitter when first swallowed; after it has been properly digested, is sure to do the patient infinite service.

A continued circulation of ease is disgustful; the same round of pleasure to tread over and over again—every part becomes joyless.—The glare of dresses, the pomp of equipage, the ceremony and state of great dinners, are rather fatiguing than satisfactory; and I dare maintain it, that the rich people's lives, whose minds are unembellished with a taste for arts and sciences, would be horridly disgustful to themselves, did they not dissipate so many hours in hair-dressing and card-playing.

The man who has not had his portion of infelicity, cannot feel for his fellow creatures as he should do, nor relish life as he ought.

The

The man who has known what it is to want the superfluities of the world's wantonness, can best relinquish them: his death-bed is to him a bed of down; while the proud man, of uninterrupted affluence, dies upon a rack. He reflects upon what he thinks are the finest things of this world, and that he must leave them all behind him.

Of what does the rich man, who is fond of parade, avail himself? He will exhaust the inventions of his tradesmen, to decorate the state of pageantry he appears in, and for what? merely to indulge the vulgar stare; to feast the sight of the mob he despises; to satisfy loitering curiosity, and give excuse to idle and impertinent inquisitiveness.

When the peacock spreads abroad its spangled plumage, we admire the glaring tints, but the bird itself is not worth listening to.

It is thus every person who will give common sense fair-play, views many keepers of gilded equipages, who lolling in lazy luxury, lounge along the face of the earth, with unfeeling hearts, and insipid minds.

O!

O! little know the idle licentious the joys which honest industry feels at every well-earned meal he sits down to, at every chearful glass which he relishes after the day's labour is over.

When the ingenious artist receives his money for his finished performance, that premium which ingenuity merits, and the tribute which worth demands from wealth, think you the receiver of a bett enjoys such satisfaction? Or tell me, if you can, ye gallopers upon the turf; ye who often, out of ostentation, hollow out—"That horse for fifty," did you ever receive a thousandth part the pleasure from all the sums you have parted with, equal to what the worthy father of his small family feels, when he sees his lovely-looking little prattlers new-cloathed by his honestly gained purchases?—when he sees them ranged before him, each displaying the innocent gladness of his mind, and shewing their Papa the new thing, while an amiable wife sits attentive to their pretty chat, with a glistening tear of JOY SWIMMING IN HER EYE, AS SHE FEASTS UPON THIS HEART-FELT PICTURE.

IM-

IMPORTANCE OF FEELINGS ACCOM-
MODATED TO HAPPINESS.

ILLUSTRATED IN THE CHARACTERS OF

CLITANDER AND EUDOCIUS.

THAT we often make the misery, as well as
“ the happiness we do not find,” is a truth
which Moralists have frequently remarked, and
which can hardly be too often repeated. 'Tis
one of those specific maxims which apply to
every character, and to every situation, and which
therefore, in different modes of expression, al-
most every wise man has endeavoured to enforce
and illustrate. Without going so far as the Stoics
would have us, we may venture to assert, that
there is scarce any state of calamity in which a
firm and a virtuous mind will not create to itself
consolation and relief; nor any absolute degree
of prosperity and success in which a naturally
discontented spirit will not find cause of disap-
pointment and disgust. But in such extremes of
situation, it is the lot of few to be placed. Of
the bulk of mankind the life is passed amidst
scenes

scenes of no very eventful sort, amidst ordinary engagements, and ordinary cares. But of these, perhaps, still more than of the others, the good or evil is in a great measure regulated by the temper and disposition of him to whom they fall out ; like metals in coin, it is not alone their intrinsic nature, but also that impression which they receive from us, that creates their value. It must be material, therefore, in the art of happiness, to possess the power of stamping satisfaction on the enjoyments which Providence has put into our hands. I have been led into these reflections from meeting lately with two old acquaintances, from whom I had, by various accidents, been a long while separated, but whose dispositions our early intimacy had perfectly unfolded to me, and the circumstances of whose lives I have since had occasion to learn.

When at school, Clitander was the pride of his parents, and the boast of our Master.—There was no acquirement which his genius was not equal to ; and though he was sometimes deficient in application, yet whenever he chose he outshone every competitor.

Eudocius was a lad of very inferior talents. He was frequently the object of Clitander's ridicule,

dicule, but he bore it with indifference that very soon disarmed his adversary; and his constant obligingness and good humour made all his class-fellows his friends.

Clitander was born the heir of a very large estate, which coming to the possession of at an early age, he set out on his travels, and continued abroad for a considerable number of years. In the accomplishments of the man, he was equally successful as he had been in the attainments of the boy, and attracted particular notice in the different places of his residence on the continent, as a young man from whom the highest expectations might reasonably be formed. But it was remarked by some intelligent observers, that he rather acquired than relished these accomplishments, and learned to judge more than to admire whatever was beautiful in nature, or excellent in art. At times he seemed like other youthful possessors of ample fortunes, disposed to enjoy the means of pleasure which his situation enabled him to command. At other times, he talked with indifference or contempt both of these pleasures themselves, and of the companions with whom they had been shared. He remained longer abroad than is customary, as his friends said, to make himself master of whatever might

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be

be useful to his country, or ornamental to himself; but in fact, he remained where he was; as I have heard himself confess, from an indifference about whither he should go; because, as he frankly said, he thought he should find the same fools at Rome as at Paris, at Naples as at Rome. In going through Hungary, he visited the quicksilver mines, where the miserable workmen, pent up for life, hear of the light and of the sun, as of the beatitudes of another world. One of those, as Clitander and his party came up to him, was leaning on his mattock, under one of the dismal lamps that unfold the horrors of the place, eating the morsel of brown bread that is allowed them. What wretched fare! said one of the company. But he seems to enjoy it! replied Clitander.

When he returned to England, he was surrounded by the young and the gay, who allured him to pleasure; and by more respectable characters, who invited him to business and ambition. With both societies he often mixed, but could scarcely be said to associate; to both he lent himself, as it were, for the time; but became the property of neither, and seemed equally dissatisfied with both.

When

When I saw him lately, he was at his paternal seat, one of the finest places in one of the finest parts of the country. To my admiration of its improvements he assented with the coolness of a spectator who had often looked on them; yet I found that he had planned most of them himself. In the neighbourhood I found him respected, but not popular; and even when I was told stories of his beneficence, of which there were many, they were told as deeds in which he was to be imitated rather than beloved. His hospitality was uncommonly extensive; but his neighbours partook of it rather as a duty than a pleasure. And though at table he said more witty and more lively things than all his guests put together, yet every body remarked how dull the dinner had been.

At his house I found *Eudocius*, who flew to embrace me, and to tell me his history since we parted. He told it rather more in detail than was necessary; but I thanked him for his minuteness, because it had the air of believing me interested in the tale. Eudocius was now almost as rich as Clitander; but his fortune was of his own acquisition. In the line of commerce, to which he had been bred, he had been highly successful. Industry, the most untainted uprightness, and that sort of claim which a happy disposition had

upon every good man he met, had procured him such advantages, that in a few years he found himself possessed of wealth beyond his most sanguine expectations, and, as he modestly said, much beyond his merits: but he did himself injustice; he had all the merit which enjoying it thankfully, and using it well, could give.

At his house, to which I afterwards attended him, most things were good, and Eudocius honestly praised them all. He had a group of his neighbours assembled, all of whom were happy; but those who came from visiting Clitander were always the happiest. In his garden and grounds there were some beauties which Eudocius showed you with much satisfaction; there were many deformities which he did not observe himself: if any other remarked them he was happy they were discovered, and took a memorandum for mending them next year. His tenants and cottagers were contented and comfortable, or at least in situations that ought to make them so. If any of them came with complaints to Eudocius, he referred them to his steward, but with injunctions to treat them indulgently; and when the steward sometimes told him he had been imposed on, he said he would not trust the man again: but repeated a favourite phrase of his, which

which he had learned from somebody, but adopted from pure good nature, "that he might be cheated of his money, but should not of his temper." In this, as in every thing else, it was not easy to vex him, while on the other hand he was made happy at very little expence: he laughed at dull jokes, was pleased with bad pictures, praised dull books, and patronized very inferior artists; not always from an absolute ignorance of these things, (though his taste, it must be owned, was none of the most acute), but because it was his way to be pleased, and that he liked to see people pleased around him.

It was not so with Clitander. Wanting that enthusiasm, that happy deception, which leads warmer, and indeed inferior minds, through life, he examined with too critical, perhaps too just an eye, its pleasures, its ambition, its love, its friendship, and found them empty and unsatisfying.

Eudocius was the happy spectator of an indifferently played comedy; but Clitander had got behind the scenes, and saw the actors with all their wants and imperfections. Clitander, however, never shows the sourness or the melancholy of a misanthrope. He is not interested
enough

enough in mankind to be angry, nor is the world worth his being sad for. Thus he not only wants the actual pleasures of life, but even that sort of enjoyment which results from its sorrows.

Miserum te judico, quod nunquam fueris miser.

SEN.

The only satisfaction he seems to feel, is that sort of detection which his ability enables him to make of the emptiness of the world's pleasures, the hypocrisy of its affected virtues, the false estimation of its knowledge, the ridiculousness of its pretended importance. Hence he is often a man of humour and of wit, and plays with both, with the appearance of gaiety and mirth. But this gaiety is not happiness. Such a detection may clothe one's face in smiles, but it cannot make glad the heart.

In the gaiety of Clitander, however excited, there is little enjoyment. Clitander undervalues his audience, and never delivers himself up to them with that happy cheerfulness with which Eudocius tells his old stories, and every one laughs without knowing why.

In

In the apathy of a dull man, no body is interested, and we consign him to its influence without reflection and without regret. But when one considers how much is lost to the world by the indifference of Clitander, one cannot help lamenting that unfortunate perversion of talents, by which they are not only deprived of their value, but made instruments of ill fortune ; which, if I may be allowed the expression, disappoints the bounty of Heaven, both to its possessor himself, and to those around him, whom it ought to have enriched.

A N E C D O T E.

THE late famous Arthur Moore, who was much in favour with the Tory Ministry, in the latter part of Queen Ann's reign, had a lady who was reckoned a woman of great wit and humour, but in political principles quite opposite to those of her husband. This same lady coming home one evening, told her husband, she wished him joy, for she had heard he was to be made a Lord. (This was before the death of Queen Ann.) And pray, said he, what did they say was
to

to be my title?—My Lord *Tairiff* replied she, which was a sneer upon him, for having been engaged in settling a tairiff of trade, for which he was thought well skilled. And why don't you, when you hear any one abuse your husband, spit in their face, said he. No, I thank you, answered the lady, *I do not intend to spit myself into a consumption.*

ANECDOTE

OF

D R Y D E N.

MR. Dryden happening to pass an evening in company with the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Rochester, Lord Dorset, and others of the first distinction and reputation for genius, the conversation turned upon literary subjects; such as the fineness of composition, the harmony of numbers, the beauties of invention, the smoothness and elegance of style, &c. &c. After some debate, it was finally agreed, that each person present should write something upon whatever subject chanced to strike the imagination, and
place

place it under the candlestick. Mr. Dryden was excepted against in every respect, but as a judge of the whole. Of course that office was assigned him.

Some of the company were at more than ordinary pains to out-rival each other : the man most tranquil and unconcerned was Lord Dorset ; who, with much ease and composure, very coolly wrote two or three lines, and carelessly threw them in the place agreed upon ; and when the rest had done so by theirs, the arbiter opened the leaves of their destiny. In going through the whole, he discovered strong marks of pleasure and satisfaction ; but at one, in particular, he discovered the most boundless rapture.

“ I must acknowledge,” says Dryden, “ that there are abundance of fine things in my hands, and such as do honour to the personages who wrote them ; but I am under indispensable necessity of giving the highest preference to Lord Dorset. I must request you will hear it yourselves, Gentlemen ; and I believe each and every of you will approve my judgment.

‘ I promise to pay to John Dryden, Esq.
or order, on demand, the sum of five hundred pounds.

DORSET.’

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“ I

"I must confess," continued Dryden, "that I am equally charmed with the style and the subject; and I flatter myself, Gentlemen, that I stand in need of no arguments to induce you to join with me in opinion against yourselves. This kind of writing exceeds any other, whether ancient or modern. It is not the effence, but the quintessence of language; and is, in fact, reason and argument surpassing every thing."

The company all readily concurred with the bard; and each person present was forward to express a due admiration of his Lordship's penetration, sound judgment, and superior abilities; with which it is probable Mr. Dryden, that great judge upon such occasions, was still more thoroughly satisfied than any of the company.

ON THE
 FRAILTY, INSTABILITY OF LIFE, &c.

A SOLILOQUY.

AS I was sitting the other night by the fire side, my thoughts being solely taken up with the part I should act on the grand theatre of the world, the candle which burnt on the table was blown out by the wind that issued from the door, which Lucy had just opened. This accident directly impressed me with a sense of my own frailty, and threw me into a train of melancholy reflections. This, said I, is the true picture of human life. We are here now, but who dares boast himself of the morrow ; for the wisest know not what a day may bring forth ? Death is a debt we all contract the moment we are born, and it is a debt we all must pay. Some die in their infancy, some in their youth, and others drag on a life of misery and trouble ; but soon all must submit to this powerful enemy. In vain has nature formed us by her peculiar care ; in vain has fortune bestowed on us her smiles ; beauty and riches plead in vain a little longer stay. The infants, like the sensitive plant, sink under the

least touch of sickness: scarce is the breath of life breathed into their nostrils, but death demands it, and they moulder into that dust from which they were so lately taken.

Could not death have spared those little innocent ones? Surely they could not have been guilty of any thing that deserved such a punishment—but just brought into the world!—I was going on, when something whispered in my ear, presumptuous mortal! endeavour not to pry into the mysterious work of divine wisdom,

“ But where you can't unriddle learn to trust.”

— Here I made a long pause, nor could I refrain venting the effusions of an heart sensible of the gratitude I owe God for permitting me, a sinful mortal, to live so long.

The youth, daring and bold, just arrived at the bloom of life, who has before him the prospect of spending a long one in many years of uninterrupted happiness, now contrives and lays down a plan for his future days; one while he is led away by ambition, who tells him that there can be no happiness equal to that of being caressed by the people, and to hear the multitude shouting
his

his praise. Prudence then takes him, and tells him that fame affords no such pleasure as he is taught to believe, that if he is the wonder of a few, he will be the object of the envy of many, and that if happiness is his aim, he must not launch out into so large an ocean, but confine himself to private life, which yields more lasting pleasure, and more solid enjoyment. He is divided in his opinion, and knows not whose advice to take ; but here death steps in and arrests him in his wild pursuit ; his pleasing hopes all vanish, and his prospects are all buried in the grave.

Old age next presented itself to my view, on which can any one look and forget his own weakness ? There we see nature quite exhausted, and willing to return to its kindred dust. Although we lived to the greatest age ever man did, yet our days are but as the days of an hireling, and our life as a tale that is told.

Extending my views still farther, I observed that all worldly things soon tend to decay, that nations and cities have their infancy, age, and dissolution, the same as man ; to witness this, where now are all those kingdoms recorded in history ? where now is Rome, that mistress of the world ?

world? where now are her poets, who sung the deeds of heroes, and immortalized them by their song? where now are her warriors who carried terror through the earth? and where now is Babylon, the pride and glory of the East? Her haughty towers lie now weeping in ashes, and there is not a vestige of its former grandeur and magnificence remaining. Those places where Kings used to reside, are now become the dens of savage beasts.

If this then is true, (and that it is true every day proves), why all this pride and bustle in the world? If so soon all must be laid in the grave, in the dust, which knows no distinction, and the worm riots on the carcase of the King, as soon as on that of the beggar. Hence will I seek some solitary retreat, where I may learn to despise the world and its false pleasures. I will endeavour to take off my affections from it, and fix them only on that place where true joy is to be found.

THE

THE BOUNTY OF THE CREATOR.

WHAT is more necessary for the support of life, than food? Behold, the earth is covered with it all around; grafs, herbs, and fruits, for beasts and men, were ordained to overspread all the surface of the ground, so that an animal could scarce wander any where, but his food was near him. Amazing provision for such an immense family!

What are the sweetest colours in nature, the most delightful to the eye, and the most refreshing too? Surely the green and the blue claim this pre-eminence. Common experience, as well as philosophy, tells us, that bodies of green and blue colours send us such rays of light to our eyes, as are least hurtful or offensive: we can endure them longest; whereas the red and yellow, or orange colour, send more uneasy rays in abundance, and give greater confusion and pain to the eye; they dazzle it sooner, and tire it quickly with a little intent gazing; therefore the Divine Goodness dressed all the heavens in blue, and the earth in green. Our habitation is over-hung with a canopy of most beautiful azure, and a rich verdant pavement is spread under our feet,
that

that the eye may be pleas'd and easi where-
soever it turns itself, and that the most universal
objects it has to converse with, might not impair
the spirits, and make the sense weary.

I.

WHEN God the new-made world survey'd,
His word pronounc'd the building good ;
Sun beams and light the heavens array'd,
And the whole earth was crown'd with food.

II.

Colours that charm and please the eye,
His pencil spread all nature round ;
With pleasing blue he arch'd the sky,
And a green carpet dress'd the ground.

III.

Let envious Atheists ne'er complain
That nature wants, or skill or care ;
But turn their eyes all round in vain,
T'avoid their Maker's goodness there.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE

OF

S O C R A T E S.

ONE day Socrates, having for a long time endured his wife's brawling, went out of his house, and sat down before the door, to rid himself of her impertinence. The woman, unable to find all her scolding was not able to disturb his tranquillity, flung a chamber pot full of water over his head. Those that happened to see it, laughed heartily at poor Socrates ; but that philosopher told them, smiling, *I thought, indeed, after so much thunder, we should have some rain.*

PLEASURES OF OLD AGE.

ALTHOUGH, in old age, the circle of pleasure is contracted, yet within its limits many of enjoyments remain which are most grateful to human nature.

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Tem-

Temperate mirth is not extinguished by advanced years ; the mild pleasures of domestic life still cheer the heart. The entertainments of conversation and social intercourse continue unimpaired. The desire of knowledge is not abated by the frailty of the body, and the leisure of old age affords many opportunities for gratifying that desire. The sphere of observation and reflection is not so much enlarged by long acquaintance with the world, as to supply, within itself, a wide range of improving thought.

Whilst the aged are engaged in such employments as best suit the infirmities of their nature, they are surrounded, perhaps, with families, who treat them with attention and respect : they are honoured by their friends, their characters are established, and are placed beyond the reach of clamour, and the strife of tongues ; and free from distracting cares, can calmly attend to their eternal interests. No age is doomed to total infelicity, provided that we attempt not to do violence to nature, by seeking to extort from one age the pleasures of another, and to gather in the winter of life those flowers which were destined to blossom only in its summer or its spring.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE

OF

S W I F T.

SWIFT once stopping at an inn at Dundalk, sent for a barber to shave him ; who performed his office very dexterously, and being a prating fellow, amused the Dean, during the operation, with a variety of chat. The Dean enquired of him who was the minister of the parish, and whether he had one farthing to rub upon another?—The barber answered, that though the benefice was but small, the incumbent was very rich.—“ How the plague can that be?”—“ Why, please your reverence, he buys up frizes, flannels, stockings, shoes, brogues, and other things when cheap, and sells them at an advanced price to the parishioners, and so picks up a penny.”

The Dean was curious to see this Vicar, and dismissing the barber with a shilling, desired the landlord to go in his name, and ask that gentleman to eat a mutton chop with him, for he had bespoke a yard of mutton, the name he usually

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gave

gave to the neck for dinner. Word was brought back that he had rid abroad to visit some sick parishioners. Why then, said the Dean, invite that prating barber, that I may not dine alone. The barber was rejoiced at this unexpected honour, and being dressed out in his best apparel, came to the inn, first enquiring of the groom what the clergyman's name was who had so kindly invited him. What the vengeance, said the servant, don't you know Dean Swift? at which the barber turned pale, said his babbling tongue had ruined him: then ran into the house, fell upon his knees, and intreated the Dean not to put him in print; for that he was a poor barber, had a large family to maintain, and if his reverence should put him into black and white, he should lose all his customers.

Swift laughed heartily at the poor fellow's simplicity, bade him sit down and eat his dinner in peace, for he assured him he would neither put him, or his wife, or the Vicar in print. After dinner, having got out of him the history of the whole parish, he dismissed him with half a crown, highly delighted with the adventures of the day.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE
OF THE
PRINCE OF ORANGE,
AFTERWARDS KING WILLIAM.

WHEN the Duke of Monmouth made his expedition to England, he was countenanced in it by the Prince of Orange, as he pretended that his design of going, was to bring about a republic in that kingdom. But when the Prince of Orange understood that he aimed at the crown, he was greatly alarmed, and sent an express to his father-in-law, King James, to acquaint him what number of forces he and Argyle had, and where they intended to land; and offered to come in person himself to head the army against him. This intelligence put a speedy end to the rebellion, which might not have been so soon quashed, if the Prince of Orange had not perceived that he caught at the crown, which he longed so much for himself.

King James is blamed for cutting the Duke of Monmouth off so hastily, and denying to hear what he

he had to say to him before his death : but this was owing to the advice of the Earl of Sunderland, and others of the King's counsel, who deceived the King in this matter, as they well knew that he would make discoveries, which would defeat the revolution which they were then meditating to effect, by putting the King upon measures to alienate the affections of his people from him. When the Prince of Orange was told by some, who were ignorant of the grand secret between them, that the Earl Sunderland had turned Roman Catholic, he, without surprise, merrily replied, " Let him turn any thing, rather than turn out."

BON MOT OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

WHEN the Duke of Clarence was first informed of the fire at his Richmond villa, his Royal Highness eagerly enquired if the " stowage in the hold was safe?" and being assured that neither the cellars or wines were in the least damaged, he exclaimed, " the upper decks may burn to the water's edge, for what I care, so long as none of the crew are lost."

A

A H Y M N.

I.

DEATH cannot make my soul afraid,
If God be with me there ;
Soft is the passage through the shade,
And all the prospect fair.

II.

Might I but climb to PISGAH's top,
And view the promis'd land ;
My soul would long her flesh to drop,
And pray for the command.

III.

I would renounce my *all* below
If my Creator bid ;
And run if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.

IV.

JESUS, the vision of thy faith,
Hath over-pow'ring charms ;
Scarce shall I feel death's *cold* embrace,
If CHRIST be in my arms.

V.

V.

Swift to the place of pure delight,
Where saints triumphant reign ;
My soul shall wing *her* joyful flight
From *forrow*, *fin*, and *pain*.

VI.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs ;
Death, like a narrow stream, divides
This Heav'nly land from ours.

VII.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand drefs'd in lively green ;
So to the Jews Old *Canaan* stood,
While *Jordan* roll'd between.

VIII.

O could I make my fears remove,
Those gloomy fears that rise ;
And see the *Canaan* which I love
With unbecclouded eyes !

IX

IX.

Could I but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er ;
Not death's dark vale, or icy flood,
Should fright me from the shore.

X.

Clasp'd in my Heav'nly FATHER's arms,
I would forget to breathe ;
And lose my life amidst the charms,
Of so divine a death.

INGRATITUDE.

AN ESSAY.

WHENEVER I see an ungrateful person,
I look upon him to be a disgrace to
human nature ; and that if he was in a high
station, he would be cruel, and if in a low one,
would be guilty of doing every thing a low life is
subject to the temptation of.

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That

That ingratitude comprehends all other vices need not raise a doubt in the mind of any ; if it does, I greatly fear they have too great a reason to suspect themselves guilty of it.

Moralists hold it as a balance to every other vice, and think that none are of so deep a dye.

Ingratitude is too mean to refuse the lowest favours, and too proud to acknowledge the highest.

Many melancholy instances prove that man misuses the reason his Creator has blessed him with, and which alone sets him above the other animals.

The lion is fond of his keepers, and thankful to the hand that gives him food ; but man, and man alone, is guilty of ingratitude : and when we have said that a man is ungrateful, we have said he is every thing that is bad.

The heathens—the heathens themselves, who had not the benefit of revealed religion, were seldom found guilty of this vice : and does it not call a blush up in the face of every Christian, to think that morality flourished more than than
in

in these days, and that they should discharge the social duties better than—I was almost going to say, a Christian?

We are told that a man “ who does not love his brother loves not God ;” and we may safely affirm, that he who is ungrateful to his neighbour, can never be grateful to God ; for morality is but the first step to religion ; and whoever builds without it, builds on a sandy foundation.

I defy all the votaries of this vice to show me a grateful person, who is not a good father, and a good friend—in fine, show me a grateful man who is not a happy one, and, *e contrario*, an ungrateful one, who is not miserable.

Ancients and moderns all agree that man was intended for society, to administer comfort to his fellow creatures, and to receive it in return from them ; and by a mutual intercourse one with another, to smooth the vale of life, and strew rose-buds along this thorny way.

If we look into the world, we shall see the grateful, with the greatest joy, when in his power, repaying the favours he has received. Content will always be visible in his looks, and he gene-

rally finds the ultimate end of all wordly pursuits, I mean happiness.

When such a man falls, who is not willing to lend him an assisting hand, and to pour in the balm of comfort to the wound of affliction? whereas, we shall behold the ungrateful man the unhappiest, as well as the worst of men. He is a friend to no one, and when he falls, he falls without pity; and when he dies, few are the tears that are shed upon his grave.

ON OUR

TASTE FOR VARIETY.

AN uniform life of peace, tranquillity, and security, would not be long relished. Constant repetition of the same pleasures would render even a golden age tasteless, like an Italian sky during a long summer. Nature has, for wise purposes, impressed upon us a taste for variety. Without this, life would be altogether insipid.

Paraguay

Paraguay, when governed by the Jesuits, affords a striking illustration. It was divided into parishes, in each of which a Jesuit presided as King, Priest, and Prophet. The natives were not suffered to have any property, but laboured incessantly for their daily bread, which was delivered to them out of a public magazine. The men were employed in agriculture, the women in spinning; and certain hours were allotted for labour, for food, for prayer, and for sleep.—They soon sunk into such a listless state of mind, as to have no regret at dying when attacked by disease, or by old age. Such was their indifference about what might befall them, that, though they adored the Jesuits, yet they made no opposition, when the fathers were, in the year 1767, attacked by the Spaniards, and their famous republic demolished. Yet this Jesuit republic is extolled by M. de Voltaire, as the most perfect government in the world, and as the triumph of humanity.

The monkish life is contradictory to the nature of man. The languor of that state is what, in all probability tempts many a monk and nun, to find occupation, even at the expence of virtue.

The life of Maltese Knights is far from being agreeable, now that their knight errantry against
the

the Turks has subsided. While they reside in the island, a strict uniformity in their manner of living is painful and irksome. Absence is their own relief when they can obtain permission. There will not remain long a Knight in the island, except such as by office are obliged to attendance.

Familiarity with danger is necessary to eradicate our natural timidity : and so deeply rooted is that principal, that familiarity with danger of one fort, does not harden us with respect to any other fort.

A soldier, bold as a lion in the field, is faint hearted at sea, like a child ; and a seaman, who braves the winds and waves, trembles when mounted on a horse of spirit. Even in the midst of dangers and unforeseen accidents, courage does not at present superabound. Sedentary manufacturers, who are seldom in the way of harm, are remarkably pusillanimous. What would men be, then, in a state of universal peace, concord, and security ? They would rival a hare or a mouse in timidity. Farewell, upon that supposition, to courage, magnanimity, heroism, and to every passion that ennobles human nature.

ANEC-

A N E C D O T E.

IN the twelfth century, that age of superstition, when scarce one person imagined that devotion and vice were incompatible with each other, Saint Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, was distinguished by a purity of sentiment and manners, then uncommon. One day he came to the nunnery of Godstowe, and entering the church, beheld a magnificent tomb, covered with silk hangings, and surrounded by lamps and wax tapers. Enquiring whose it was, he was answered, that it was the tomb of Rosamond, the mistress of King Henry, who had been a great benefactress to that church.—“What! (exclaimed Saint Hugh) can money then obtain those honours which are due to the virtuous only? This woman has enriched your house; but she persisted in her guilt. Remove those pompous ornaments from her tomb, and let us convince mankind, that it is not gold, but repentance and piety alone, that can expiate a life of scandal and adultery.”

ANEC-

ANECDOTE.

THE celebrated Dr. Saunderson, the blind Mathematical Professor of Cambridge, being in a very large company, observed, without any hesitation or enquiry, that a Lady, who had just left the room, and whom he did not know, had very fine teeth. As this was really the case, he was questioned as to the means he employed in making such a discovery.—I have no reason to think the Lady a fool, said the Doctor; and I have given the only reason she could have, for keeping herself in a continual laugh for an hour together.

ANECDOTE

OF

PETER THE GREAT.

PETER was no more than twenty-five years of age, when he was seized with an inflammatory fever, which brought him to the brink of the grave. The consternation was general; and public

lic prayers for his recovery were made in all the churches. In these alarming circumstances the chief Judge came to his Majesty, according to an ancient custom, and enquired whether it would not be proper to give liberty to nine malefactors, who had been condemned for murders and highway robberies, in order that those criminals might address their prayers to heaven for his recovery.

The Czar commanded the Judge to read aloud the heads of the accusations against those men. The Judge obeyed; and when he had finished, the Czar, with a weak and faltering voice thus addressed him.—“ Dost thou think, that in granting impunity to these wretches, and impeding the course of justice, I should do a good action, and that God to reward it, would prefer the prayers of murderers and wicked men, that have forgotten even *him* ? Go, I command thee, and execute, to-morrow, the sentence pronounced upon these criminals; and if any thing can obtain from heaven the restoration of my health, I hope it will be this act of justice !”

The orders of the Czar were executed. His health grew better every day; and in a little time he was perfectly recovered.

ANECDOTE

OF THE

LATE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

THIS great Prince amused himself daily by mixing with the people, and often going into coffee-houses *incog.* at Paris, where soon after his arrival he met with a person with whom he played at chess. The Emperor lost his game, and wished to play another; but the gentleman desired to be excused, saying, he must go to the opera to see the Emperor.—“What do you expect to see in the Emperor (says he); there is nothing worth seeing in him, I can assure you; he is just like any other man.” “No matter (says the gentleman), I have long had an irresistible curiosity to see him: he is a very great man, and I will not be disappointed. “And is that really your only motive (said the Emperor) for going to the Opera?” “It really is” (replied the gentleman.) “Well then, if that is the case (says the Emperor) we may as well play another game now, *for you see him before you.*”

ANEC-

ANECDOTE

O 2

SIR GEORGE RODNEY.

DURING Sir George Rodney's late residence in Paris, so great was his indigence, that he frequently knew not where to apply for a dinner. Monsieur de Sartine, no stranger to his professional abilities, thought this a proper time to wean his affections from his country, and therefore employed the Duke de Biron to make him an offer of the command of the French West India fleet, with a sum of money that should restore him to independence. The Duke, in consequence of this, invited Sir George to spend a month at his house, and in the course of that time frequently sounded him with great delicacy on the subject ; but not being able to make himself properly understood, he at last openly declared to him, " that as his Royal Master meant the West Indies to be the theatre of the present war, he was commissioned to make the handsomest offers to Sir George, if he would quit the English service, and take upon him the command of a French squadron."

O 2

Sir

Sir George, after hearing him with great temper, spiritedly made him this answer: "Sir, my distresses, it is true, have driven me from the bosom of my country; but no temptation whatever can estrange me from her service. Had this offer been a voluntary one of your own, I should have deemed it an insult; but I am glad to learn that it proceeds from a quarter that can do no wrong!"

The Duke de Biron was so struck with the public virtue of the old British tar, that he instantly exclaimed—"it is a pity so gallant an officer should be lost to his country. Will a thousand louis-d'ors enable you to revisit it, and tender your services to your Sovereign?" The other replied they would. The Duke immediately advanced him the sum, with which Sir George set out the next day for England, where he had not arrived a week before he returned the Duke's loan, accompanied with the most grateful letter for the singular obligation he had so politely conferred upon him,

DR.

(101)

DR. TILLOTSON

TO A

YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

MY LORD,

IT was a great satisfaction to me, to be any ways instrumental in gaining your Lordship to our Religion, which I really am persuaded to be the Truth; but I am, and always was, more concerned that your Lordship should continue a virtuous and good man, than become a Protestant; being assured that the ignorance and errors of men's understanding, will find a much easier forgiveness with God, than the faults of the will. I remember your Lordship once told me, that you would endeavour to justify the sincerity of your change, by a conscientious regard to all other parts and actions of your life. I am sure you cannot more effectually condemn your own act, than by being a worse man after your profession to have embraced a better religion: I will certainly be one of the last to believe any thing of your Lordship that is not good; but I always feared I should be one of the first
that

that should hear it. The time I last waited upon your Lordship, I had heard something that affected me very sensibly; but I hoped it was not true, and was therefore loath to trouble your Lordship about it; but having heard the same from those, who I believe bear no ill will to your Lordship, I now think it my duty to acquaint you with it.

To speak plainly, I have been told that your Lordship is of late fallen into a conversation dangerous both to your reputation and virtue; two of the tenderest and dearest things in the world. I believe your Lordship to have a great command and conduct of yourself; but I am very sensible of human frailty, and of the dangerous temptations to which youth is exposed in this dissolute age. Therefore I earnestly beseech your Lordship to consider, besides the high provocation of Almighty God, and the hazard of your soul, whenever you engage in a bad course, what a blemish you will bring upon a fair and unspotted reputation; what uneasiness and trouble you will create to yourself, from the severe reflections of a guilty conscience; and how great a violence you will offer to your good principles, your nature, and your education.

Do

Do not imagine you can stop when you please : experience shews us the contrary, and that **nothing** is more vain than for men to think they can **set** bounds to themselves in any thing that is **bad**. I hope in God no temptation has yet prevailed upon your Lordship, so far as to be guilty of any loose act ; if it has, as you love your soul, let it not proceed to an habit ; the retreat is yet easy and open, but will every day become more difficult and obstructed. God is so merciful, that upon your repentance and resolution of amendment, he is not only ready to forgive what is past, but to assist us by his grace to be better for the future.

But I need not enforce these considerations upon a mind so capable of, and easy to receive good counsel : I shall only desire your Lordship to think again and again, how great a point of wisdom it is, in all our actions, to consult the peace of our minds, and to have no quarrel with the constant and inseparable companion of our lives. If others displease us, we may quit their company ; but he that is displeased with himself, is unavoidably unhappy, because he has no way to get rid of himself.

My

My Lord, for God's sake and your own, think of being happy, and resolve by all means to save yourself from this untoward generation. Determine rather upon a speedy change of your condition, than to gratify the inclinations of your youth, in any thing but what is lawful and honourable ; and let me have the satisfaction to be assured from your Lordship, either that there has been no ground for this report, or that there shall be none for the future, which will be the welcomest news to me in the world. I have only to beg of your Lordship to believe that I have not done this to satisfy the formality of my profession ; but that it proceeds from the truest affection and good-will, that one man can possibly bear to another. I pray to God every day for your Lordship, with the same constancy and fervour as for myself, and do now earnestly beg that this counsel may be acceptable and effectual.

I am, &c.

OF

OF OUR
FALSE ESTIMATE OF GREATNESS.

HOW much do we mistake in the judgment we form of real greatness, when we view it at a distance, not only in the persons of those who are exalted to supreme dignity, and hold the reins of empire, but down through the intermediate ranks of life ! We are still ready to judge according to the outward appearances, and therefore are far from judging righteously. Is a man appointed to a great office, whether in Church or State,—invested with the solemn badges of authority and power, are we not ready, however unfit he may be for the execution of his office ; however unworthy the eminence to which he is exalted, to pronounce him a *great man*, and to give him credit for virtues he never possessed ? But how difficult do we find it to persuade ourselves that a poor man may be as great, or greater than a rich man ? A private member of society, as great, or perhaps infinitely greater than one that is adorned with a splendid, public character ? The laborious Curate greater, perhaps, than his exalted Diocesan ? Yea, the honest industrious,
P pious

pious day-labourer, greater than the richest, proudest man in the universe, that is dishonest, indolent and wicked? All the homage we pay to greatness, which has nothing real in it, but is altogether imaginary, is a dishonour to real greatness, and a wicked attempt to level and destroy that most important of all distinctions,—the distinction between virtue and vice ; real goodness, and proud impudent hypocrisy.

MR. POPE

TO

MRS. M. B. ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

O H! be thou blest with all that Heav'n can
send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a
friend ;
Not with those toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
With added years, if life bring nothing new,
But like a sieve let ev'ry blessing thro' ;
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad reflection more ;

Is

**Is that a birth-day? 'Tis alas ! too clear,
'Tis but the funeral of the former year.**

**Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear ;
'Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy ;
Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come.**

AN

INDIAN ANECDOTE.

MAHMOUD, who conquered Persia and India towards the end of the tenth century, was a Tartar. He is hardly known at present in this western part of the world, except by the answer of a poor woman, that applied to him in India for justice against a person who had robbed

and murdered her son, in the province of Yrac in Persia.—“How would you have me do justice at such a distance?” said the Sultan. “Why then,” replied the mother, “did you conquer when you could not govern us?”

V I R T U E.

IF virtue promise happiness, prosperity, and ease, then an improvement in virtue is certainly an improvement in each of these; for to whatever point the perfection of any thing absolutely brings us, improvement is always an approach towards it.

He, who has never pulled the deceitful mask from vice, and witnessed her deformity, cannot be so feelingly enraptured with the mild unvarying beauties which adorn her unassuming rival.

A soul, conversant with virtue, resembles a perpetual fountain; for it is clear and gentle, and potable, and sweet, and communicative, and rich, and harmless, and innocent.

Virtue

Virtue loses more than half her charms, when she harshly assumes the features of austerity.

Every state and condition of life, if attended with virtue, is undisturbed and delightful ; but when vice is intermixt, it renders things that appear splendid, sumptuous, and magnificent, distasteful and uneasy to the possessor.

Virtue is a steady principle, and gives stability to every thing else : though while good men live in a giddy world, they must, in some measure, feel its uncertain motions.

Virtue is a blessing which man alone possesses, and no other creature has any title to but himself. All is nothing without her, and she alone is all. The other blessings of this life are often imaginary ; she is always real.

Virtue has so sweet a power, that every one will wear her livery, though few do her service.

There is no virtue which is not nearly connected with some vice : there is no imperfection which does not bear a near resemblance to some excellency ; and mankind, fond of indulging their favourite passions and inclinations, instead of distinguishing, endeavour to confound their vices with their virtues : instead of separating the bad from

from the good grain, they bind up all together,
and hug themselves in the belief of holding only
what is valuable.

The lesser virtues must be attended to, as well
as the greater : the manners as well as the duties
of life : they form a sort of pocket coin, which,
though it does not enter into great and important
transactions, is absolutely necessary to common
and ordinary intercourse.

And he that doth no good, altho' no ill,
Does not the office of the just fulfil ;
Virtue doth man to virtuous actions steer,
'Tis not enough that he should vice forbear ;
We live not only for ourselves to care,
Whilst they that want it are denied their share.

He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i'th'center, and enjoy bright day ;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun,
Himself is his own dungeon.

To live uprightly then, is sure the best,
To save ourselves and not to damn the rest ;
The soul of Arcite went where heathens go,
Who better live than we, tho' less they know.

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtues prize !

ANECDOTES
OF THE
DUCHESS OF WIRTEMBERG.

THIS Princess is of all the women in Europe,
most free from religious prejudices.

The governesses who were entrusted with the education of the Princesses, her daughters, were directed to instruct them in the morality of religion, but never to speak to them upon any of those *speculative* points on which the different sects of Christians are divided.

The reason assigned by her Highness for the adoption of this system of education, was this—That as there were in Germany and other parts of Europe, Princes of different religions ; and as her Highness could not foresee by which of them her daughters might be demanded in marriage, it was not fit or reasonable that merely speculative opinions should stand in the way of their happiness and advancement.

The

The Duchefs said, that in adopting this mode of education, ſhe conſulted the peace of mind of her children. For as it was generally expected that the wife ſhould conform to the religion of her huſband (particularly in marriages between ſovereign Princes), ſo it would be leſs painful to her daughters to take up a new religion, when they could not be ſaid to ſacrifice an old one.

The daughters of the Duchefs have derived no inconfiderable benefits from this plan laid down by their mother.

One of them was demanded in marriage for the Grand Duke of Muſcovy, or Ruſſia, ſon and heir to the preſent Empreſs of Ruſſia ; to whom ſhe has already borne two ſons. Her Imperial Highneſs, immediately after her marriage, made profeſſion of the religion of the Greek church, which is eſtabliſhed in Ruſſia. In doing this ſhe did not change her religion, but aſſumed one for the firſt time.

Her ſiſter, Princeſs Elizabeth, was choſen by the preſent Emperor of Germany, as a fit confort for his nephew the Archduke Francis, ſon and heir of his brother the Grand Duke of Tuſcany, and the future head of the Houſe of Auſtria.

This

This Princess was sent to Vienna, where she became a Roman Catholic, and was married to the young Archduke, just before the opening of the last campaign, in which her Royal Consort was obliged to take a share within a week after his marriage ; so that he was forced to tear himself from the arms of his new bride, to encounter the perils and fatigues of war.

Thus the Duchefs of Wirtemberg is likely to be the mother of two Empreſſes, who will owe their Imperial crowns to the liberal and unprejudiced education derived from the good ſenſe of their provident parent.

Perhaps the greatneſs of the family of Wirtemberg may not ſtop here. Sultan Selim, ſon to the laſt, and nephew to the reigning Emperor of the Turks, is the preſumptive heir to the vaſt dominions of the Turkiſh empire.

Should this young Prince break through the cuſtom of the ſeraglio and take a wife ; and ſhould he make choice of one at the Court of Studgard, the Duchefs has ſtill an unmarried daughter, who would be an ornament to the empire of the Creſcent, or to any other.

Q

The

The religion of Mahomet could be no objection to the union. The counsels by which the Court of Studgard is governed, are founded in liberalify. The crescent is not a less brilliant ornament to a crown than a cross.

A N E C D O T E.

THE Berkshire proverb, *That the Vicar of Bray will be Vicar of Bray still*, being frequently revived in the political conduct of our great men, the following little anecdote of that *conscientious* Vicar, comprising the original words of the proverb, may not be unacceptable to our readers

Bray is a village near *Maiden-head*, in Berkshire, and the ancient Vicar thereof, living under King Henry VIII. King Edward VI. Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, was the first a *Papist*, then a *Protestant*, then a *Papist*, then a *Protestant* again ; he had seen some martyrs burnt two miles off, near Windsor, and found this fire *too* hot for his *tender temper*. This Vicar being taxed for being a *turncoat*, and an
uncon-

unconstant CHANGLING, " No, (said he) that's your mistake, for I always kept my *principle*, which is, *To live and die the Vicar of Bray*. And no doubt there are some still of the same *saving* principles, who, though they cannot turn the *wind*, will turn their *mills*, and set them so, that whenever it blows, their grist will certainly be grinding.

ANECDOTE

OF

SIR WILLIAM WYNDHAM.

SIR William Wyndham, when a very young man, had been out one day at a stag hunt. In returning from the sport, he found several of the servants at his father's gate, standing round a fortune teller, who pretended, at least, to be deaf and dumb ; and, for a small gratification, wrote on the bottom of a trencher, with a bit of chalk, answers to such questions as the men and maids put to him by the same methods.

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As

As Sir Willaim rode by, the conjuror made signs that he was inclinable to tell his fortune, as well as the rest ; and, in good humour, he would have complied, but not readily finding a question to ask, the conjuror took the trencher, and, writing upon it, gave it back, with these words, very legible, ‘ Beware of a white horse.’ Sir William smiled at the absurdity of the man, and thought no more of it for several years. But in 1690, being on his travels in Italy, and accidentally at Venice, as he was one day passing through St. Mark’s Place in his calash, he observed a more than ordinary crowd at one corner of it. He desired his driver to stop, and they found it was occasioned by a mountebank, who also pretended to tell fortunes ; conveying his several predictions to the people by means of a long, narrow tube of tin, which he lengthened or curtailed at pleasure, as occasion required. Among others, Sir William Wyndham held up a piece of money ; upon which the soothsayer immediately directed the tube to his carriage, and said to him very distinctly in Italian, “ Signior Inglese, caveteil blanco cavallo ;” which in English is ; “ Mr. Englishman, beware of a white horse.” Sir William immediately recollected what had been before told him, and took it for granted that the
British

British fortune-teller had made his way over to the continent, where he had made his speech ; and was curious to know the truth of it. However, upon enquiry, he was assured that the present fellow had never been out of Italy ; nor did he understand any language but his mother tongue. Sir William was surprized, and mentioned so whimsical a circumstance to several people. But in a short time this also went out of his head, like the former prediction of the same kind. We need inform few of our readers of the share which Sir William Wyndham had in the transactions of government, during the last four years of Queen Anne ; in which a design to restore the son of James II. to that throne, which his father had so justly forfeited, was undoubtedly concerted ; and on King George's arrival, punished, by forcing into banishment, or putting to prison, all the persons suspected to have entered into the combination ; among the latter of these was Sir William Wyndham, who, in the year 1715, was committed prisoner to the Tower. Over the inner gate were the arms of Great Britain, in which there was now some alterations to be made in consequence of the succession of the House of Brunswick ; and just as Sir William's chariot was passing through to carry him to prison, the painter was at work, adding the white horse, the arms of the Elector of Hanover.

It

It struck Sir William forcibly : he immediately recollected the two singular predictions, and mentioned them to the Lieutenant of the Tower, then in the chariot with him, and to almost every one who came to see him in his confinement ; and though not superstitious, he always spoke of it as a prophecy fully accomplished. But here he was mistaken (if there was any thing prophetic in it) for, many years after, being out a hunting, he had the misfortune of being thrown from his saddle in leaping a ditch, by which accident he broke his neck. He rode upon a white horse.

BON MOT OF DR. BROWN.

THE late celebrated Dr. Brown courted a lady for many years, though unsuccessful ; during which time it had been his custom to drink the lady's health before that of any other. But being observed one evening to omit it, a gentleman, reminding him of it, said " Come, Doctor, drink the lady your toast." The Doctor replied, I have toasted her for many years, and I can't make her BROWN, so I'll toast her no longer."

ANEC-

ANECDOTE

OF

MR. WHITFIELD.

ABOUT thirty years ago, the famous Mr. George Whitfield used annually to visit the city of Edinburgh, and by his popular mode of preaching allured great multitudes, especially of the female sex, to attend his sermons. The great object of his discourses was to raise them to acts of beneficence ; and as he had instituted a charitable seminary in Georgia, at Carolina, he was strenuous in his exertions to induce his audience to be liberal in giving alms for the support of the helpless persons he had there collected together.

Among his constant hearers was one Mrs. D—, the wife of a brewer, in a small line of business, in the Grass-market, who had some difficulty to provide funds for carrying on his affairs without embarrassment. He had no time to attend the daily harangues of this ghostly orator ; nor was he much pleased with the time his wife spent on these occasions, and far less with the demands she sometimes

sometimes made upon him for money to be given for charitable purposes. The diversity of opinion between the man and wife sometimes produced family discord; and while the lady thought that the divine was little less than an angel from heaven, the husband considered him as no better than a pickpocket, who, under false pretexts, induced simple people to give away to others what was necessary for the subsistence of their families; nor was he, when heated in the contest, and chagrined, at times, for what of money, at all scrupulous in expressing, without reserve, the opinion he entertained of this supposed saint.

The wife, who was of a warm disposition, though not destitute of sense, was much irritated at these reflections, and thinking they proceeded entirely from the worldly-mindedness of her husband, felt a strong inclination to indulge her propensity to benevolence by every means that should fall in her way. To get money from her husband avowedly for this purpose, she knew was impossible; but she resolved to take it, ~~when she could find an opportunity.~~

While she was in this frame of mind, her husband, one morning, as he sat writing at his desk,
was

was suddenly called away, and intending to return in a very short time, he did not shut his desk. His wife thought this too favourable an opportunity to be omitted, and opening the shutter where she knew the money was, she found about twenty-five guineas, which the husband had provided to pay for some barley he had lately bought. From this she took ten pieces, and left every thing else as before; nor did the husband on his return, take any notice of it.

She was now very anxious to get this money properly disposed of, and with that view dressed herself in great haste. Having wrapped the pieces in a bit of paper, she took them in her hand to go out; but as she passed a mirror, she observed something about her head dress that required to be adjusted, and putting the money on a bureau under the mirror, she spent a little time in making the necessary adjustment; and recollecting that she had some necessary directions to give before she went out, she stepped hastily into the kitchen for that purpose without taking up the money.

Just at this nick of time the husband came into the room, and seeing something on the top of the bureau, he took it up to examine it, and

R

finding

finding it to be gold, he immediately conjectured what was the truth. Without saying a word, however, he took out the guineas, and put an equal number of halfpence in their stead. Having left the paper to appearance, as he found it, he went out again. The wife, upon hearing her husband go out of the room, was in great fear that he had discovered her treasure, and returned with great anxiety to search for it; but seeing it happily just as she had left it, she hastily snatched it up, without looking at it, and went directly to the lodgings of Mr. Whitfield to dispose of it.

When she arrived, she found him at home and a happy woman was she! Having introduced herself, by telling him how much she had been benefited by his pious instructions, &c. which he returned with ready politeness, she expressed her regret, that she had it not in her power to be as she could wish; but she hoped he would accept in good part the mite she could afford to offer him, on their account; and with many professions of a charitable disposition, and thanks for the happiness she had derived from attending his discourses, she put in his hands the money, and took her leave.

Me

Mr. Whitfield, in the mean time, putting the money in his pocket without looking at it, made proper acknowledgements to her, and waited on her to the door.

He was no sooner, however, alone, than he took it out to examine the contents, and finding it only copper, and comparing the sum, with the appearance of the person who gave it, he instantly imagined it must have been given with an intention to affront him; and with this prepossession on his mind, he hastily opened the door, and called the lady back. This summons she quickly obeyed. On her return, Mr. Whitfield, assuming a grave tone and stern manner, told her that he did not expect she could have the presumption to offer to affront him; and holding out the halfpence, asked what she could mean by offering him such a paltry trifle as that.

The lady, who was very certain she had put gold into that paper, and recollecting that she had often heard him called a cheat and impostor, immediately concluded that he himself had put the halfpence in place of the gold, and made use of this pretext to extort more from her; and fell upon him most cruelly, telling him she had often heard him called a swindler and a rascal, but till

now she had never believed it. She was certain she had given him ten guineas out of her hands, and now he pretended he had got only as many halfpence; nor did she leave him till she had given him a very full complement of abuse. She then went home as fast as she could; and had a much better opinion of her husband's discernment and sagacity ever afterwards.

He kept his secret, and till her dying day she made a good wife to him, nor did she ever again go after field preachers of any sort.

A N

AFFECTING INSTANCE

OF

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

WERE men convinced that their virtues, their vices, and consequently their happiness and misery depended on the manner in which they suffered the sensations of their hearts
to

to regulate their actions, they would assiduously watch these tender emotions; and so far from employing them as chance directed, they would take the utmost care to render them conformable to the dictates of reason.

The instance I am going to relate, will be sufficient to shew that paternal affection will sometimes carry us to the greatest excess. Persons may boast of the tenderness of the pelican for its young; but we shall here see a father offer his life, nay more, his hopes of future happiness, to support his family. I do not pretend to excuse this excess of passion; I know it is highly criminal: but while we condemn the action, we must admire the motives.

It may also serve as a lesson to those unfeeling mortals, whose hearts are strangers to the tender pleadings of compassion, and from whose breasts the gripping hand of interest has banished every sensation that has a tendency to render man a worthy member of society. Such persons, indeed, are unworthy to be joined with the bears and tigers; these savage inhabitants of the desert will not treat their own species with cruelty, nor endeavour to appropriate to themselves a superfluity which they cannot enjoy, and which is necessary

cessary to the subsistence of their neighbours. Every action, contrary to the dictates of humanity, should be laid before the public ; and the authors, unless they endeavour to repair the mischief, exposed to the contempt and scorn of the whole community.

In one of the obscure corners of London, lived an indigent, but honest mortal, with his wife and three children, who gained a mean subsistence by selling greens, which he purchased of a wealthy gardener in the neighbourhood, who had agreed to furnish him with what he wanted, on his promising to pay him for them every week.

This agreement was for some time literally complied with ; but at last the wife and eldest child falling sick, the unhappy man found it impossible to fulfill his promise, and at the same time procure the necessaries requisite for his afflicted family. By this means he owed his greedy creditor the enormous sum of two and forty shillings.

The rich gardener finding the poor man had not paid him the weekly sum as usual, flew to his house, and after having told him in a peremptory tone, that he would no longer supply him with greens, added, in the most imperious manner,

manner, that if he did not instantly pay his arrears, he would send him that moment to prison. The poor man pleaded for indulgence in the most pathetic terms, pointed to his wife and child, who lay in a very dangerous state, and begged he would be contented with half the sum due to him for the present, as he hoped to be then able to furnish his little shop, support his distressed family, and pay him the remainder in a reasonable time.

All the efforts he made, however, to soften the stony heart of his unrelenting creditor, were ineffectual; he insisted upon his paying the whole immediately, without shewing the least regard to the moving complaints of his fellow-creatures in the most trying situation. The poor man, finding all his solicitations fruitless, discharged the debt, and, by so doing, delivered up every shilling he was master of.

The inhuman creditor having received the money, left this unfortunate family, and instead of pitying, exulted over their misfortunes.

The poor man, as soon as he was alone, abandoned himself to the grief of his soul; and his despondency, while he reflected on the inevitable

vitale ruin of his family, was changed to despair. He was at length, however, roused from the melancholy suggestions of his mind, by the voice of his wife, who begged him to bring her a little water, and to provide something for the children, who were crying for bread.

“ My dear children,” exclaimed he, “ your wants shall be supplied, but it will cost your poor father dear.” He knew that the parish was obliged to take care of distressed widows and orphans, and could think of no other method of preserving them from perishing, than by depriving her of a husband and them of a father. Full of his terrible design, he retired to a small closet in which he used to keep his herbs, determining to put it immediately in execution. The thoughts of a future state stopped him for some moments, but when he considered that he could not by any other means save his family, he addressed himself to his Maker, beseeching him not to impute that to him as a crime, which he was under a necessity of performing, in order to preserve the lives of his innocent wife and children. He then placed about his neck the fatal cord, and had soon plunged himself into eternity, had not a woman who lived in an adjoining apartment

ment heard the blows he gave the partition with his feet, during his struggles for life.

She was at breakfast, and thinking that her sick fellow lodger stood very much in need of her assistance, ran with a knife in her hand, and entering the closet cut down the unhappy wretch, who had probably only a few minutes to live. Her cries brought the sick woman and a neighbouring surgeon to her assistance, by which means the unfortunate man was recovered.

This remarkable action soon spread over the neighbourhood, and happily reached the ears of a person of distinction, remarkable for humanity, who ordered him to be brought to his house. After having placed the enormity of his criminal action in the most striking point of view, he gave him money sufficient to furnish a shop, and to provide necessaries for his family, ordering him at the same time to apply to him whenever he was again reduced to distress.

The poor man overflowing with gratitude, gave his Lordship a faithful account of the whole transaction, and described the dreadful situation he was in, upon seeing his children on the brink

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of

Mirepoix was a dull bigot, and Voltaire took all opportunities to laugh at his absurdities. The Bishop usually signed his letters *Anc. Eveque*, &c. Voltaire always read Ane, or Afs, for Anciene, or ancient, and this joke passed from Paris to his correspondents in the courts abroad.

Mirepoix soon heard of his nickname, and complained bitterly to the King that he was laughed at for a fool in foreign courts. "Oh!" said Louis, "that is a matter quite settled, and you must let it pass, my Lord."

ON THE DANGER OF PLEASURE.

ADERVISE entered the shop of a confectioner; the master to regale the holy man, presented him with a bowl of honey; but scarce had he uncovered it, when a legion of flies made a descent upon it. The confectioner took up a fan to disperse them, when such as had posted themselves on the edge of the bowl easily escaped,
but

monk to whom the translation of this book was committed, presented it some time after to the Emperor, who, turning over the leaves, changed countenance at one particular chapter, and turning to the monk with an indignant air: "Fool," said he, "what did I order thee to do? Is this a translation?" Then referring to the original, he shewed him a paragraph, in which the author had spoken with great asperity of the Russians, and which the translator had omitted. "Go instantly," said he, "and execute my orders rigidly. It is not to flatter my subjects, that I have this book translated and printed, but to instruct and reform them."

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

WHERE the prime actors of the last year's scene,
Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume?
How many sleep who kept the world awake
With lustre, and with noise! Has death proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his fated lance on high?
'Tis brandish'd still, nor shall the present year

Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needful monuments to wake the thought;
Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality ;
Though in a style more florid, full as plain
As mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs.
What are our noblest ornaments, but Deaths
Turn'd flatt'ers of life, in paint or marble,
The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone ?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene.
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

Profest diversions ! cannot these escape ?
Far from it : these present us with a shroud,
And talk of death, like garlands o'er a grave.
As some bold plunderers, for buried wealth,
We ransack tombs for pastime ; from the dust
Call up the sleeping hero ; bid him tread
The scene for our amusement : how like gods
We sit ; and wrapt in immortality,
Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die ;
Their fate deploring to forget our own !

What all the pomps and triumphs of our lives
But legacies in blossom ? Our lean soil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends interred beneath ; a rich manure !

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Like other worms, we banquet on the dead ;
Like other worms, shall we crawl on, nor know
Our present frailties, or approaching fate ?

Lorenzo, such the glories of the world !
What is the world itself ? Thy world—a grave.
Where is the dust that has not been alive ?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors ;
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.
O'er devastations we blind revels keep ;
Whole buried towns support the dancer's heel.

BON MOT OF LOUIS XV.

ON the death of Cardinal Fleury, the Royal Academicians wished that Voltaire might succeed him as a member of that society. The ancient Bishop of Mirepoix opposed Voltaire, under a pretence that it would be an offence to God, should a profane person, like him, succeed a Cardinal.

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but

but those who, more greedy, had precipitated themselves into the middle, caught by the tenacious honey, could not take flight. The Dervise, plunged into deep meditation, viewed this with an attentive eye : recovering from his reverie, he fetched a deep sigh, which the confectioner, in surprize, asked the reason of.

This bowl, said the Dervise, is the world, and these flies are its inhabitants : they that lodge on the rim of it, resemble prudent persons, who, prescribing bounds to their desires, do not madly immerse themselves in pleasures, but rest content with tasting them. The flies that rushed into the middle of the bowl, represent such as giving a loose to their inordinate appetites, abandon themselves without restraint to every species of voluptuousness.

When the angel of death, traversing with rapid motion the surface of the earth, shall shake his wings, they who have stopped on the edge of this world will, free and unincumbered, take their flight towards a celestial country ; but such as, enslaved by their passions, shall have plunged themselves into the poisoned bowl of sensuality, will sink deeper still, and be precipitated into the abyfs.

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A N E C D O T E.

A MOST egregious fop ordered his servant not to suffer any body to intrude upon him, because he was going to *Adonize* himself. A lady called shortly after this injunction, and enquired of the servant for his master. "Madam," said he, "you cannot see my master."—"But I must, I have very particular business with him," returned the lady; "pray why can't I see him?"—"Because," replied the valet, "he is but this moment gone up to *Idolize* himself."

THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

ALCANOR was the son of a London merchant, bred up to the business of his father, to which he succeeded in his early youth; and, in a little time, distinguished himself, not only by his knowledge in trade, but also by his probity of heart, and generosity of sentiment. Nor was he deficient in personal accomplishments: his figure was remarkably agreeable: his address was engaging

raging ; and no pains had been spared in giving him the advantage of a genteel education.

He was in a fair way of acquiring a very large fortune, when he first beheld, at a public assembly, the elegant and amiable Eudofia, daughter of an eminent trader, to whom his circumstances were well known. He was deeply struck with her external appearance ; and, having found means to insinuate himself into her acquaintance, discovered a thousand charms in her understanding and disposition, which at once compleated the conquest of his heart. It was not long before he disclosed his passion to the dear object, and had the ravishing pleasure to find he had inspired her with very favourable sentiments of his character.

After some time spent in the endearing effusions of mutual love, he applied to the father, and made a formal demand of her in marriage. His proposal met with a very cordial reception ; and Alcanor was admitted into the family on the footing of a future son-in-law.

The day was already appointed for the marriage, after all the articles of interest had been settled to the satisfaction of both parties ; when, by the sudden failure of foreign correspondents,

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at the close of the last war, Alcanor was obliged to stop payment.

He communicated his distress to Eudofia's father, and produced his books, by which it appeared that his effects were more than sufficient to discharge his debts ; though they were so scattered, that he could not call them in time enough to support his credit.

The merchant said he was sorry for his misfortune, but made no offer of his assistance : on the contrary, he told him bluntly, that he could not expect he would bestow his daughter on a bankrupt, and forbade him the house. The reader may conceive what an effect this treatment had upon an ingenuous mind, endued with an extraordinary share of sensibility. He retired to his own house, bursting with grief and indignation.

The generous Eudofia, being apprized of what had passed between her father and her lover, seized the first opportunity of writing a letter to Alcanor, lamenting his misfortune in the most pathetic terms ; assuring him of her inviolable attachment, and offering to give a convincing proof of her love by a clandestine marriage.

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He made due acknowledgement to his amiable mistress for this mark of her disinterested affection; but absolutely refused to comply with a proposal that might ruin her fortune, endanger her happiness, and subject him to the imputation of being fardid and selfish. He made haste to settle his accounts, and satisfy his creditors. Then he wrote a letter to Eudisia, releasing her from all engagements in his favour, and exhorting her to forget that ever such a person existed.

Immediately after this address, he disappeared, and no person could tell in what manner: people, in general, supposed he had made away with himself in despair. Eudisia was overwhelmed with the most poignant sorrow, which entailed upon her a lingering distemper, that brought her to the brink of the grave. Though nature triumphed over the disease, it was not in the power of time to remove her grief, which settled in a fixed melancholy, that clouded all her charms, and made a deep impression on her father's heart.

Her only brother dying of a consumption, she became the sole heiress of a considerable fortune; and many advantageous matches were proposed without effect. At length she plainly told her

father, that he had once made her miserable, and it was not now in his power to make her happy ; for she had made a solemn vow to heaven, that she would never join her fate to any other man, but him on whom he had allowed her to bestow her affection.

The merchant was thunderstruck at this declaration ; he saw himself deprived by his own cruel avarice of that happiness with which he had flattered himself with the hope of enjoying in a rising generation of his own posterity : he became pensive and fullen ; lost his senses ; and in a few months expired.

Eudofia purchased a retired house in the country, where she gave a full scope to her sorrow, while she lived the life of a saint, and spent the best part of her time as well as her fortune, in the exercise of charity and benevolence : witness the sighs that are still uttered by all that knew her, when her name is pronounced ; witness the tears of the widow and the fatherless, that are daily shed upon her tomb,

Alcanor, desperate in his fortune and his love, took a passage in a Spanish ship for Cadiz, under
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the name of Benson ; and, as he understood the languages, as well as the management of accounts, he was admitted, as an inferior factor, on board of the Flota bound for South America. He settled at La Vera Crus ; and fortune so prospered his endeavours, that in a few years he was master of forty thousand pistoles. But neither prosperity, nor the universal esteem he had acquired among the Spaniards for his worth and integrity, could sooth the anguish of his heart, or efface the remembrance of Eudofia, whose charms still dwelt upon his imagination.

At length, impatient of living so long in ignorance of her situation, he remitted his effects to Europe, returned to Cadiz, and there in a British bottom took shipping for England. At the Race of Portland, the ship was attacked by a paultry French privateer, and Alcanor had the misfortune to receive a shot in the neck, which appeared very dangerous. After the privateer had sheered off ; he desired he might be put ashore at the nearest land, as there was no surgeon on board, and the boat immediately conveyed him and part of his baggage into a creek, within half a mile of Eudofia's dwelling. He was obliged to take up his lodging at a wretched publick house, and dispatched an express to the next town for a surgeon ;

geon; but before he arrived, the unfortunate Alcanor had lost his eye-sight in consequence of his wound, and his fever was considerably increased.

The humane Eudofia, being made acquainted with the circumstances of his distress, without dreaming it was her beloved Alcanor, desired a worthy clergyman, who was Rector of the parish, to take her chariot, and to bring the wounded gentleman to her house, where he might be properly attended and accommodated,

Thither he was carried accordingly, and there first visited by the surgeon; who, after having dressed the wound, declared he had no hopes of his recovery. He heard this sentence without emotion, and desired he might have the opportunity to thank the lady of the house for the charitable compassion she had manifested towards a stranger in distress.

The tender hearted Eudofia, being informed of his request, immediately visited him in his apartment, accompanied by the clergyman, and a female relation who lived with her as her companion. Approaching his bedside, she condoled with him on his misfortune, begged he would think

think himself at home, and command every thing in her house as freely as if it were his own.

He no sooner heard her voice than he started ; and, raising himself in his bed, rolled his eyes around as if in quest of some favourite object. His ear was more faithful than his memory: 'he remembered and was affected by the strain, though he could not recollect the ideas to which it had been annexed. After some pause, he exclaimed, "Excellent lady ! I could wish to live, in order to express my gratitude ; but it will not be—you have given shelter to a poor wearied pilgrim, and your charity must be still farther extended in seeing his body committed to the dust. I have, moreover, another favour to ask ; namely, that you and this good clergyman will attest my last will, which is locked in a paper case deposited in my portmanteau. So saying, he delivered the key to the doctor, who opened the trunk, found the paper, and was desired to recite it aloud in the hearing of all present.

The will was written by the hand of Alcanor himself : who, in consideration of his tender affection for the incomparable Eudofia, which nothing but death could erase from his heart, had bequeathed to her all his worldly substance, exclusive
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of some charitable legacies. When the name of Alcanor was pronounced, Eudofia started, grew pale, and trembled with strong emotion : yet she considered his situation, and restrained her transports, while her eyes poured forth a torrent of tears, and the chair shook under her with the violence of her agony.

The humane clergyman was not unmoved at this scene. He had often heard the story of her unfortunate love, and by his sensible consolations enabled her to bear her affliction with temper and resignation. He no sooner perceived the name of Alcanor and Eudofia in the will, than he was seized with extreme wonder, and sympathizing sorrow. His voice faltered ; the tears ran down his cheeks ; and it was with the utmost difficulty that he read the paper to the end. Then observing the agitation of Eudofia, he conducted her into another room ; where, her grief and surprize becoming too strong for her constitution, she fainted away in the arms of her companion. When she recovered from this swoon, she gave vent to her sorrow in a loud passion of tears and exclamation : after which she became more calm, and begged the doctor would endeavour to prepare Alcanor for an interview with his long lost Eudofia.. He forthwith returned to
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the merchant ; but was in too much confusion to communicate the discovery with discretion and composure.

Alcanor, though blind, had perceived the lady's agitation, as well as the clergyman's disorder, and was not a little surprized at their abrupt departure. His mind had already formed an assemblage of the most interesting ideas before the doctor returned ; and when he began to expatiate on the mysterious ways of Providence, he was interrupted by the stranger, who raising his head, and clasping his hands, exclaimed aloud—' O bountiful heaven, it must—it must be the incomparable Eudofia !' At that instant, she entered the apartments, kneeling by the bedside, and taking him by the hand—' It is,' cried she, ' the unfortunate Eudofia—O my Alcanor, is it thus we meet !' A long silence ensued, during which he bathed her hand with his tears. At length he spoke to this effect :

' These are not tears of sorrow, but of joy. Eudofia then lives ! she remembers, she retains her regard for her hapless Alcanor !—It was indeed the kind hand of Providence that threw me on this hospitable shore. Could I once more behold those dear features, which I have so often

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contemplated with admiration and delight !—but I am satisfied.’

The sequel of this affecting scene I cannot pretend to describe. Alcanor’s wound at the next dressing had the appearance of a beginning gangrene ; nevertheless, the ball, which had been lodged among the nerves and sinews of the neck, was now with ease extracted, and his eyesight was immediately restored. Having settled his temporal affairs and made his peace with Heaven, he on the fourth day expired in the arms of Eudofia, who was the sole and last object on which his eyes were strained.

She did not long survive her unfortunate lover : her grief at length exhausted her constitution, and brought her to the grave, after she had endowed alm-houses for the maintenance of twenty poor cripples, bequeathed a handsome fortune to her kinswoman, a considerable present to the clergyman, and a large sum to the poor of the parish. At her own desire she was buried in the same grave with her lover, and over them is raised a plain unembellished tomb of black marble, with this modest inscription—‘ Dedicated to the memory of Alcanor and Eudofia.’

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THE

THE CORNISH CURATE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

TO pourtray one's own life with impartiality, and to lay open with candour the movements of the heart ; to dare to confess its foibles, and by the test of justice to try its merits ; is perhaps as difficult a task as can be well conceived : but, actuated by a regard for the happiness of those who have not yet determined on their future course of life, and hoping that my story may serve either to direct or to deter, I venture to lay it before the public.

I was born in a distant county, in a remote corner of the kingdom. My parents were above indigence, and their honour above imputation.

A family pride, which had been handed down through a succession of generations, prevented them from stooping to the drudgery of trade : while their hereditary estate, being insufficient to secure a genteel independence to themselves, was of course too limited to enable them to provide for the contingency of a numerous offspring.

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I was the third son, and of course had but little to expect. My father early intended me for the church, and I was placed under an approved master, at a celebrated grammar school. My diligence, let me say it, since I can without vanity make the assertion, soon procured me the goodwill of my master ; and the meekness of my disposition, the favour of my schoolfellows, of whom I was in a few years considered as the chief, and on every public occasion selected by my master, to prove his own diligence, and display my acquisitions. In seven years I finished my career of classical education, and left the good old gentleman with tears of filial affection ; who heightened my feelings by the sympathetic regard which was conspicuous in his own looks.

And here, I cannot forbear fondly indulging my fancy with a retrospective view of those happy days, those years of unmingled felicity, when care has not planted her sting in the human breast, or thought launched out into the scenes of future action, where misery so often dashes the cup of life with her bitter draught !

There are, I believe, but few persons, however happy they may have been in their progress through life, who have not made the same reflections ; and
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recurred with pleasure to those cloudless hours, when the task, or the dread of correction, were the worst ills that could befall them : when the joys of the heart were pure and unalloyed, the tear soon forgot ; and the mind indifferent to what events might occur. If the fortunate have made these reflections, well may I, who have journeyed on one dreary road since I first entered the path of life, and scarcely have known those intervals of bliss, which the mendicant himself is not forbidden to taste !

From the grammar school I was removed to the University of Oxford, and entered on the foundation of Exeter College. The same diligent application which had marked my former studies, soon rendered me conspicuous in the University ; and I was complimented on every occasion, as a youth of uncommon genius, and unwearied assiduity. My heart began to be elated with the applauses which were so lavishly bestowed upon me ; I was animated to yet farther exertions of application : and, in four years, took my Batchelor's degree, with an eclat which has seldom distinguished a less diligent scholar.

I soon became the object of universal admiration in the University ; my future greatness was prognosticated

of heaven: and, though I am not conscious of ever disgracing my profession, except my poverty and misfortunes may be thought to have degraded it, I have often reflected with shame that I was not influenced by worthier motives.

Having assumed the sacred habit, I set out for my native place, with a pain and reluctance I had never before experienced. I reflected, that I was now not only bidding adieu for ever to the seats of the Muses, and leaving behind me some valuable friends, to whom I was attached by a similarity of studies; but had likewise the melancholy consideration to support, that I had no longer a father to receive me in his longing arms, or a faithful friend to guard me from the deceptions of the world.

At the sight of my native mansion, the tears gushed involuntarily from my eyes; I was overcome with contending passions; and could scarcely support myself into the room where my relations were ready to receive me, before I fell listless on the floor, and enjoyed a temporary suspension of thought, and a consequent relaxation from misery.

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On recovering, I found the whole family anxiously attentive to my welfare: and my mother, from her apprehensions for me, was in a state little better than that from which I was restored. She, however, soon regained strength to bless God that I was safe, and that she had lived to see me in holy orders.

Regardless of securing any little advantage that might have accrued to me from my acceptance of a curacy, I continued some time with my mother and elder brother, prosecuting my theological studies with much application, and only allowing proper intervals for exercise or company. Time, the grand restorer, assisted by those doctrines of christianity which are peculiarly comforting to the afflicted, brought me by degrees to a necessary composure of mind.

I gradually regained my wonted serenity; and was ardently looking forward to my future destination, when a fresh accident plunged me into the depths of misery, and not only taught me to despair of finding friendship in a heart where the maxims of virtue are not inherent; but convinced me that the ties of blood may be burst asunder at the instigation of passion, and a brother with

less reluctance sacrificed than a sensual appetite abandoned.

To alleviate the grief occasioned by a beloved partner's loss, my mother had requested the company of a young lady, named Olivia, the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman. She had often visited in our family ; and, being nearly of my age, was my constant companion in every childish pursuit : but the impression on the breast of infancy is evanescent as the morning dew, or the bloom of the rose.

Her remembrance had been almost effaced from my mind ; and during the time which we had recently spent together, I had not felt a single emotion in her favour, nor treated her with more attention than the fair, the lovely, and the young, have always a right to expect from the manly and polished heart.

It being now the vernal season, I happened, one fine serene evening to rove with a book in my hand, to a considerable distance from home ; till finding the shades of night suddenly surrounding me, I hastened to return. My nearest way was through tangled woods and unfrequented paths,

paths, and to this I gave the preference ; but before I proceeded far, a female voice resounded from a neighbouring copse.

Shrieks, entreaties, and prayers, which became more languid as I approached, seemed to be poured out in vain, and the voice died away in broken murmurs.

With all the expedition that humanity could inspire, I flew towards the place : but, judge my surprize and sensations, when I beheld Olivia struggling in my brother's arms, and seemingly overcome by her exertions ! At the sight of such an unwelcome intruder, my brother seemed confounded with shame ; he instantly forsook his lovely prize ; and, with eyes darting indignation, quitted the spot without uttering a single word.

Wounded to the soul with his baseness, and melted by the piteous situation of the lovely object who lay stretched on the earth in a state of insensibility, I was scarcely master of myself. However, I soon summoned a sufficient degree of reason to attempt her revival ; and I had the happiness to find that my exertions were not in vain.

As she opened her fine blue eyes, and looked me full in the face, I felt an emotion which I had never before experienced. She started back at the sight of such an unexpected deliverer ; and, notwithstanding my utmost endeavours, relapsed into the same melancholy state.

At length I again found means to restore her ; when bursting into a flood of tears, " Eugenius," says she, " may every blessing attend your life ! May heaven shower its choicest favours on your head ! and may some lovely and fortunate fair reward your virtue for preserving mine !"

" My dearest Olivia !" exclaimed I, with all the enthusiasm of love, " the hand of heaven seems conspicuous in this deliverance ; and if I may presume to express the wish that lies nearest my heart, may the same power make me the everlasting guardian of that virtue which I have been so miraculously enabled to save !"

" My deliverer," sweetly returned the ingenuous fair, " is entitled to every acknowledgment I can make ; conduct me to my father, and lodge under his sheltering roof the child who is at his disposal."

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With this requisition I immediately complied ; and as we agreed that it would be prudent to conceal the rude assault of my brother, which the malevolent world might have represented as more fatal than it really was, we resolved to ascribe the lateness of our arrival to the fineness of the evening, and the charms of the season, which had tempted us to linger beyond our intended time. The apology was easily admitted ; and, as I was invited to stay, I eagerly embraced the offer, as well to pass more time in company of Olivia, as to recover sufficiently from my perturbation of mind before I met a guilty brother's eye.

Next morning I took leave of Olivia and her father ; and, during my walk, felt a dejection of spirits, and heaviness of heart, which could not have been exceeded, if I had been the perpetrator of villainy, and not the protector of innocence. The mind seems often prophetic of its own fate, and intuitively to foresee the storm that futurity is about to disclose.

I approached my brother with looks of indignation and pity ; but, before I could utter a single word, unlocking his bureau, " Receive," says he, " your patrimony, and immediately quit the
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Olivia, I need scarcely say, in the mean time engaged all my thoughts. Our love was mutual and sincere ; and interest, that powerful incentive to modern contracts, was entirely overlooked by both, as her fortune was still inferior to mine. In a few months she consented to be irrevocably mine, and then I thought my felicity beyond the reach of fate.

From this pleasing delusion, however, I had the misfortune soon to be awakened ; for finding my income very inadequate to my expences, I began to shudder at the thoughts of involving a beloved wife in want and misery. These gloomy prefaces were too soon realized by the death of my aged patron ; an event which wholly deprived me of employment. This stroke was followed by the birth of a son ; which, though it ought to have taught me œconomy, and stimulated my exertions, only tended to lull my cares, and deaden my sense of want.

After vainly endeavouring to obtain another curacy, and being disappointed in my expectations of a small living by the machinations of my now abandoned brother, Olivia's father was attacked with a paralytic stroke, which compelled him to resign the care of his curacy to me. The whole

whole amount of his living did not exceed four-score pounds a year, and consequently little could be allowed for the maintenance of a curate. My Olivia was again pregnant ; when I found that, exclusive of some trifling articles of furniture and books, I had scarcely one hundred pounds left : and, to add to my distress, a second paralytic stroke, and soon after a third, deprived me of a valuable friend ; whose effects, when disposed of, and his debts discharged, produced only about threescore pounds for his daughter's portion.

Being now destitute of every friend, my brother remaining irreconcilably inveterate, and a native bashfulness of disposition, for which the world is not always candid enough to make proper allowances, having prevented me from extending my connections, or securing many friends, I was in such a distressful situation, that my mind began to sink beneath its burden, and to become weary of struggling with its fate.

The prospect, however, again brightened ; and I obtained a very desirable curacy of thirty pounds a year, by the interest of a young Baronet, who had accidentally seen Olivia and her two infant children, and expressed the warmest desire to serve us. As a present proof of his
Y friendship,

friendship, he applied to the Rector of his parish, of which he was himself patron, to accept my services instead of a young man, whom an unfortunate and ill-requited attachment had just hurried to an untimely grave.

To Padstow I immediately removed with my dearest Olivia, whose kind solicitude for me was the only consolation of my life ; and who, far from blaming me for that anxiety which continually clouded my aspect, kindly sympathized in my grief, and endeavoured by the most endearing fondness to reconcile me to life.

Sir Thomas Smith, by whose interposition I had obtained my present establishment, likewise contributed all in his power to render my situation easy ; continually loading the children with presents, and offering me the loan of any sum I might have occasion for. Of this last offer I too imprudently and fatally availed myself, by borrowing two hundred pounds.

To corroborate our good opinion of his generosity, he bade me make myself perfectly easy in my situation ; for on the present incumbent's death, the living should be instantly mine. I thanked him with an ardour that mocked the expressions

expressions of form. But, alas! I had to deal with a man of the world; and found too soon that I had placed my dependence where I had nothing to hope, and poured forth my gratitude where my execrations only were due. This unprincipled young man was our constant visitor, and encouraged our extravagance merely that he might have an opportunity of supplying our wants. My Olivia was charmed with his condescension; and as virtue cannot readily suspect that artifice which it never practised, she congratulated me—she congratulated herself and children—on the advantages we were likely to derive from a friendship which neither of us could suppose to be interested. The contrary, however, soon appeared!

Olivia, whose beauty was rather improved than diminished, was invited to celebrate with me a Christmas festival at Sir Thomas's. A blameable politeness to my supposed friend easily induced me to drink more plentifully of the wine, with which his board was profusely covered, than my constitution could bear; and as I soon felt its effects, I was conveyed to bed in a state of ebriety and stupefaction.

On Olivia he likewise had the same shameful design; but, guarded by the laws of delicate
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propriety, she resisted his most earnest solicitations. However as he attached himself entirely to her, his parasites and dependents, who saw plainly that he had views upon her virtue, retired one after another, leaving Olivia and him alone together. Immediately on this he shut the door; and beseeching her attention for a few minutes to an affair which nearly concerned his happiness, he began to insult her with the most violent protestations of love; and swore that if she would not return his passion, he should never see another happy hour; adding, that she might command his fortune and his life, and that what he had already conferred was only a prelude of what he meant to do.

Awakened from her dream of happiness, she sprung up; and, animated with that courage which indignant virtue will ever feel when it comes in contrast with vice, she dared him again to wound her ears with his unhallowed vows; protesting that his conduct should be made known to an injured husband, who would severely make him repent of his temerity.

With all the insolence of conscious superiority, he then opened the door; and with a smile of contempt, informed her, that since she refused his friendship, his fortune, and his love, she should feel the effects of his repentment.

These

These threats, it is evident the base villain must have prepared to put in execution previous to his diabolical invitation ; for, before I descended next morning to breakfast, I was arrested at his suit on my note for two hundred pounds, which I had pressed him to accept on his lending me that sum ; and as it was not in my power to satisfy one half of the demand, I was hurried away to prison. My prospects were now entirely blasted. Want, ignominy, and disgrace, presented themselves to my view, in the most hideous aspects ; and I could have laid down my life without a sigh, had not a faithful and affectionate wife, with two infant children, bound me to them with ties of indissoluble regard. My confinement I was truly sensible could only add to their misery ; yet the most unfortunate cannot without reluctance let go those attachments which are so firmly rooted in the soul, or bid farewell to mortality with stoical apathy.

But, O God ! my heart bleeds afresh at the recollection of the scene I am now going to describe—My Olivia, unable to support her separation from me, requested leave to make my room her habitation. The fatal request was granted. For a few days I was surrounded by my wife and children ; they cheered the prison gloom—But,
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can I proceed ! I was soon deprived of these comforts for ever ! In three short weeks after my commitment, they were carried off by an epidemical fever ; and these eyes, which never beheld the misery of a stranger without bestowing the alms of pity's tears, were doomed to behold a wife and two innocents press the same untimely bier.

The pathos of language is too weak to express my sensations ; I became delirious, and my own hands had nearly perpetrated a deed which my soul abhors—for now I had no more to lose ! And, gracious heaven ! if at that trying juncture I arraigned thy justice, forgive me ! for affliction laid its iron hand too heavy upon me.

By degrees I fell into a settled despondency ; and, since I entered this miserable room, four years have rolled away their melancholy hours, in which I have hardly beheld the face of a friend, or been soothed by the voice of a relation. The machinations of my unnatural brother, who leagued with Sir Thomas on account of his cruelty to me, have prevented me from obtaining my release, and seemed to have shut the gates of mercy on my fate. My only expectation of deliverance is by the hand of death, for whose
speedy

speedy approach my prayers are continually offered up. When that happy period arrives, my soul shall soar above its enemies; and, leaving resentment entirely behind, shall taste that fruition for which my misfortunes here will give it the higher relish.

From my melancholy tale, which I have ardently desired to publish before its authenticity could be disputed, let the sons of pleasure learn to reflect, while they roll in the abundance of riches, and enjoy the completion of every wish, that there are many wretches like me, whom their licentiousness ruins, and whom their benevolence might save! Let those whom the charms of science allure to ascend the summit of fame, timely consider that learning is not always the path to preferment, and that silent merit may sink unnoticed to the grave!

From my fate, too, the defects of our boasted establishment in church and state may be evidently traced; and the great be brought to allow, that some regard ought to be paid to the virtuous and to the modest in every sphere of life, and that the road to honours and emoluments should not always be through the gate of superior address and unblushing assurance.

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We cannot conclude this pathetic tale, without feeling for the state of the inferior clergy of this country, as the unfortunate relater, with a pittance not any way equal to a mechanic or labourer, had a character, a situation in life to maintain; and also a beloved wife and family. Distresses too poignant hurried them untimely to the grave.

On an occasion, pitiable like this, of which there are too many in this kingdom, how much would it be to the general good, if a plan was adopted for a more equal distribution between the incumbent and the man who does the duty. From education and his companions at college, he is taught, nay raised to elevated thoughts, yet how painful must his situation be, that while he labours for the advantage of a future state, he is reduced to the greatest distress for a maintenance, and cannot, from his income either support the character of the scholar or the gentleman.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE

OF

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THE late Doctor Stukely, one day by appointment, paid a visit to Sir Isaac Newton. The servant said he was in his study. No one was permitted to disturb him there ; but, as it was near his dinner time, the visitor sat down to wait for him. In a short time a boiled chicken under a cover was brought in for dinner. An hour passed, and Sir Isaac did not appear. The Doctor then ate the fowl ; and covering up the empty dish, desired the servant to get another dressed for his master. Before that was ready, the great man came down. He apologized for his delay ; and added, " Give me but leave to take my short dinner, and I shall be at your service. I am fatigued and faint." Saying this, he lifted up the cover, and, without emotion, turned about to Stukely with a smile, " See," he says, " what we studious people are ! I forgot that I had dined."

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A N E C D O T E.

THE Count de Soysons was seated at play one evening, when happening to cast his eye up at a looking glass that was before him in the apartment, he saw a man at the back of his chair, whose physiognomy predicted nothing in its owner's favour, and gave the Count suspicion. He had reason for his mistrust ; for he had not fat long before he felt the diamond loop of his hat cut away. He took no notice, but pretended a necessity to go down stairs, and desired the thief to play his cards in the mean time, which he could not refuse.

The Count immediately descended into the kitchen, and got a large and sharp carving knife ; and then going softly behind the fellow, dexterously took him by the ear, and cut it off ; and holding it out to him, said, " Return me my diamond loop, Sir, and I'll return you your ear."

ANECDOTE
OF THE FAMOUS
EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

THE general character of this Nobleman, who is equally celebrated for his bravery and his parts, is well known. He wrote those exquisitely neat and elegant lines in Pope's and Swift's Miscellany, beginning with, "I laid to my heart between sleeping and waking."—Four Letters in Pope's Collection, and a few other things of small account, mentioned in Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, who knew him very well, used to relate the following singular anecdote of him, which she had from his own mouth.

Lord Peterborough, when a young man, and about the time of the Revolution, had a passion for a lady who was fond of birds. She had seen and heard a fine canary bird at a coffee-house near Charing-Cross, and intreated him to get it

for her. The owner of it was a widow, and Lord Peterborough offered to buy it at a great price, which she refused. Finding there was no other way of coming at the bird, he determined to change it ; and getting one of the same colour, with nearly the same marks, but which happened to be a hen, he went to the house. The mistress of it usually sat in a room behind the bar, to which he had easy access. Contriving to send her out of the way, he effected his purpose ; and upon her return, took his leave. He continued to frequent the house, to avoid suspicion ; but forbore saying any thing of the bird, till about two years after, when taking occasion to speak of it, he said to the woman, “ I would have bought that bird of you, and you refused my money for it ; I dare say you are by this time sorry for it.” “ Indeed, Sir,” answered the woman, “ I am not ; nor would I take any sum for him ; for, would you believe it ? from the time that our good King was forced to go abroad and leave us, the dear creature has not sung a note !”

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HUMOROUS ANECDOTE
OF THE LATE DUKE OF ———.

THE Duke of ———, going one morning to call on Mr. G——, his lawyer, who had chambers in the Temple, found him under the hands of his barber. Throwing himself, therefore, into a chair, he took up a pamphlet, which lay on the table before him, and amused himself with skimming the pages of it till Hone had finished his operation upon Mr. G——'s face. The Duke, then, having laid down the pamphlet, and stroked his chin, started up and said to Hone, "Come, friend, get your things ready to shave me." He, accordingly, obeyed the Duke with alacrity (being no stranger to his grace's person), and shaved him to his satisfaction. The Duke, then having wiped his face, and replaced his wig before the glass, put his hand into his pocket; but drawing it out again hastily, expressed no small uneasiness because he had no money to pay for the removal of his beard.

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“ O, and please your grace,” said Hone, *stammering*, “ it is no matter, your grace is very welcome.” “ Yes, but it is though,” replied the Duke, “ I hate to be in debt—therefore come—sit down in that chair, and I will shave you, and then we shall be even,” (winking at the same time to Mr. G——.) Hone looked rather foolish, and made some awkward speeches ; but they were of no service to him. The Duke was peremptory, so down he sat.

The Duke went to work with much mock solemnity ; and having scarified the poor fellow’s face in such a manner as to make him a frightful figure, cried, “ There, friend, now I am out of debt,” and ran down stairs laughing ready to burst his sides. However, not being an ill-natured, though a very whimsical man, he clapped a piece of money into Hone’s hand before he left the room, which would, he imagined, make sufficient amends for any disquietude he might feel from the temporary demolition of his beauty. Hone was fair and broad-visaged, and made a comely appearance ; but he was a coxcomb : the Duke, therefore was, probably, urged by a desire to mortify his vanity a little, by playing off a stroke of wagery peculiar to himself.

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ANECDOTE

OF A

QUACK DOCTOR.

A QUACK Doctor, who died possessed of some thousand pounds, at P——y M——l, in Monmouthshire, a very few years since, was one of the most innocent offenders in physic, and imposes on mankind, that ever practised the art of healing.

The reputation of this man's skill was such, that from every part of Wales, and many parts of England, he was visited by his patients: for, like the Mountain-Doctor in Switzerland, he never stirred from home! Directly opposite to the Doctor's habitation was a tolerable Welch inn, where the patients put up, and as the Doctor seldom was at leisure to be consulted till the day after their arrival, the host and hostess (arch people enough, and interested too in the Doctor's success) were pretty well acquainted with the disorder of the patients, and from what cause they arose: if, for instance, a good woman had *fallen down stairs*, the Doctor at first view knew she had been *hurt by a fall*; and

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as people are always willing to give a full and particular account of what *ails* them, and all *how and about it*, the Doctor was seldom at a loss to *guess at their disorder*, and never at any to administer the remedy.

Many of his patients made long journies : and no doubt but exercise, change of air, and the confident assurances of a perfect cure, often had good effects : but as we are all *mortal*, (as the old woman said, when a parcel of rogues were passing by her to the gallows), the Doctor himself, in the prime of life, and height of practice, was taken ill, and died in a few days ; and though the writer of this had never taken any of his physic, he had often admired the neatness of his shop ; all the drawers (for it was a bottleless shop) were nicely painted, and the medicinal contents announced in alphabetical order. After his death, he had the curiosity to visit this magazine of *animal magnetism*, where to his great surprize, and much to the honour of the departed Æsculapius, he found only two drawers that were *openable*, one of which contained a large quantity of cream of tartar ; the other, then empty, was his money-drawer ; and it appeared that all his patients were furnished from the same single drawer ; and that *all* his fortune
had

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had passed through the other. This man was, however, too good to do any harm. Cream of tartar could hurt none.

THE

REWARDS OF VIRTUE AND VICE.

A MORAL TALE.

IT has been often asserted, that virtue is its own reward, and that vice brings with it its own punishment ; that it would be little short of folly to oppose an opinion which seems to have obtained the concurrent assent of all mankind.

Nor do we feel ourselves at all disposed to dispute a point of which we are so well inclined to be convinced, that we recite the following story, as a confirmation of the doctrine.

Delia Downton was the orphan daughter of a clergyman of character, preferment, and some fortune ; and she was maternally allied to a family not less noble in blood, than in those virtues

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which dignify rank, and add lustre to distinction of birth and titles of honour.

She lost both her parents at a very early age; and the care of her person, as well as her fortune, which was about fifteen thousand pounds, devolved on her grandmother, on the side of her father; a venerable matron, whose unremitted attention left her darling ward little to regret in the loss of relatives she was unable to recollect; and whose endearments, could she have recalled them to her memory, could hardly have exceeded in tenderness those which she received from the most amiable and most affectionate of women.

Mrs. Downton had resided in the country till her grand-daughter arrived at the age when it is necessary she should acquire those accomplishments which are neither so easily or so happily attained under private tuition; where there is no competition to inspire emulation, nor any expectation of praise to excite a laudable ambition to excel.

At this time of her precious charge's life, (that is, when she had just entered her eleventh year), Mrs. Downton removed with her to Nottingham, where

where she could procure instructions in music, dancing, drawing, and the modern languages, not inferior to the best which could be obtained in the metropolis; and the good old lady enjoyed the pleasing satisfaction of watching the improvements of her grand-daughter, in a progress which kept pace with her warmest wishes and most sanguine expectation.

At eighteen, Miss Downton was equally celebrated for the beauty of her person and the cultivation of her mind, in the endowment of which nature had been so liberal, that good sense, prudence, affability, politeness, and good humour, were apparently native graces; and all the advantage she seemed to have derived from education, was its having called forth those virtues and perfections into action, which would have been obscured by the artless innocence of uninformed and unconscious modesty.

At an assembly, to which Mrs. Downton was a constant visitor, that her fair trust might be indulged in every proper amusement, and have opportunities of mixing with that rank of life in which her birth and fortune had placed her, she engaged the notice, and, as she was soon taught to believe, the affections of Mr. Arabin, an of-

fisher belonging to a regiment of dragoons, which had its quarters in that town and the neighbourhood ; who, the very next day, waited on Mrs. Downton, and supporting his pretensions by a candid account of his fortune and family, intreated her permission to pay his addresses to her grand-daughter. And, as no objection could be made to the account he gave of himself, and the propriety of his conduct had in some degree recommended him to her esteem, she made no scruple to comply with his request, and added to this indulgence assurances of her best offices in his favour.

Nor was his suit to the fair Delia long preferred in vain. Mr. Arabin's person was pleasing, his manners engaging ; he had lived with the world, and was what is commonly called a polite and accomplished man ; though his understanding was of only the middle rate, and his knowledge of that superficial kind which is acquired without study by a pretty general converse with the higher classes of mankind. And as Delia's heart was wholly unengaged, and Mr. Arabin was the first who had seriously offered incense at the shrine of her beauty, she was soon prevailed on to acknowledge a preference for him ; and though his fortune was rather inferior to her own, no difficulties arose on that account. Mrs.

.. Mrs. Downton was generous, Delia disinterested, and the lover professedly above the paltry consideration of pecuniary advantages. With such sentiments on all sides, settlements were soon adjusted ; and a union took place, in which every circumstance concurred to promise complete and lasting felicity.

But the views of mortals, at best short-sighted, and too often clouded by the mists of passion, prejudice, and impatient curiosity, extend not to the distant prospects of future events: too eager to hesitate, too opinionated to doubt, and too determined to be convinced, we rush blindly into situations replete with danger ; and urged on by delusive hope, embrace the shadowy phantoms of untried expectation, on which, in the event, change their appearances, and exhibit the horrid spectres of disappointment, dissatisfaction, and disgust.

Such was the case with the unfortunate Mrs. Arabia: the gay, the smiling, the obsequious lover, was soon metamorphosed into the insipid, the dull, the morose husband ; and all her dreams of connubial happiness vanished with the unsubstantial pleasures of the nuptial pageantry.

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And too late also did she discover that Mr. Arabin was, in all respects, a man of the world. Having quitted the army, and taken up his residence in the capital, the first three months were spent in arranging his establishment, and exhibiting his wife at public places: but the former was soon completed, and the latter became as quickly tiresome and unpleasing; and before six months were expired, one half of his time was engaged at the gambling-table, and the other in the pursuit of pleasures equally unlawful, injurious, and disgraceful.

To add to the disquietudes of the neglected fair at this critical period, she had the misfortune to lose the representative of her parents, her kind, her indulgent grandmother; and the mortification to be refused the solicited company of Mr. Arabin, in her journey to pay the last tribute of grateful affection to the honoured protectress of her infant years.

Yet she endeavoured, by assuming appearances of satisfaction, which were very far from her heart, to retain some portion of the regards of the man to whom she had devoted her life; and she cheerfully gave up by degrees all the power she possessed over her fortune: though she could not,
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without regret, remark the mouldering state of their circumstances ; nor help repining at being assured, that the sacrifices she made were offered up to vice, dissipation, and dishonour.

Nor did her husband long maintain even the appearances of civility ; every run of ill-luck produced a chagrin, which was sure to find vent upon his unfortunate wife ; and every disappointment in his more criminal pursuits, was the source of contempt and insult to the wretched partner of his bed.

As his circumstances grew more desperate, he proceeded to still greater outrages, nor did he refrain from laying violent hands on the innocent and amiable Delia, who, with exemplary patience, scarce remonstrated against this treatment ; and in the arguments which she sometimes offered, to dissuade him from the ruinous course of life in which he had engaged, carefully avoided even the most distant hints of the injuries he had heaped on herself.

As he never condescended to make her his confidant, she was a total stranger to the real state of his affairs ; though she knew, generally, that they were extremely embarrassed ; and as she

she had succeeded to the effects of her grandmother, which were by no means inconsiderable; she thought it prudent, when she surrendered them to her husband, to make a trifling reserve; as he was now so sparing of his purse to her, that she could hardly obtain enough from him to purchase the little necessities which could not be comprized in those tradesmen's bills, the payment of which she saw daily protracted; and with a view to prevent the necessity of those applications to Mr. Arabin, which always occasioned ill-humour, and not frequently ill-usage, she laid by three hundred pounds when she presented her husband with twice as many thousands.

After spending the night abroad, Mr. Arabin returned one morning, at a time rather unusual, and found his wife at breakfast in her dressing-room, into which he rudely entered, and without giving himself the trouble to speak to her, threw himself into a chair, and with wild and disordered looks, directed a servant to order a chaise for Newmarket.

Mrs. Arabia, who well knew, by his appearance, that he laboured under some pecuniary distress, and recollecting the sum she possessed,

telled, was tempted to try how far a reasonable offer of it might rescue him from the anxiety under which he apparently laboured, and beget some return of gratitude and regard. With this view she arose from her seat; and approaching her husband, in her way to the cabinet where her treasure was deposited, she laid her hand on his, and kindly told him she was sorry to see him unhappy, and flattered herself she could contribute to his relief.

Roused from a state of sullen stupidity by this tender application, he started from his chair, and with the most brutal rage made a blow at the devoted Delia, with such violence and effect, as to lay her senseless and bleeding at his feet; and, leaving her in this wretched state, he rushed out of the house, informing the servant who opened the door to him, that his mistress was ill, and wanted the assistance of her maid.

As he verily believed he had dispatched his unfortunate wife, he thought it prudent to take shelter for a while on the continent; and having procured a small sum of money from one of the companions of his iniquity, he hastened to Dover, and embarked in a packet, which he found just ready to sail for Ostend, leaving instructions

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with his friend to learn and communicate to him the consequences of his brutality.

But the event proved less fatal than might have been expected: the blow which deprived her of her senses occasioned no lasting injury; and the blood, which had excited such terrors in her husband, had flowed only from her nose and not from the wound which he naturally supposed he had inflicted. The unfortunate lady was soon recovered by the assiduity of her attendants, and she was shortly after informed of the flight of her husband, under the impressions of that fear which his guilt had naturally produced.

After this fresh proof that her life was in extreme danger, if she continued to cohabit with a ruffian, devoid even of the common principles of humanity, and a stranger to those sensations which create tenderness and respect for the female sex from the most savage nations of the world; she determined to retire from the house of her husband, and seek protection where she might avoid his farther persecution, by remaining unknown, and in a situation not to be discovered.

To this end she withdrew (without making any of her domestics acquainted with her design) to the

the house of a female friend, on whose fidelity she was sure she could rely ; who heartily entered into her plan of separating herself from her husband, and offered her advice and assistance in fixing on such measures as might place her beyond the reach of his brutality.

In consequence of these deliberations, it was resolved that the most likely way to elude the searches of her husband, and to provide that maintenance which her scanty provision would by no means furnish, would be to place herself as a companion to a lady in some respectable family ; a situation in which she would not incur the smallest risque of discovery.

The enquiries of her friend were successful, and a few days placed her in a station, for which she was only qualified by an accommodating mind, which enabled her to forget her birth, fortune, and early expectations, and submit to such a change of condition without a complaint or a murmur.

The ladies to whom she engaged herself were the sisters to the Earl of Cranmer : two amiable women, whose penetration soon discovered that there was some secret in the history of their new

companion, a discovery which excited an additional degree of that tenderness to which they were by disposition naturally inclined. Yet, though they were every day more strongly convinced that she was now placed in a sphere very inferior to that in which she had been accustomed to move, they forbore to perplex her with questions which they were aware would only prove troublesome ; and, with a delicacy peculiar to exalted minds, they strove, by the assiduities of kindness, to lessen the weight of misfortunes, into the nature of which they did not think themselves at liberty to enquire.

Nor did the appearance of this new inhabitant of his house escape the notice of the virtuous and elegant Earl of Cranmer. Disappointed by the authority of a stern father, in the gratification of his first passion, his heart had remained free from a second enthrallment ; and he had reached the age of thirty-two, without having been prevailed on, by the solicitations of his friends, to enter into engagements which might afford hopes of perpetuating a family, the honours of which would expire with himself.

But the still lovely Delia excited sensations in his mind to which he had long been a stranger ;
and

and the conversation which he enjoyed at those meals of which the indulgent ladies had constantly compelled her to partake at their own table, having assured him that he could find with her that happiness the loss of which he had so long lamented, he meditated the means of discovering the real name and condition of the fair inmate, and determined, if it should turn out as he expected, to offer her his hand and his heart.

Meantime, Mrs. Arabin was informed by her friend, that her husband had returned to England as soon as he was assured of his safety ; but had expressed much less concern at the flight of his wife, than at the other consequences of his absence : advantage of which had been taken by his creditors, who he found in possession of his house and effects ; but which proving insufficient to satisfy their demands, he had been arrested by one of them for one hundred and fifty pounds, and now remained imprisoned for that sum.

On the receipt of this intelligence, she hesitated not a moment to inclose, in an anonymous letter, written in a feigned hand, two-thirds of her little stock ! earnestly exhorting him, as a friend who did not chuse to discover himself, to engage in some honourable employment, and to abandon
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those paths which led to certain destruction. But she had the mortification to learn that her advice proved unavailing ; and that after his release from confinement, he had pursued the same line of conduct, till some disgraceful and dishonourable transaction had compelled him to disappear : and that, for some time, his retreat had not been known even to his most particular friends.

Matters were in this situation, when on a journey from his house in town to his villa in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, Lord Cranmer's coach, which contained his sisters, Mrs. Arabin, and himself, was stopped by a single highwayman, during the absence of the only servant who attended it ; and the highwayman having presented his pistol to the bosom of one of the ladies, they were busily employed in collecting their money, when Mrs. Arabin, lifting her eyes to the invader of their property, gave a loud shriek, and instantly fainted.

At this moment the servant alarmed at the shriek, hastened to get up with the carriage ; which being observed by the robber, he withdrew his pistol from the coach, and discharged it unsuccessfully at the servant, who returned the fire, and lodged the contents of his pistol in the body of the unfortunate plunderer.

During

During this transaction, Mrs. Arabin had remained in a state of insensibility, from which she recovered by the assiduities of Lord Cranmer; but had no sooner opened her eyes, than she turned them on the body of the highwayman; and having exclaimed, 'My husband!' she relapsed again into the state from which she had been summoned to inexpressible anguish.

It is impossible to describe the horror of the scene, or the consternation of the terrified ladies, and their still more anxious brother. The first care of the latter was to get the body removed to the next village, which was effected by the opportune arrival of an empty postchaise, which was on its return from the metropolis; the second, and more important, was the recovery of the afflicted widow: and in this too he had the happiness to succeed, though he was obliged to suspend a curiosity, which was far from being disinterested, for some days, during which he employed himself in preventing disagreeable discoveries at a Coroner's inquest, which was necessary on the occasion, and in directing the interment of the unfortunate Arabin.

At length, however, the afflicted Delia grew more composed; and, at the earnest request of
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the advice suggested by their impatient brother; arrived at a period of those circumstances which had produced such afflicting and alarming events: a scene which, whilst it excited the tenderest pity in the breasts of the amiable sisters, conveyed insuperable satisfaction to their no less worthy brother, who now saw no impediment to the hope he had long entertained, that he might be at liberty to offer the participation of his honours and fortunes to her who already possessed his heart.

Nor was the gentle Della insensible of the virtues and personal qualifications of the generous Cranmer. With modest diffidence she avowed eternal obligation; and in the acknowledgments of her gratitude, betrayed the fixation of her heart—a discovery of which her admirer did not fail to avail himself in earnest solicitations to render his happiness complete, which she was easily prevailed on to promise; and, as soon as decency would permit, she received the reward of her virtues in the hand of the truly noble Cranmer; a much more valuable gift than the honours and fortunes with which it was accompanied.

Hence let not the virtuous doubt but they are the peculiar care of that Being, whose dispensations
are

are always just, and who, even in this life, seldom fails to distinguish them, by bestowing his choicest and most desirable blessings ! Nor let them repine, even though adversity should attend them to the close of a life, which, whilst they have preserved the consciousness of integrity, cannot have been spent without the enjoyment of a degree of happiness, to which the most splendid iniquity will ever remain a stranger !

Hence let the vicious tremble ! and whilst he beholds the unoffending victim of brutality, prove the innocent instrument of punishment, let him learn that the laws he has transgressed are never to be violated with impunity ; and that, however long he may escape receiving the reward of his crimes, vengeance will surely overtake him at last, and that too in a degree strictly proportioned to the nature and extent of his offence !

COMPASSION.

IT is certainly, methinks, a sort of enlargement of our very selves, when we enter into the ideas, sensations, and concerns of our brethren; by this force of their make, men are insensibly hurried into each other; and by a secret charm we lament the unfortunate, and rejoice with the glad; for it surely is not possible for the human heart to be averse to any thing that is humane; but by the very mein and gesture of the joyful and distressed, we rise and fall into their condition; and since joy is communicative, it is reasonable that grief should be contagious, both which are seen and felt at a look, for one man's eyes are spectacles to another to read his heart. Those useful and honest instruments do not only discover objects to us, but make ourselves also transparent; for they, in spite of dissimulation, when the heart is full, will brighten into gladness, or gush into tears; from this foundation in nature is kindled that noble spark of celestial fire, we call charity or compassion, which opens our bosoms, and extends our arms to embrace all mankind; and by this it is that the amorous man is
not

ore suddenly melted with beauty, than the
affionate man with misery.

little think the gay licentious proud,
n pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;
who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
vanton, often cruel, riot waste ;
little think they while they dance along,
many feel this very moment, death,
all the sad variety of pain.
many sink in the devouring flood,
ore devouring flame.—How many bleed,
uneful variance betwixt man and man—
many pine in want, and dungeon glooms ;
rom the common air, and common use
eir own limbs.—How many drink the cup
leful grief, or eat the bitter bread
fery.—Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
many shrink into the fordid hut
eerless poverty.—How many shake
all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
inded passion, madness, guilt, remorse,
ce, tumbled headlong from the heights of life,
furnish matter for the tragic muse—
in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd ;
many, racked with honest passions, droop
p retir'd distress.—How many stand
d the death-bed of their dearest friends,

And point the parting anguish. Think, fond man,
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle, render life
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate.
Vice, in his high career, would stand appall'd,
And heedless, rambling impulse learn to think ;
The conscious heart of charity would warm,
And its wide wish Benevolence dilate ;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still the social passions work.

By compassion we make others misery our own ;
and so by relieving them, we at the same time
relieve ourselves.

Some, who are reduced to the last extremity,
would rather perish, than expose their condition
to any, save the great and noble minded.

They esteem such to be wise men, generous, and
considerate of the accidents which commonly be-
fall us. They think, to those they can freely un-
bosom themselves, and tell their wants, without
the hazard of a reproach, which wounds more
deeply than a short denial.

To

To wipe the tears from all afflicted eyes,
Our wills may covet, but our power denies.

Cyrus, the first Emperor of Persia, obtained a victory over the Assyrians, and after the battle, was so sensibly touched with seeing the field covered with dead bodies, that he ordered the same care to be taken of the wounded Assyrians, as of his own soldiers ; saying, they are all men as well as we, and are no longer enemies, when once they are vanquished.

True benevolence, or compassion, extends itself through the whole of existence, and sympathizes with the distressed of every creature capable of sensation.

Little minds may be apt to consider compassion of this kind, as an instance of weakness ; but it is undoubtedly the evidence of a noble nature. Homer thought it not unbecoming the character of a hero, to melt into tears at a distress of this sort, and has given us a most amiable and affecting picture of Ulysses, weeping over his favourite Argus, when he expires at his feet.

Soft

Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul,
Adown his cheek the tear unbidden stole ;
Stole—unperceiv'd he turn'd his head, and dried
The drop humane.

But, the soft tear in pity's eye
Outshines the diamond's brightest beams.

“ It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting,” says Solomon. Let us go into the house of mourning, made so, by such afflictions as have been brought on, merely, by the common cross accidents and disasters, to which our condition is exposed—when perhaps—the aged parents sit, broken hearted, pierced to the soul with the folly and indiscretion of a thankless child—the child of their prayers, in whom all their hopes centered :—perhaps a more affecting scene—a virtuous family lying pined with want, where the unfortunate support of it, having long struggled with a train of misfortunes, and bravely fought up against them, is now piteously borne down at last—overwhelmed with a cruel blow which no forecast or frugality could have prevented.

O God ! look upon his afflictions. Behold him
distracted with many sorrows, surrounded with
the

the tender pledges of his love, and the partner of his cares,—without bread to give them—unable, from the remembrance of better days, to dig; to beg ashamed.

When we enter the house of mourning, such as this—it is impossible to insult the unfortunate even with an improper look. Under what levity and dissipation of heart such objects catch our eyes—they catch likewise our attentions, collect and call home our scattered thoughts, and exercise them with wisdom. A transient scene of distress, such as is here sketched, how soon does it furnish materials to set the mind at work; how necessarily does it engage it to the consideration of the miseries and misfortunes, the dangers and calamities, to which the life of man is subject. By holding up such a glass before it, it forces the mind to see and reflect upon the vanity, the perishing condition, and uncertain tenure of every thing in this world. Or, behold a still more affecting spectacle—a kind indulgent father of a numerous family lies breathless—snatched away in the strength of his age, torn in an evil hour from his children, and the bosom of a disconsolate wife! Behold much people of the city gathered together, to mix their tears, with settled sorrow in their looks, going heavily along to the house
of

of mourning, to perform that last sad office, which, when the debt of nature is paid, we are called upon to pay each other.

In this melancholy mansion, see how the light and easy heart, which never knew what it was to think before, how pensive is it now! how soft, how susceptible, how full of religious impressions! how deeply is it smitten with a sense, and with a love of virtue. Without this end, sorrow, I own, has no use, but to shorten our days, &c.

Let any who is conversant in the vanity of human life reflect upon it, and he will find—the man who wants mercy has a taste for no other enjoyment of any kind. There is a natural disrelish of every thing which is good in his very nature, and he is born an enemy to the world; he is ever extremely partial to himself, in all his actions, and has no sense of iniquity but from the punishment which shall attend it. The law of the land is his gospel; and all his cases of conscience are determined by his attorney: such men know not what it is to gladden the heart of the miserable. How shocking to humanity, to see the picture of religion besmeared with superstition, justice blooded with cruelty.

I will

I will not attempt to account for those compassionate sentiments we feel for distress, or that indignation which is excited by the appearance of oppression ; but I will maintain, that they are the distinguishing honours of human nature ; and what philosopher will be such an enemy to society, as to assert the contrary?

One should not destroy an insect, one should not quarrel with a dog, without a reason sufficient to vindicate one through all the courts of morality.

Compassion was not impressed upon the human heart, only to adorn the fair face with tears, and to give an agreeable languor to the eyes—it was designed to excite our utmost endeavours to relieve the sufferer. Yet, how often have I heard that selfish weakness, which flies from the sight of distress, dignified with the name of tenderness. “ My friend is, I hear, in the deepest affliction and misery. I have not seen her,—for indeed I cannot bear such scenes, they affect me too much ; those who have less sensibility are fitter for this world—but, for my part, I own, I am not able to support such things.—I shall not attempt to visit her, till I hear she has recovered her spirits.”

This have I heard, with an air of complaisance; and the poor selfish creature has persuaded herself, that she had finer feelings than those generous friends, who were sitting patiently in the house of mourning, waiting in silence the proper moment to pour in the balm of comfort;—who suppressed their own sensations, and attended to those of the afflicted person,—and whose tears flowed in secret, while their eyes and voice were taught to enliven the sinking heart with the appearance of cheerfulness.

He, who looks upon the misfortunes of others with indifference, ought not to be surprized if they behold his without compassion.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose

(203)

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire ;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away ;
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night, study and ease
Together mix'd ; sweet recreation !
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die ;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ANECDOTE

OF

BISHOP HOUGH.

DOCTOR Hough, some time since Bishop of Worcester, who was as remarkable for the evenness of his temper, as for many other good qualities, having a good deal of company at his house, a gentleman present desired his Lordship to show him a curious weather-glass, which the Bishop had lately purchased, and which cost him above thirty guineas. The servant was accordingly desired to bring it, who, in delivering it to the gentleman, accidentally let it fall, and broke it all to pieces. The company were all a little deranged by the accident.

‘ Be under no concern, my dear Sir,’ says the Bishop, smiling, ‘ I think it is rather a lucky omen : we have hitherto had a dry season ; and I hope we shall have some rain, for I protest I do not remember ever to have seen the glass so low.’

MERCY

M E R C Y.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed ;
It bleffeth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned Monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shews the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and Majesty,
Wherein doth fit the dread and fear of Kings ;
But mercy is above the scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings ;
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly pow'r doth then shew likest God's,
When Mercy seasons justice.

M E S S I A H,

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S A C R E D E C L O G U E.

YE nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th'Aonian maids,
Delight

Delight no more.—O thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the bard begun :
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a son !
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies :
Th'ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heav'ns ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and antient fraud shall fail,
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th'unexpected morn !
Oh ! spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born !
See nature hastes her earliest wreathes to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring :
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance ;
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies !
Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears !

A God,

A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply :
The rocks proclaim th'approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye vallies, rise !
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay ;
Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way !
The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold ;
Hear him, ye deaf ! and, all ye blind behold !
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day :
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th'unfolding ear ;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear ;
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th'eternal wound.
As the good Shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, and wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Freed from his hand, and in his bosom warms :
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,

Nor

Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
 But useleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
 And the broad faulchion in a plough-ſhare end,
 Then palaces ſhall riſe ; the joyful ſon
 Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd fire begun ;
 Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
 And the ſame hand that ſow'd ſhall reap the field,
 The ſwain in barren deſerts, with ſurprize
 Sees lillies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe ;
 And ſtarts, amidſt the thirſty wilds, to hear
 New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods,
 Waſtes, ſandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn ;
 To leafleſs ſhrubs the flow'ring palms ſucceed,
 And od'rous myrtle to the noiſome weed. [mead,
 The lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead ;
 The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
 And harmleſs ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
 The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake,
 Pleas'd the green luſtre of their ſcales ſurvey,
 And with their forky tongue ſhall innocently play,
 Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial Salem riſe !
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and liſt thy eyes !

See

See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
See future fons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate Kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs !
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See Heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn,
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts : the light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains ;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.

ON THE
FOLLY AND WICKEDNESS
OF
NEGLECTING A FAMILY AND CHILDREN,
FOR THE PLEASURES OF DISSIPATION.

THOUGH it may be true, as it has been asserted, that one age is not better than another, yet it is obvious to remark that the modes, if not the degrees, of vice, have varied at different periods ; and that of modes equally criminal in themselves, some are particularly destructive. Whatever have been the manners of preceding times, in our own country, I believe it will be readily allowed, that middle ranks were never universally infected with the love of a dissipating life till the present age.

Domestic industry and oeconomy, or the qualities distinguished by the homely titles of thriftiness and good housewifry, were always, till the present century, deemed honourable. They are now, however, discarded in disgrace ; and in their place have succeeded a passionate love of show without substance, a never-ceasing attention to drefs, and
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an insatiable hunger and thirst after diversions public and private.

Whoever considers the natural effect of excessive indulgence, in relaxing and weakening the tone of the mind, will immediately perceive how pernicious it must be to human nature in general, and to each particular society. There can remain neither inclination nor ability for exertion, when the strings which should give elasticity are all loose, or broken ; and without exertion what is man ? Behold what he is in the womanish court of an oriental tyrant ! Sunk in sloth, and prostrate in meanness, poor human nature, in such a situation, scarcely equals, in spirit or ingenuity, the monkey and baboon.

But I mean not to enlarge on dissipation in general, but to consider its effects in the limited circle of private families ; from which, however, it gradually extends its influence over the whole community, throughout all its departments, like the undulations of a pebble thrown into a pool.

Let us suppose a married couple in the middle ranks of life (and I select my instances from the middle ranks, because they are the most numerous and important.) Let us suppose them just setting

out, as it is called, in the world. The first object is to form and extend connexions. The ostensible motive is the advancement of the family interest; the real and most powerful motive, the love of various company, in a continual succession. Dinners and suppers, dancing and card-playing, leave little time, and no inclination, for the sober business of the trade or profession. A neglected trade or profession cannot succeed; and the poor young people, after having spent the little hard-earned patrimony which, it may be their affectionate parents have bestowed on them, live the rest of their lives in some poor lodging in penury or servitude, or die of disappointment.

But if, by uncommonly good fortune, they avoid bankruptcy or ruin, yet their love of dissipation never fails to poison that happiness which it pretends to sweeten. It prevents them from performing the most indispensable duties, and living the life of rational creatures. All heads of families are presidents of little societies, which they are bound to regulate by precept and example. But how shall they be qualified to do this, who are seldom at home, and who, when they are there, are constantly engaged in vanity? Their own corruption descends, with additional malignity of influence, to the lowest menial servant

vant, who has sought protection beneath their roof.

But let us consider them in the relation of parents. Nothing can be more inconsistent with the life of a lady, who delights in the fashionable amusements, than the care of her new-born child. Her dress would be disconcerted, and her shape spoiled, were she to attempt to feed it herself with the food which nature has made convenient for it. She could not be absent from home. She must be liable to interruption at all hours. Her health also must fail under so constant a fatigue, added to the necessary toils of the ball and card-table. Her physician (for she takes care to have him on her side), declares that from the delicate imbecility of her constitution, it would be highly improper for her to submit to the exhausting task of suckling an infant. The little one, therefore, whose heavenly smiles would repay every maternal care, is sent to the cottage, or the garret, of some hireling nurse. There, amidst poverty, hunger, and nastiness, it drags a precarious existence, with no attention, but the cold charity of a mercenary woman, who has often, at the same time a child of her own to engross her maternal endearments. The mother, in the mean time, is engaged in the gay circle of an assembly, losing

losing that money at cards, or spending it in dress and pleasures, which ought to pay her husband's creditors.

Ah ! little thinks she how her poor infant, which ought to be fostered in her own bosom, is bewailing, in the expressive language of tears, the neglect and the harsh treatment it undergoes, in the dreary haunts of misery and want. Many a severe menace, and many a hard blow does the sweet babe receive from the ignorant and passionate nurse, at which a mother's heart would bleed, if it were not lost to sensibility, Poor innocents ! unhappy orphans ! deserted in your helpless state, by those who brought you into a wretched world. May he who took the children up in his arms, put his hands on them, and blessed them, have pity on your woes—on those injuries which ye forely suffer, but cannot have deserved !

Life, however, is not easily extinguished ; and notwithstanding all the pains and inconveniences which the child undergoes from want of food, from want of cleanliness, from want of those tender attentions which a mother can only pay, it does indeed survive ; but what remains of its lot is even more miserable than that which is already passed.

As

As it has always been absent from home, it is a stranger there. Its parents feel but little natural affection for it; for natural affection fixes itself in the heart most deeply at that period when the infant is hanging at the breast, and smiling, as it were, with gratitude, in the face of her who supplies it with the delicious nourishment from her own vital current. It takes still firmer possession of the heart when the child begins to prattle and to play those little tricks, which none but a callous mind can behold without delight. But, alas! the little boy or girl are still considered as obstacles to pleasure at home. They pay a short formal visit there, and again dismissed to a nurse, locked up with servants in the garret, or transferred to their grandmother. The last is a most enviable lot, in comparison with the former; in which they not only experience harsh words and hard blows, but learn vulgar ideas, vulgar language of every kind, which must one day be unlearned.

As soon as they can walk firmly, and talk plainly, they are removed to one of those convenient schools or academies, as they are called, where children at a very early age, are received as into nurseries. In the subsequent course of their education, they are constantly kept from home,
or

or if they are indulged in a visit of a few days, they see little but what tends to mislead them. They receive no fatherly advice, and whatever learning they may acquire at their schools, they usually enter on the stage to act their part in the drama of life, without judgment, and without principles to regulate their conduct.

There is usually added to their misfortune of being neglected and misled, that of being deprived of all share of their parents possessions ; who, in the gay circles of pleasure, not only spend their own property, but involve themselves and their paternal estates in debt, and in every species of distressing and disgraceful embarrassment. There is no part of the family and affairs of the dissipated which has not a tendency to ruin. They are themselves in a constant state of mortification and disappointment. Their object in pursuing a perpetual round of amusements, is to obtain perpetual pleasure ; an object which human nature could never yet accomplish. They, of all others are least likely to obtain it, neglect their most important and their daily duties. Indeed, there is nothing more misapprehended than the nature of pleasure.

Men

Men are deluded by a name, and, catching at a phantom, lose reality. The truest pleasure results from calm and moderate emotions. Noise, tumult, violence, disorder, take off the fine spirit from that which is otherwise formed to please, and leave little behind but dregs or disagreeable ingredients. Balls, assemblies, feasts, public diversions, cards, dress, various company, should be pursued only as what they are, temporary amusements. Ask those that are whirled in the vortex of fashion, whether they are happy ?

Notwithstanding they are engaged, without ceasing, in what the world calls pleasure, they are as ready to complain of languor and misery as any other part of mankind. Pride and vanity compel them to move with others of their rank and fortune ; but their countenances and words abundantly testify that they have, at least, their share of human uneasiness. They feel, indeed, the satisfaction of being distinguished from the poor, because their fortunes enable them to pay for the distinction ; but that happiness is but slenderly supported, which is founded only on the gratification of a weak and womanish vanity.

With respect to that particular part of the evil resulting from dissipation, the neglect and
F f consequent

consequent misery of families, it is, certainly, very extensive and important. Single men, and single women, however led astray by the false lights of their own vain imagination, suffer by themselves, or at least draw but a few in their train; but the whole rising generation must be endangered where dissipation is become universal among parents and the heads of families.

Selfish arguments may succeed when others fail; and I therefore wish I could convince the generality of a certain truth; that there is really more pleasure to be found by a family fire-side, and in the regular performance of domestic duties, than in the never-ceasing pursuit after fashionable amusements. What is the delight of seeing an Italian or French dancing-master stand upon one leg, compared to that of beholding ones own smiling babes in the raptures of a game at play. What is the delight of a glittering ball, a play, a masquerade, compared to that of a home, in which are found plenty, tranquillity, and love, uninterrupted by the extravagance, the folly, the pride, and the restlessness of that empty, weak, and fickle, yet arbitrary tyrant, fashion. Not that the moralist is severe. He prohibits no moderate and reasonable enjoyments. He is too well acquainted with human nature, and with
life

life so to moralize. He maintains only, that though dissipating pleasures may be allowed as a temporary relief, they are fatal to happiness and virtue, when they are suffered to engage the whole attention, or become the chief employment.

THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

THE high and mighty King of kings,
Whose praise the whole creation sings,
Hath fix'd, in love to human kind,
His blessed image in our mind.
The lines are strong, the picture fair,
No need of anxious search and care ;
Look but within, and strait appears,
The signature all nature wears !

Where'er I am, howe'er oppress'd,
This heav'nly portrait in my breast
Inspires, with confidence divine,
And comfort flows from ev'ry line !
Thro' dangers numberless I go,
Yet weather all the storms that blow—

To lead me to the peaceful shore,
My God and guide is still before !
At night, before I close my eyes,
And in the morning, when I rise,
I pray for safety, health, and grace,
And still the Lord before me place !
He sheds his odours round my head,
And makes me sleep secure in bed ;
In all the labours of the day,
He goes before and points the way !

Soon as my passions wild prevail,
And faith and reason both assail ;
When strong temptations spread their net,
Before me still the Lord I fet ;
His presence can the passions lay,
And teach them reason to obey ;
Temptation's charms soon disappear,
And truth succeeds when God is near !

When sorrows upon sorrows roll,
And sharpest arrows pierce my soul ;
When deepest funk in black despair,
I lift my eyes and heart in pray'r ;
Just when all human help had fail'd,
And friend and neighbour nought avail'd,
This best of friends, in constant view,
Shews what himself alone can do !

Thro'

Thro' all the future ills of life,
Amidst contempt, reproach, and strife,
I'll set the Lord before me still,
And live obedient to his will !
So when thro' death's dark vale I move,
He will a light before me prove ;
Conduct me safe to endless joy,
And mark me out some blest employ.

A SINGULAR ANECDOTE

OF A

Y O U N G P R I N C E .

IN the reign of Charles II. an Italian Envoy informed his Majesty, that a young Prince in Italy, having married beneath himself, had retired into England, and that his friends requested he might be searched for, and sent back as soon as possible.

The Prince hearing of it, made himself known to the King, acquainting him that he lived twenty-five miles from town, in a country retreat, with
his

his beloved Jacintha ; and, if his Majesty would afford him his protection, he should be happier there than in the possession of a crown.

The King put a stop to any farther searches of the Envoy, and the enamoured Prince lived unknown with his Jacintha till their deaths, which happened within six months of one another.

ANECDOTE

OF

DEAN SWIFT.

A SHOEMAKER of Dublin had a longing desire to work for Dean Swift: he was recommended by Mr. James Swift, the banker, and Mr. Sican, a merchant. The Dean gave him an order for a pair of boots, adding, "When shall I have them?" "On Saturday next," said the shoe-maker. "I hate disappointments," said the Dean, "nor would have you disappoint others: set your own time, and keep to it." "I thank your Reverence," (said Bamerick) for that
was

was his name, " I desire no longer time than Saturday se'night, when you will be sure to have them without fail."

They parted, and the boots were finished to the time ; but, through the hurry of business, Mr. Bamerick forgot to carry them home till Monday evening. When the Dean drew the boots on, and found them to his mind, he said, " Mr. Bamerick, you have answered the commendation of your friends, but you have disappointed me, for I was to have been at Sir Arthur Axhefon's, in the county of Armagh, on this day. " Indeed, and indeed, Sir, (said Bamerick) the boots were finished to the time, but I forgot to bring them home."

The Dean gave him one of his stern looks ; and after a pause asked him, whether he understood gardening as well as boot-making ? Bamerick answered, " No, Sir : but I have seen some very fine gardens in England." " Come, (said the Dean, in a good humoured tone) I will shew you improvements I have made in the Deanery garden."

They walked through the garden to the further end, when the Dean started, as if recollecting something, " I must step in, (said he) stay here till I come

I come back ;” then he run out of the garden, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket; Bamerick walked about till it grew dark, and not seeing the Dean, he at last ventured to follow him, but found the door locked ; he knocked and called several times to no purpose, he perceived himself confined between high walls, the night dark and cold, in the month of March. However, he had not the least suspicion of his being intentionally confined.

The Deanery servants went to bed at the usual hour, and the Dean remained in his study till two o'clock in the morning. He then went into the hall, and drew the charge out of a blunderbuss, and other fire arms, then returned and rang his bell. He was immediately attended by one of his servants. “ Robert, (said he) I have been much disturbed with noise on the garden side, I fear some robbers have broke in ; give me a lanthorn, and call up Saunders. Then the Dean took the lanthorn, and staid by the arms until the men came. “ Arm yourselves (said he) and follow me.” He led them into the garden, where the light soon attracted poor Bamerick, who came running up to them. Upon his approach the Dean roared out, “ There's the robber, shoot him, shoot him.” Saunders presented, and Bamerick, terrified to death, fell on his knees and begged his life

The

The Dean held the lanthorn up to the man's face, and gravely said, " Mercy on us! Mr. Bamerick, how came you here?" " Lord, Sir, (said Bamerick) don't you remember you left me here in the evening?" " Ah! friend (said the Dean) I forgot it, as you did the boots;" then turning round to Robert (who was butler) he said, " give the man some warm wine, and see him safe home."

This anecdote was received from Darby Coleman, one of Bamerick's workmen, and who worked for him at the same time.

ON

HAPPINESS IN THIS LIFE.

THE morning opens, very freshly gay,
And life itself is in the month of May.
With green my fancy plants an arbour o'er,
And flow'rets, with a thousand colours more;
Then falls to weaving that, and spreading these,
And softly shakes them with an easy breeze;
With golden fruit adorns the bending shade,
Or trails its silver water o'er its bed.

G g

Glide

Glide, gentle water, still more gently by,
While in this summer-bow'r of bliss I lie,
And sweetly sing of sense-delighting flames,
And nymphs and shepherds, soft invented names ;
Or view the branches which around me twine,
And praise their fruit, diffusing sprightly wine :
Or find new pleasures in the world to praise,
And still with this return adorn my lays ;
Range round your gardens of eternal spring,
Go, range, my senses, while I sweetly sing.

In vain, in vain, alas ! seduced by ill,
And acted wildly by the force of will !
I tell my soul, it will be constant May,
And charm a season never made to stay :
My beauteous arbour will not stand a storm ;
The world but promises, but can't perform :
Then fade, ye leaves ; and wither all ye flow'rs ;
I'll doat no longer in enchanted bow'rs ;
But sadly mourn in melancholy song,
The vain conceits that held my soul so long ;
The lusts that tempt us with delusive show,
And sin brought forth for everlasting woe.
Thus shall the notes to sorrow's object rise,
While frequent rests procure a place for sighs ;
And as I moan upon the naked plain,
Be this the burthen closing every strain :
Return, my senses ; range no more abroad ;
He'll only find his bliss who seeks for God.

ANEC-

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ANECDOTE

OF THE

DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

THIS Lady was always remarkable for having a very high sense of her own dignity : being one day detained in her carriage by a cart of coals that was unloading in a very narrow street, she leans with both her arms upon the door, and asked the fellow, " How dare you, Sirrah, to stop a woman of quality in the street ?"—" Woman of quality !" (replied the man).—" Yes, fellow, (rejoined her Grace) don't you see *my arms upon my carriage* ?"—" Yes, I do indeed, (he answered) and a pair of d—d coarse arms they are."

ANECDOTE

OF A

FRENCH MAGISTRATE.

LEWIS XIV. having made his public entrance into the city of Lyons, was harangued by one of the principal magistrates, who passed for a man of sense. But as it was the first

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time

time he had appeared in the royal presence, his sense was insufficient to exempt him from that species of awkward embarrassment, which is generally experienced on similar occasions.

Though he had passed all the preceding night in studying his speech, when he approached the King, he found himself unable to utter a syllable. Having at length, however, recovered from his fears, he began his harangue, and said many good things, to which his Sovereign listened with pleasure ; but before he had got half through, an ass, which stood near the place, set up a braying, and, in short, made such a noise, that the King, not being able to hear the orator, exclaimed aloud, " Make that ass hold his tongue !" The attention of the magistrate having been too much engrossed by his own eloquence to take the smallest notice of the ass, he concluded that himself was the object of those orders which he had just heard the King deliver in so a peremptory a tone. This idea made him stop short ; and, after some minutes, he stammered out, " I was thoroughly sensible, Sire, of my incapacity to harangue your Majesty, and it was with extreme reluctance I undertook the task." The King could not refrain from laughter at his ridiculous mistake ; and his Majesty's mirth encreasing the confusion of the orator,

all

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all entreaties to prevail on him to resume his speech proved fruitless. He rushed into the thickest part of the crowd, and having reached his own house, shut himself up in his apartment, inconsolable at having rendered himself an object of ridicule to the whole town.

AN

ORIENTAL ANECDOTE.

FROM A LATE AUTHENTIC LETTER,

DATED CALCUTTA.

GOCUL Chunres Gofaul was a Bramin of superior cast, whose character as a merchant and a man of integrity was very respectable among Europeans, and exceedingly so with every native who had any knowledge of him; for he maintained a great many poor daily at his house, and in the neighbourhood where he lived, as well as extending his generosity to many of the Europeans, by lending them money when in distress. He was Governor Verelst's banian.

Gocul

Gocul had been confined to his room about a fortnight by a fever and flux ; I (the writer of the letter) frequently visited him in that time, but did not apprehend his dissolution was so near, till last Tuesday morning, the 20th instant, when, on sending to enquire after his health, my servant informed me he was removed from his own house to the bank of a creek that runs from Collyghaunt, (a place held sacred by the Hindoos, and where the water is taken up that is used in administering oaths to Hindoos, in and about Calcutta) into the river Ganges, as you know is customary with them, in order to die in or near that river, or some creek that runs into it.

At about nine o'clock in the evening of that day, I went to see him as he lay on a fly palanquin in a boat in that creek. His servant told me he could hear, but could not speak to any body. I went near him, and called to him by name ; he knew my voice, turned about, and held out his hand to me. I took hold of it, and found it very cold ; he pressed mine, and said he was obliged to me for coming to see him. I told him he would get his death by lying exposed without covering (for he was naked to his hips), to the moist air in this rainy season, close to a muddy bank. He said he wished to be cold, for he was then

then burning with heat (although his hand, as observed before, was very cold). I then put my hand to his forehead, which was also very cold; still he insisted that he was burning with heat. I begged him to allow me to order him to be carried back to his own house; he shook his head, but said nothing in answer. I repeated the request, but he shook his head again without saying a word. I did not imagine such a proposition would be attended to; because it is an invariable custom, you know, amongst the Hindoos, when given over by their doctors, to be removed to the bank of the Ganges, or some creek that runs into it, for which they have a very superstitious veneration; and I have heard, that if a Hindoo dies in his own house, it is razed to the ground.

Gocul's is a very large house, and such a circumstance would consequently be a great detriment to the estate. I staid about a quarter of an hour with him. On coming away he repeated his obligations to me for the visits I paid during his illness, and for my attention to him at that time in particular, and pressed my hand very hard at parting, as he was perfectly sensible; and I believe, if proper care had been taken of him, it was in the power of medicine to have restored his health. There were a vast number of Bramins
reading

reading and praying near him. Early the next morning I sent my servant to ask how he was ; he brought me for answer, that Gocul was in the same state as when I left him the preceding night ; and whilst I was at breakfast, one of his dependants came to tell me he was dead.

I went to see him soon after, and found him covered with a sheet. I then enquired if either of his wives (for he had two) would burn with him. Nobody there could inform me. I desired one of his dependants to let me know if either of them resolved to burn, that I might be present : this was about eight o'clock last Wednesday morning. At ten o'clock the corpse was carried to Collyghaunt, a little village about a mile higher up the creek, and about two miles and an half from Calcutta.

Between twelve and one o'clock the same day, Mr. Shakespear, who had an esteem for Gocul, whose nephew Joynerain Gofaul is Mr. Shakespear's banian, called on me to let me know that Gocul's first wife Tarryaell was resolved to burn. We accordingly went together, and reached Collyghaunt in time, where Gocul lay on a pile of sandal wood and straw, about four feet from the ground, on the banks of the creek, as naked

as

when I saw him the night before. His wife, we were told, was praying on the edge of the creek, where we were informed her children (two boys and one girl), one of the boys seven years, the other five, and the girl thirteen months, had, were present with their mother, and Kistenchurn, Gocul's eldest brother: that at first sight of her children, the strong ties of human nature, struggling with her resolution, drew a tear from her; but she soon recovered herself, and told her children their father was dead, and that she was going to die with him; that they must look up to their uncle, pointing to Kistenchurn, who, with his son, Joyneram before mentioned, would be both father and mother to them; and that they must therefore obey them in the same manner as they would Gocul and herself if living. Then, turning to Kistenchurn, she enjoined him, and requested him to enjoin Joyneram (who was then at Dacca) to defend and protect her helpless offspring.

This done, she left her children, and advanced towards the funeral pile, which was surrounded by a vast concourse of people, chiefly Bramins, about eight or ten feet from it, so that there was free passage round the pile. Mr. Shakespeare

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and

and I went in front of the circle, and I had a perfect view of the following scene.

As soon as she appeared in the circle, I thought she was somewhat confused ; but whether from the sight of her husband lying dead on the pile, or at the great crowd of people assembled, or at seeing Europeans among them (for there were two besides Mr. Shakespeare and myself), I cannot tell ; however she recovered herself almost instantaneously. She then walked, unattended, gently round the pile in silence, strewing flowers as she went round ; and when she had nearly completed the third time, at Gocul's feet she got upon the pile without any assistance, strewed flowers over it, and then laid herself down on the left side of her husband, raising his head and putting her right arm under his neck. She then turned her body to his, and threw her left arm over him ; while one of the Bramins raised his right leg and put it over her legs, without a single word being uttered. As soon as this was done, a shawl was laid over them, and they were not seen afterwards by any body. Some dry straw was laid over the shawl, and then some lighted billets of sandal wood were put on the straw ; but altogether not sufficient to prevent her raising

lifting herself up, throwing all off, and entirely extricating herself from the pile, if she had been inclined to save herself.

The dry straw which composed a part of the pile was then lighted. During all this time, that is, from the moment Gocul's wife made her appearance in the circle, to the lighting the pile, there was a profound silence; but on the fire being lighted, the Bramins called out aloud, some dancing and brandishing cudgels of sticks, which took to be praying, and a part of the ceremony; perhaps to prevent her cries from being heard by the multitude, so as to give them a bad impression of it, or to deter other women from following what the Hindoos term a laudable example. But I was so near the pile, notwithstanding the noise made by the Bramins, and those who danced round it, I should have heard any cries or lamentations she might have made. I am convinced she made none, and that the smoke must have suffocated her in a very short space of time. I staid about ten minutes after the pile was lighted, for such a sight was too dreadful to be told long; besides nothing more was to be seen except the flames, which Mr. Shakespeare and I had a perfect view of at a distance, as we returned from the funeral pile.

Gocul's wife was a tall, well made, good-looking woman, fairer than the generality of Hindoo women are, about twenty, perhaps twenty-two at most; she was decently dressed in a white cloth round her waist, and an oorne of white cloth with a red silk border thrown loosely over her head and shoulders; but face, arms and feet were bare.

I have heard, and indeed supposed, that women in that situation intoxicated themselves with bang or toddy; but from the relation given me of what passed between Gocul's wife, her children, and brother-in-law, as well as what Mr. Shakespeare and myself saw at the funeral pile, I am persuaded she was as free from intoxication during the whole ceremony, as possible; for she appeared to be perfectly composed, and not in the least flurried, except at first, for a very short time, as before observed. She afterwards went through it deliberately, with astonishing fortitude and resolution.

This barbarous custom, so shocking to Europeans, was practised by our ancestors in Britain in the time of the Druids; but whether our countrywomen in those days, who did not sacrifice themselves, were treated with the same contempt

tempt after the death of their husbands, as the Hindoo women are, I know not; for by the religion of Hindoos they can never marry again, or have commerce with another man, without prejudice to their cast, which to them is as dear as life itself; but generally are reduced to perform the most menial offices in the family of which they were before the mistress.

This reflection, together with the great credit they gain among the Bramins, in undergoing so painful and horrid a religious ceremony, may be, and no doubt is, a very strong inducement to their continuing this practice.

ON TRANQUILLITY OF MIND.

TRANQUILLITY of mind is undoubtedly one of the greatest blessings that we can possess on earth. It is indeed the ultimate aim, to which the wishes of the wise and reflecting have ever been directed, that with a mind undisturbed by anxieties, cares, and fears, they might pass their days in a pleasing serenity. They
justly

justly concluded that, by enjoying themselves in peace, they would enjoy to the greatest advantage, all the comforts of life that came within their reach.

This happy tranquillity, the multitude conceive to be most readily attainable by means of wealth; or, at least, of an easy fortune; which they imagine would set them above all the ordinary disturbances of life. That it has some effect for this purpose, cannot be denied. Poverty and straitened circumstances are often inconsistent with tranquillity. To be destitute of those conveniencies that suit our rank in the world; to be burthened with anxiety about making provision for every day which passes over our head; instead of bringing comfort to a family who look up to us for aid, to behold ourselves surrounded with their wants and complaints, are circumstances which cannot fail to give much uneasiness to every feeling mind.

To take measures, therefore, for attaining a competent fortune, by laudable means, is wise and prudent. Entire negligence of our affairs, and indifference about our worldly circumstances, is, for the most part, the consequence of some vice, or some folly.—At the same time it must be observed, that

that the attainment of opulence is no certain method of attaining tranquillity. Embarrassments and vexations often attend it, and long experience has shewn, that tranquillity is far from being always found among the rich. Nay, the higher that men rise in the world, the greater degrees of power and distinction which they acquire, they are often the farther removed from internal peace.

The world affords so many instances of miseries abounding in the higher ranks of life, that it were needless to enlarge on a topic so generally known and admitted. Assuming it, therefore, for an undoubted truth, that the mere possession of the goods of fortune may be consistent with the want of inward tranquillity, we must look around us for other more certain grounds of it. We must inquire whether any line of conduct can be pointed out, which, independent of external situation in the world, shall tend to make us easy in mind; shall either bestow, or aid, that tranquillity which all men desire.

The first direction to be suggested, is, that we imitate the character of the man who *walketh uprightly, worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth as he thinketh in his heart*; that we study to preserve

preserve a clear conscience, and to lead a virtuous and honourable, at least an inoffensive and innocent, life.

So great is the power of conscience over every human being, that the remembrance of crimes never fails to overthrow tranquility of mind. Be assured, that he who defrauds his neighbour, who has ensnared the innocent, has violated his trust, or betrayed his friend, shall never enjoy within himself undisturbed quiet. His evil deeds will at times recur to his thoughts, like ghosts rising up in black array before him to haunt his couch. Even the sense of a foolish and trifling conduct of a life past in idleness and dissipation; by which, though a man has not been guilty of great crimes, he has however wasted his substance, mispent his time, and brought upon himself just reproach.

Let him, therefore, who wishes to enjoy tranquillity, study, above all things, to act an irreproachable part. With comfort he will rest his head on his pillow at night, when he is conscious that throughout the day he has been doing his duty towards God and man;—when none of the transactions of that day come back, in painful

remembrance, to upbraid him. To this testimony of a good conscience, let him be able,

In the *second* place, to join humble trust in the favour of God. As, after the best endeavour we can use, no man's behaviour will be entirely faultless, it is essential to peace of mind, that we have some ground for hope in the Divine mercy, that, through the merits of Jesus Christ, our defects shall be forgiven, and grace be shewn us by Heaven.

This includes all the duties of faith and repentance that are required by the Gospel; the faithful discharge of which duties is absolutely necessary for delivering us from those fears of another world, which, if not allayed, are sufficient to banish all tranquillity from the heart. Our religious principles must at the same time be sound and pure, and carefully preserved from the taint of superstition, whose gloomy horrors, taking possession of weak and ill-informed minds, convert what they mistake for religion, into a source of misery. Moreover, it is necessary, that we be able to place trust in God, not only as our future Judge, but as the present Governor of human affairs.

So uncertain is the continuance of every earthly comfort, that he, who reposes no confidence in the Supreme Disposer of events, must be often disquieted and dejected. He alone possesses firm tranquillity, who, amidst all human vicissitudes, looks up, with settled trust, to an Almighty Ruler, as to one under whose conduct he is safe.

In the *third* place, to attend to the culture and improvement of our minds. A fund of useful knowledge, and a stock of ideas, afford much advantage for the enjoyment of tranquillity. It is not meant that every man must study to become deeply learned. The situation of many would not allow it. The taste, and the habits of others, prevent it. But what is meant is, that every man who wishes to lead a comfortable life should provide for himself, as much as he can, by means of observation, reading, and reflecting, a large field of useful thoughts. In a mind absolutely vacant, tranquillity is seldom found. The vacancy will too often be filled up by bad desires and passions. Whereas, the mind of a wise man is a kingdom to itself. In his lonely or melancholy hours, he finds always resources within himself, to which he can turn for relief. As there are many occasions when external objects afford no pleasure, it is
only

only by being able to rest on the entertainments afforded to himself by his mind, that any one can pass his days with self-enjoyment.

In the fourth place, let us always be careful to provide proper employment for our time. Regular industry and labour, with intervals of ease, is perhaps the state most conducive to tranquillity. If our station give no call to industry, it will be profitable to have some end or object in view, to which our attention shall be directed. Relaxation from intense, or incessant pursuit, is requisite for comfort. But if relaxation degenerate into total idleness, it becomes in a high degree adverse to tranquillity. Every man by his nature, is formed more or less, for action. In a mind that is entirely quiescent, and that has no object to put it into motion, instead of self-enjoyment, there will be constant langour, tediousness, and misery. Life stagnates in such a situation, like a pool of dead waters, and the man becomes a burden to himself.

Violent and dangerous pursuits, which distract and embroil those who are engaged in them, cannot be understood to be here recommended. Every one sees how foreign these are to a state of tranquillity. But in the ordinary of calm and easy

life, it would be adviseable for every one to have some end before him ; some object which shall bring the mind into action, and fill up the vacancies of time. Provided the object be innocent, and of no unsuitable or degrading nature, it may answer this purpose, though it should not of itself be of high importance. It is better for the mind to have some determined direction given it, than to be always left floating, as it were, in empty space. But about whatever objects we are employed, it is still more material to tranquillity that, in the

Fifth place, we learn to govern our passions. These are the most frequent disturbers of peace. Necessary as their impulse is to give activity to the mind, yet if they are not kept in subordination to reason, they speedily throw all things into confusion. Such of them as belong to the malignant and unsocial kind, evidently tend to produce vexation and disquiet.

In the *sixth* place, let us never expect too much from the world. High hopes, and florid views, are great enemies to tranquillity. When rashly indulged, they are constantly producing disappointments. Their indulgence, in the mean time, occasions discontent with our present situation;

tion ; and he who is discontented cannot be happy. One of the first lessons, both of religion and wisdom, is, to moderate our expectations and hopes ; and not to set forth on the voyage of life like men who expect to be always carried forward with a favourable gale. Let our views be suited to our rank and station in the world ; and never soar fantastically beyond them. Let us content ourselves with sober pleasures, and form our relish to them. Let us be thankful when we are free from pain, though we be not in the midst of high enjoyment ; satisfied if the path we tread be easy and smooth, though it be not strewed with flowers. Human life admits not of continued pleasure ; nor is it always rendered happy by great exaltation : remembering that it is a middle region which is the native station of tranquillity. It neither aspires to those heights of the atmosphere where the thunder is formed ; nor creeps always on the ground.

If we look for perfection any where, we shall find ourselves disappointed ; and the consequence of this disappointment will be, that friendship will cool, and disgust succeed. If we wish to enjoy comfort in any of our connections, let us take our fellow creatures as they are, and look for their imperfections to appear. We know we
have

have our own ; let us, therefore, bear with those of others, as we expect they are to bear with us. As no one is without failings, few also are void of amiable qualities. Let us select for our companions, those who have the greatest share of such qualities, and value them accordingly.

Seventhly, and lastly on the subject, to mix retreat with the active business of the world, and to cultivate habits of serious thought and recollection. The great multitude of men are in different situations. Industry is required of them, business and cares perplex ; and active pursuits occupy their closest attention. Amidst bustle, intrigue, and dissention, he must pass many an uneasy hour. Here an enemy encounters him ; there a rival meets him. A suspicious friend alarms one hour ; an ungrateful one provokes him the next. Reflection and meditation allay the workings of many unquiet passions ; and place us at a distance from the tumults of the world.

When the mind has either been ruffled or cast down, in intercourse with God and Heaven we find a sanctuary to which we can retreat. In the hours of contemplation and devotion, a good man enjoys himself in peace. He beholds nobler objects than what worldly men can behold. He
 assumes

assumes a higher character. He listens to the voice of Nature and of God; and from this holy sanctuary comes forth with a mind fortified against the little disturbances of the world.

During the early periods of life, vivid sensations of pleasure are the sole objects thought worthy of pursuit. Mere ease and calmness are despised, as the portion of the aged only and the feeble. Some longer acquaintance with the world,—with its disappointed hopes and fallacious pleasures, teaches almost all men, by degrees, to wish for tranquillity and peace. But we must not imagine, that these are blessings which will drop on men of their own accord, as soon as they begin to desire them. No; the thoughtless and the profligate, will ever remain strangers to them. They will remain the sport of every accident that occurs to derange their minds, and to disturb their life.

The three great enemies to tranquillity are, Vice, Superstition, and Idleness: Vice, which poisons and disturbs the mind with bad passions; Superstition, which fills it with imaginary terrors; Idleness, which loads it with tediousness and disgust. It is only by following the paths which eternal Wisdom have pointed out, that we can arrive

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend hermit grew ;
The mofs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well.
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,
Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose—
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey ;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway.
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
So, when a smooth expanse receives impress'd,
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees impending grow,
And skies beneath with answer'ing colours glow :
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side ;
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books or swains report it right,

K k

(For

(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell ; the pilgrim's staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;
Then with the rising sun a journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wafted in the pathless grafs,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass :
But when the southern sun had warmed the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft, in graceful ringlets, wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail ! he cry'd ;
And hail, my son ! the rev'rend sire reply'd :
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kinds deceiv'd the road ;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

But here the youth enjoin'd the eager fire,
Who into hidden truths did much enquire,
If he'd in silence each event behold,
He wou'd to him some wond'rous things unfold.
Agreed, and now the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey ;
Nature

Nature in silence bids the world repose,
When near the road a stately palace rose :
There, by the moon, thro' ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home.
Yet still his kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive, the livery'd servants wait ;
Their Lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play ;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call ;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;
Rich, luscious wine, a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd his guests to taste.
Then pleas'd and thankful from the porch they go,
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe :
His cup was vanish'd ; for, in secret guise,
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

Now on they pass ;—when far upon the road,
The wealthy spoil the wily partner show'd.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops, to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear:
So seem'd the fire, he walk'd with trembling
heart,

And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to coverts scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat :
'Twas built by turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around :
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy door they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;

The

The nimble light'ning, mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast ;
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest.)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair ;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour thro' their limbs recalls ;
Bread of the coarsest sort, with dead small beer,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both for cheer ;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;
And why should such (within himself he cry'd)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place
In ev'ry setting feature of his face !
When, from his vest, the young companion bore
That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before ;
And paid profusely, with the precious bowl,
The stinted kindness of his churlish soul !
Just sunk to earth, the miser, in surprize,
Receiv'd the glitt'ring gift with startled eyes ;
But, ere he could recover from his fright,
The gen'rous guests were gone quite out of sight.
Now

Now the brisk clouds in airy tumults fly,
The sun emerging opes another sky ;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom
wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, but seem'd a madness here.
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky, }
Again the wand'ers want a place to lie, }
Again they search and find a mansion nigh. }
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great :
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, (and not for praise, but virtue) kind.

Hither the walkers turn their weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet ;
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies :
Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part:
From him you come, from him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.


He

He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed ;
When the grave household round the hall repair'd,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hour of pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dapple morn arose ;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck ;—the landlord's little pride,
(O strange return !) grew black, and gasp'd, and
dy'd.

Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son ?
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done ?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assail his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies,—but trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant shew'd the way ;
A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er
Was nice to find ; the servant went before ;
Long arms of oak an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath them bending glide.
The youth who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in :
Plunging



When the strange partner seem'd no longer
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd about his
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair
Celestial odours breathe in purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd like the
Wide at his back their dazzling plumes display
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do
Surprize in secret chains his words suspend
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.)

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice
In sweet memory

For this commission'd, I forsook the sky ;
Nay, cease to kneel! —thy fellow servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let the scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made ;
In this the right of Providence is laid ;
Its sacred Majesty thro' all depends,
On using second means to work his ends :
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The pow'r exerts his attributes on high ;
Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still !

What strange events can strike with more sur-
prise,
Than those which lately struck thy wand'ring eyes?
Yet taught by these, confess th'Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

The great vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of
wine ;

Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

.....

L I

The

The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
 Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor;
 With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
 That heav'n can bless, if mortals can be kind;
 Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
 Thus artists melt the sullen roar of lead,
 With heaping coals of fire upon its head,
 In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
 And loose from thro' the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
 But now the child had wean'd his soul from God;
 (Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
 And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
 To what excesses had his dotage run!
 But God, to save the father, took the son.
 To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
 (And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow :)
 The poor fond parent humbled in the dust,
 Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But how had all his fortune fell a wreck,
 Had the false servant sped in safety back?
 This very night, (by secret plot contriv'd)
 Of life and wealth his master he'd depriv'd;
 Had he in this conspiracy prevail'd,
 What funds of charity would then have fail'd?

o. ff

I I

Thus

Thus heav'n instructs thy mind : this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On founding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The Sage stood wond'ring as the Seraph flew.

Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high,
His Master took the chariot of the sky :
The fiery pomp ascending, left the view ;
The Prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a pray'r begun,
" Lord ! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done."
Then gladly turning, fought his ancient place,
And spent a life of piety and peace.

THE
HAPPY EFFECTS
OF
MISFORTUNE.

IF misfortune comes, she brings along
The bravest virtues. And so many great
Illustrious spirits have convers'd with woe,
Have in her school been taught, as are enough
To consecrate distress, and make ambition
Ev'n with the frown beyond the smile of fortune.

(262)

CHARACTER

OF AN

EXCELLENT MAN.

HOW could my tongue
Take pleasure, and be lavish in thy praise!
How could I speak thy nobleness of nature!
Thy open, manly heart, thy courage, constancy,
And inborn truth, unknowing to dissemble:
Thou art the man in whom my soul delights,
In whom, next heav'n, I trust.

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

M O R N I N G,

WISH'D morning's come; and now upon
the plains,
And distant mountains where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day:
The

(261.)

The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the field his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits ;
The beasts, that under the warm hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up ;
And, looking towards the neighbouring pastures,
raise
Their voice, and bid their fellow brutes good-
morrow :

The cheerful birds too on the tops of trees
Assemble all in choirs ; and with their notes
Salute, and welcome up, the rising sun.

A FEU DE MOT

RESPECTING THE

PRINCE OF WALES.

THE introduction of a certain naval officer
to the Prince of Wales, and their present
intimacy, originated in the following whimsical
little circumstance. His Royal Highness was dis-
puting

puting with a gentleman on the subject of naval tactics, and finally agreed to refer the decision to the son of Neptune, who was in an adjoining room. A note was dispatched by the gentleman, requesting the officer's opinion, and concluded with this inaccuracy of spelling—

"You must be a very competent judge, having
"been *bread* to the sea."

This was the neat and sarcastical reply—

"I never was *bread* to the sea; but the sea was
"BREAD to me; and very bad *bread* it was."

ANECDOTE

OF

C Y R U S.

CYRUS being reproached one day by Croesus for his profusion, a calculation was made to how much his treasure might have amounted, had he been more sparing of it.

To

To justify his liberality, Cyrus sent dispatches to every person he had particularly obliged, requesting them to supply him with as much money as they could advance.

When all these memorandums had come to Cyrus, it appeared that the sum total far surpassed the calculation made by Cræsus.

"I am not," said he, "less in love with riches than other Princes; but a better manager of them. You see at how low a price I have acquired many friends, and an invaluable treasure. My money, at the same time, in the hands of these friends, is not less at my command than if it were in my treasury."

ACT

ACT OF BENEVOLENCE.

A VERY noble instance of attachment and benevolence took place some time ago on the Kingston road.

As Captain Willoughby, of the Expedition Cutter, was returning from town to Portsmouth, the carriage stopped on the way to replace a lost lynch-pin; he alighted from the carriage, at which time a sick and miserable looking sailor passed him, who appeared to wish for charity, but did not ask it. The Captain enquired where he was going, and whether he was sick? After answering these questions, he was asked what ship he had served in? when, among others, he mentioned one in which Captain Willoughby had been a Lieutenant, and with whom he had circumnavigated the globe.

On hearing this, the tears were ready to start from the eyes of the gallant tar, who immediately took his pencil from his pocket, and wrote as follows: "Dear Sir, the bearer of this is a broken-down fellow round about; therefore give him, on my account, a guinea a month, until
he

he is well enough to go to sea again." The spirit of Jack would not suffer him to receive this bounty longer than until he could enter himself again ; and he is now serving in a merchant's ship in the plantation service.

ANECDOTE

OF A

G A S C O N.

A GASCON, who had been for some years in the service of Lewis XIV. obtained from the King a gratification of 1500 ~~l~~res. He went immediately to be paid by M. Colbert ; who, just at his coming, had sat down to dinner. Notwithstanding, he passed boldly into the dining-room, and asked who was Colbert ? " I ~~am~~ the person (said M. Colbert), what would you be pleased to have ?" " A trifle scarce worth mentioning," said the other ; " a small order of the King, for letting me have 1500 livres."

M. Colbert, with great good-nature, and according to his usual good-humour, desired him to

M m

be

be seated at table, and partake of their fare, which the Gascon did without a second invitation. After dinner, he was directed by him to one of his clerks, who gave him 1000 livres. The Gascon said there were 500 more coming to him. "Very true (said the clerk), but so much of the payment has been stopped for your dinner." "Odds-fis! (said the Gascon,) 500 livres for a dinner! I give but twenty-fous at the eating-house." "Well, then, if it be so, (replied the Gascon,) here, take back all the money; what signifies my encumbering myself with a thousand livres? To-morrow I'll bring here a friend to dine, and all will be paid." Monsieur Colbert admired the gasconade, had the officer paid the whole of his bill, and afterwards rendered him several good offices.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE

OF

C L E O M E N E S.

CLEOMENES, King of Sparta, when labouring under misfortunes, was advised to kill himself by one of his attendants, who set off the proposal with that specious colouring, which the imbecility of an oppressed mind is apt to mistake for argument. "Thinkest thou, wicked man," replied Cleomenes, "to shew thy fortitude, by rushing upon death, a refuge always easily to be had, and which every man has open to himself?"

"Better men than we are, either by the fortune of arms, or overpowered by numbers, have left the field of battle to their enemies. But the man, who gives up the contest, in order to avoid pain and calamity; or, from a slavish regard to the praise or censures of men, is overcome by his own cowardice. If we are to seek for death, that death ought to be in action, not in the deserting of action. It argues *baseness* to live

M m ?

or

or to die by ourselves. By adopting your expedient, all that we can gain is, to get rid of our present difficulties, without either glory to ourselves, or benefit to our country. In hopes then that we shall some time or other be of service to our country, both you and I are bound to preserve our lives."

GENUINE ANECDOTE

OF

DR. JOHNSON.

MR. Garrick was once present with Dr. Johnson at the table of a nobleman, where, amongst other guests, was one of whose near connections some disgraceful anecdote was then in circulation. It had reached the ears of Johnson, who, after dinner, took an opportunity of relating it in his most acrimonious manner.

Garrick, who sat next him, pinched his arm, and trod upon his toe, and made use of other means to interrupt the thread of his narration, but all was in vain. The Doctor proceeded, and
when

when he had finished the story, he turned gravely round to Garrick, of whom before he had taken no notice whatever.—“Thrice (says he) Davy, have you trod upon my toe; thrice have you pinched my arm; and now, if what I have related be a falsehood, convict me before this company.”

Garrick replied not a word, but frequently declared afterwards, that he never felt half so much perturbation, even when he met “his father’s ghost.”

A BIRTH-DAY THOUGHT.

CAN I, all gracious Providence!
Can I deserve thy care?
Ah! no: I’ve not the least pretence
To bounties which I share.

Have I not been defended still
From danger and from death:
Been safe preserv’d from ev’ry ill
E’er since thou gave me breath?

I live

(270)

I live once more, to see the day
That brought me first to light :
O! teach my willing heart the way
To take thy mercies right.

Tho' dazzling splendor, pomp and shew,
My fortune has deny'd ;
Yet more than grandeur can bestow
Content hath well supply'd.

No strife has e'er disturb'd my peace,
No mis'ries have I known ;
And, that I'm blest'd with health and ease,
With humble thanks I own.

I envy no one's birth or fame,
Their titles, train, or drefs ;
Nor has my pride e'er stretch'd its aim,
Beyond what I possess.

I ask and wish, not to appear
More beauteous, rich, or gay :
Lord, make me wiser ev'ry year,
And better ev'ry day.

AN

(271)

AN
E P I T A P H

DESIGNED FOR THE
MONUMENT OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

MORE than his name were less—'twould seem
to fear

He who increas'd heav'ns fame, could want it
here.

Yet—when the sun he lighted up shall fade,
And all the worlds he found at first decay'd ;
Then void and waste eternity shall lie,
And Time and Newton's name together die !

ANECDOTE

OF

MR. LOCKE.

MR. LOCKE, having been introduced by
Lord Shaftesbury to the Duke of Bucking-
ham and Lord Halifax ; these three noblemen, in-
stead of conversing with the philosopher, as might
naturally

naturally have been expected, on literary subjects, in a very short time sat down to cards. Mr. Locke, after looking on for some time, pulled out his pocket-book, and began to write with great attention. One of the company observing this, took the liberty of asking him what he was writing.

“ My Lord,” says Locke, “ I am endeavouring, as far as possible, to profit by my present situation ; for having waited with impatience for the honour of being in company with the greatest geniuses of the age, I thought I could do nothing better than to write down your conversation ; and indeed, I have set down the substance of what you have said for this hour or two.”

“ This well-timed ridicule had its desired effect ; and these noblemen, fully sensible of its force, immediately quitted their play, and entered into a conversation more rational, and better suited to the dignity of their characters.

ANECDOTE

OF

MR. S T E R N E.

MR. STERNE being in company with three or four clergymen, was relating a circumstance which happened to him at York.

After preaching at the cathedral, an old woman, whom he observed sitting on the pulpit stairs, stopt him as he came down, and begged to know where she should have the honour of hearing him preach the next Sunday. Mr. Sterne having mentioned the place where he was to exhibit, found her situated in the same manner on that day; when she put the same question to him as before.

The following Sunday he was to preach four miles out of York, which he told her; and to his great surprize, found her there too; and, that the same question was put to him as he descended from the pulpit. On which, adds he, I took for my text these words, expecting to find my old woman as before—"I will grant the
N n request

request of this poor widow ; left by her often coming, she weary me." One of the company immediately replied, " Why, Sterne, you omitted the most applicable part of the passage, which is, " Though I neither fear God nor regard man." This unexpected retort silenced the wit for the whole evening.

THE INFLUENCE OF CUSTOM.

SUPPOSE we have freed ourselves from the younger prejudices of our education, yet we are in danger of having our mind turned aside from truth by the influence of general custom. Our opinion of meats and drinks, of garments and forms of salutation, are influenced more by custom, than by the eye, the ear, or the taste. Custom prevails even over sense itself, and therefore, no wonder if it prevails over reason too. What is it but custom that renders many of the mixtures of food and sauces elegant in Britain, which would be awkward and nauseous to the inhabitants of China ; and indeed were nauseous to us when we first tasted them?

What

What but custom could make those salutations polite in Muscovy, which are ridiculous in France and England? We call ourselves indeed the politer nations, but is it ~~we~~ who judge thus of ourselves; and that fancied politeness is oftentimes more owing to custom than reason. Why are the forms of our present garments counted beautiful, and those fashions of our ancestors the matter of scoff and contempt, which in their days were all decent and genteel? It is custom that forms our opinion of drefs, and reconciles us by degrees to those habits which at first seemed very odd and monstrous. It must be granted, there are some garments and habits which have a natural congruity or incongruity, modesty or immodesty, gaudery or gravity; though for the most part there is but little reason in these affairs: but what little there is of reason, or natural decency, custom triumphs over it all. It is almost impossible to persuade a young lady that any thing can be decent which is out of fashion.

The methods of our education are governed by custom—It is custom, and not reason, that sends every boy to learn the Roman poets and begin a little acquaintance with Greek, before he is bound apprentice to a soap-boiler or a leather-seller. It is custom alone that teaches us Latin by the rules

of a Latin Grammar; a tedious and absurd method !

And what is it but custom that has for past centuries confined the brightest geniuses, even of the highest rank in the female world, to the business of the needle only, and secluded them most unmercifully from the pleasures of knowledge, and the divine improvements of reason.

But we begin to break all these chains, and reason begins to dictate the education of youth.

AN AMERICAN ANECDOTE.

SOME years ago, a commander of one of his Majesty's ships of war, being stationed at Boston, had orders to cruise from time to time, in order to protect our trade, and distress the enemy. It happened unluckily that he returned from one of his cruises on a Sunday ; and, as he had left his lady at Boston, the moment she heard of the ship's arrival, she hastened down to the water-side, in order to receive him. The Captain,
on

on landing, embraced her with tenderness and affection. This, as there were several spectators by, gave great offence, and was considered as an act of indecency, and a flagrant profanation of the sabbath. The next day, therefore, he was summoned before the Magistrates, who, with many severe rebukes and pious exhortations, ordered him to be publicly whipped.

The Captain stifled his indignation and resentment as much as possible ; and as the punishment from the frequency of it, was not attended with any great degree of ignominy or disgrace, he mixed with the best company, was well received by them, and they were apparently good friends.

At length the time of the station expired, and he was recalled. He went, therefore, with seeming concern, to take leave of his worthy friends ; and that they might spend one more happy day together before their final separation, he invited the principal Magistrates and Select Men to dine with him on board his ship upon the day of his departure. They accepted the invitation, and nothing could be more joyous and convivial than the entertainment which he gave them.

At

At length the fatal moment arrived that was to separate them. The anchor was a-peak, the sails were unfurled, and nothing was wanting but the signal to get under way. The Captain, after taking an affectionate leave of his worthy friends, accompanied them upon deck, where the Boatswain and crew were ready to receive them. He there thanked them afresh for the civilities they had shewn him, of which, he said, he should retain an eternal remembrance ; and to which he wished it had been in his power to have made a more adequate return. One point of civility only remained to be adjusted between them, which as it was in his power, so he meant most fully to recompence them. He then reminded them of what had passed, and ordered the crew to pinion them, had them brought, one by one, to the gangway, where the Boatswain stripped off their shirts, and with a cat of nine tails, laid on the back of each forty stripes, save one. They were then, amidst the shouts and acclamations of the crew, shoved into their boats ; and the Captain, immediately getting under way, sailed for England.

THE



THE REAL DUTY OF A KING.

—'TIS true, I am a King:
Honour and glory too have been my
aim :
But tho' I dare face death, and all the dangers
Which furious war wears in its bloody front,
Yet could I choose to fix my fame by peace,
By justice, and by mercy ; and to raise
My trophies on the blessings of mankind :
Nor would I buy the empire of the world
With ruin of the people whom I sway,
Or forfeit of my honour.

HONOUR SUPERIOR TO JUSTICE.

HONOUR, my Lord, is much too proud to
catch
At ev'ry slender twig of nice distinctions.
These for the unfeeling vulgar may do well :
But those whose souls are by the nicer rule
Of virtuous delicacy only sway'd,
Stand at another bar than that of laws.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE

DOCTOR HOWARD.

THE late Dr. Howard, of pleasant memory, collecting a brief with the parish officers of St. George's Southwark, where he had been many years Rector, called among the rest of the inhabitants, on a grocer, with whom he had a running account ; to prevent being first asked for a settlement, enquiring if he was not some trifle in his debt. On referring to the ledger there appeared a balance of seventeen shillings in favour of the tradesman: the Doctor had recourse to his pocket, and pulling out some halfpence, a little silver, and a guinea. Mr. Fig, eyeing the latter with a degree of surprize, exclaimed, " Good God, Sir, you seem to have got a *stranger* there !"

" Indeed I have, Mr. Fig," replied the wit, returning it very deliberately into his pocket, *and before we part we shall be better acquainted.*



AN

AN ANECDOTE.

POPE, who, whatever his other good qualities might be, certainly was not much troubled with good nature, was one evening at Button's Coffee-house, where he and a set of *literati* had got poring over a manuscript of the Greek comic poet Aristophanes, in which they found a passage they could not comprehend. As they talked pretty loud, a young officer, who stood by the fire, heard their conference, and begged that he might be permitted to look at the passage.—Oh, (says Pope sarcastically) *by all means, pray let the young gentleman look at it*; upon which the officer took up the book, and considering a while, said, that there only wanted a note of interrogation to make the whole intelligible, which was really the case. And, pray master, says Pope, (piqued perhaps at being out done by a red coat,) what is a note of interrogation?—A note of interrogation, replied the youth, with a look of the utmost contempt, *is a little crooked thing that asks questions!* 'Tis said, however, that Pope was so delighted with the wit, that he forgave the sarcasm on his person.

o o

PROSPERITY.

PROSPERITY.

A Single disappointment is sufficient to embitter all the pleasures of worldly prosperity. Though it might be expected that one in possession of high power and station should disregard slight injuries. But prosperity debilitates, instead of strengthening the mind.—Its common effect is, to create an extreme sensibility to the slightest wound. It foment's impatient desires, and raises expectations which no success can satisfy. It fosters a false delicacy, which sickens in the midst of indulgence; by repeated gratification, it blunts the feelings of man to what is pleasing, and leaves them unhappily acute to whatever is uneasy.

ANECDOTE.

A Gentleman falling to decay, shifted where he could; among the rest, he visited an old acquaintance, and stayed with him seven or eight days, in which time the man began to be weary of his guest, and to be rid of him feigned a
falling

DUTY OF OLD AGE.

A MATERIAL part of the duty of the aged consists in studying to be useful to the race who succeeds them. Here opens to them an extensive field, in which they may so employ themselves as considerably to advance the happiness of mankind.

To them it belongs to impart to the young the fruit of their long experience ; to instruct them in the proper conduct, and to warn them of the various dangers of life ; by wise counsel to temper their precipitate ardour ; and both by precept and example to form them to piety and virtue. It never appears with greater dignity than when tempered with mildness, and enlivened with good humour ; it acts as a guide and a patron of youth.

Religion, displayed in such a character, strikes the beholders, as at once amiable and venerable. They revere its power, when they see it adding so much grace to the decays of nature, and shedding so pleasing a lustre over the evening of life.

The

The young wish to tread in the same steps, and to arrive at the close of their days with equal honour. They listen with attention to counsels which are mingled with tenderness, and rendered respectable by grey hairs. Aged wisdom, when joined with acknowledged virtue, exerts an authority over the human mind greater even than that which arises from power and station. It can check the most forward, abash the most profligate, and strike with awe the most giddy and unthinking.

FINIS.













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